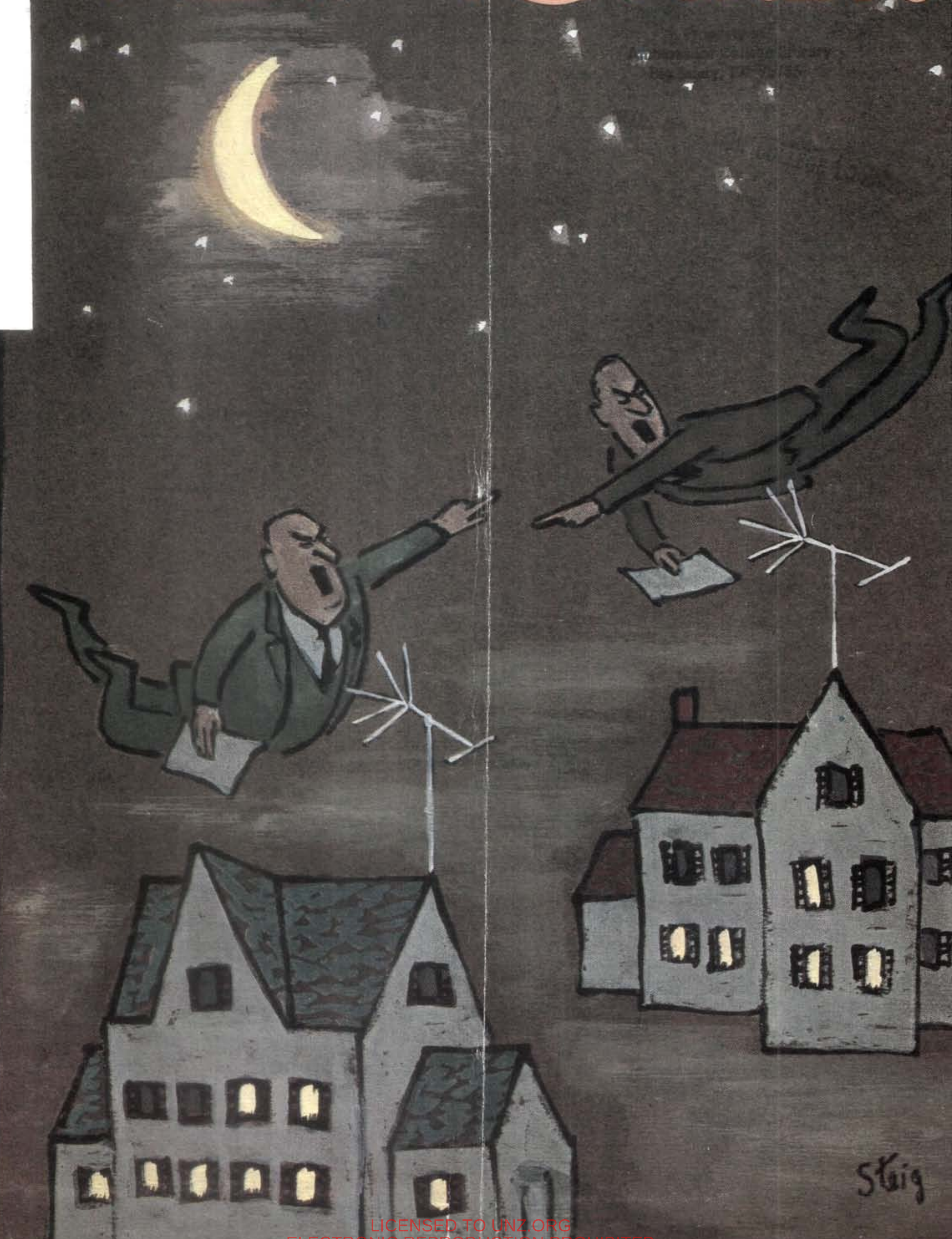
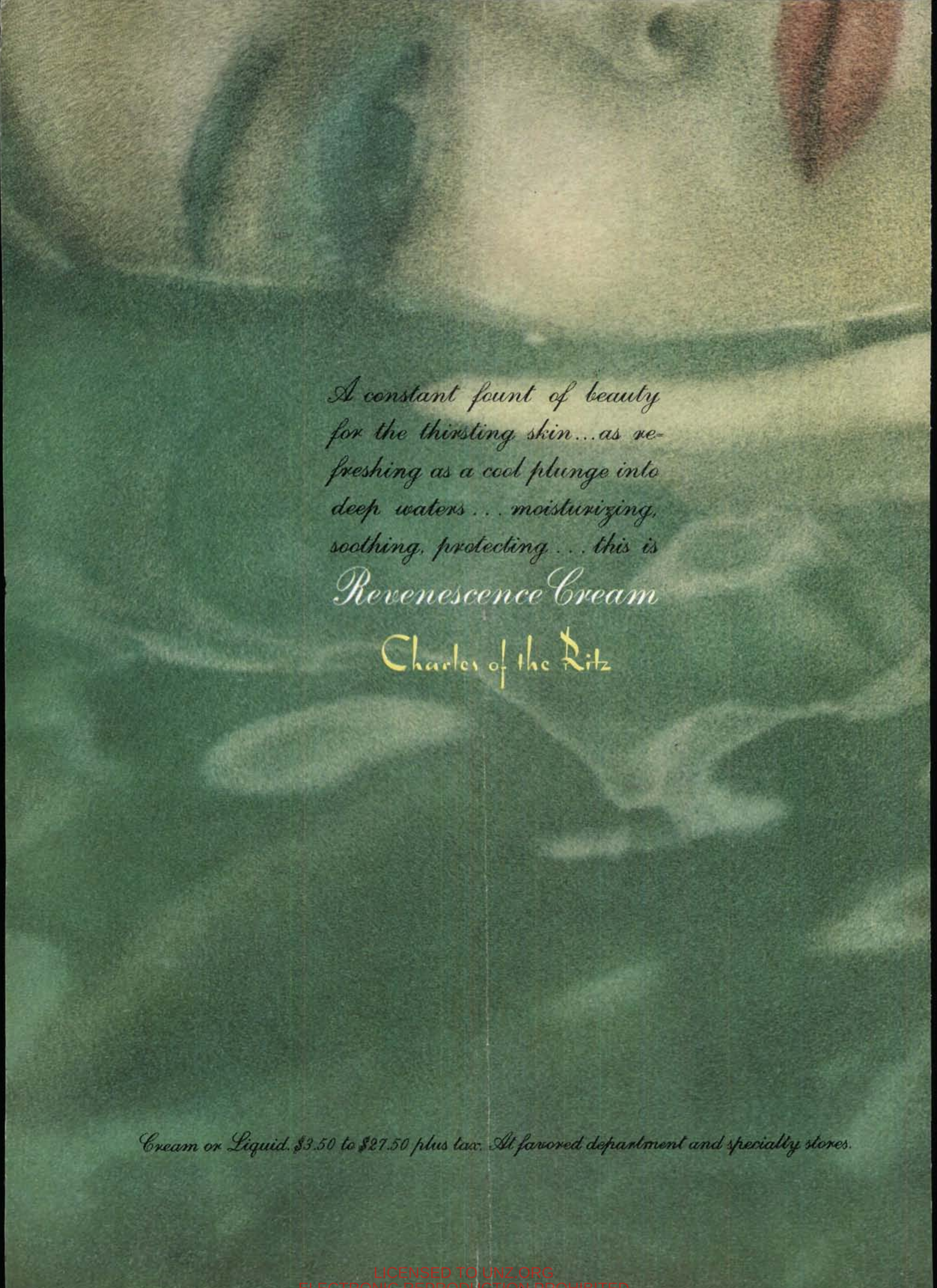
Oct. 22, 1960

Price 25 cents

THE NEW YORKER





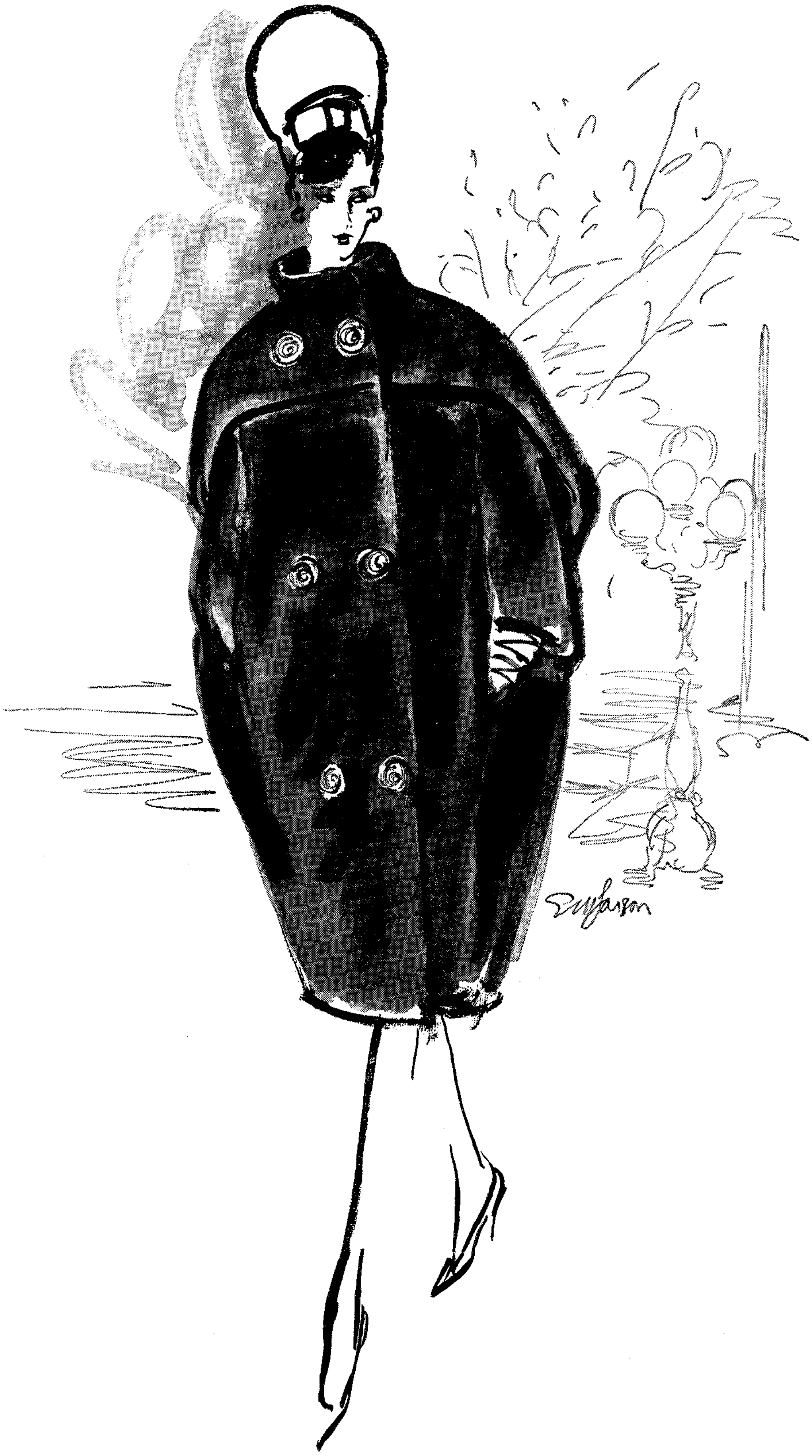
A constant fount of beauty for the thirsting skin... as refreshing as a cool plunge into deep waters... moisturizing, soothing, protecting... this is

Revenescence Cream

Charles of the Ritz

Cream or Liquid. $3.50 to $27.50 plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores.

HAT BY HALSTON OF BERGDORF GOODMAN



Exclusive in Fouke-Dyed Black Alaska Fur Seal

Designed by Emeric Partos of Bergdorf Goodman,
custom-made in our fur workrooms

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Becket—Portraying, respectively, the Archbishop and the King in Jean Anouilh's dishevelled account of the struggle for dominance between Church and State in the twelfth century, Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn employ such different styles that they never do blend their performances satisfactorily, and Peter Glenville's direction does not succeed in weaving all the wayward strands of the play into a coherent pattern. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Best Man—Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, and Frank Lovejoy are the main participants in this lively *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

The Hostage—A sprawling play by Brendan Behan that is at once prankish, vulgar, and amusing as it describes the commotion in a Dublin brothel where a British soldier is being kept prisoner by the I.R.A. The direction has been capably handled by Joan Littlewood, and the cast, led by Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage, is highly competent. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers, and they are all excellent—Angela Lansbury, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Andrew Ray, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a very taxing role. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Thurber Carnival—Various emanations of the Columbus, Ohio, djinni compressed into a very cheerful revue. Astutely directed by Burgess Meredith, the medley has as its leading figures Paul Ford and, by golly, Mr. Thurber himself. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St. W. CI 6-6270. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Toys in the Attic—Lillian Hellman's new play is a densely textured story about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family. Irene Worth, Maureen Stapleton, and Jason Robards, Jr., star in this fascinating, unsatisfactory piece of work. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Wall—Millard Lampell's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the Jews trapped in the Warsaw ghetto during World War II has some effective scenes but it tries to interest us so swiftly in so many people that we never get to know most of them more than casually. Among the prisoners in the ghetto are George C. Scott, Yvonne Mitchell, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. They have been directed with efficiency by Morton DaCosta, and they roam a formidable set, designed by Howard Bay. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE MIRACLE WORKER:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE TENTH MAN:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—A bouncy and diverting introduction to some fresh, feckless, and beguiling people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are at the head of the cast, and Charles Strouse, Lee Adams, and Michael Stewart are responsible for music, lyrics, and book, respectively. The direction, by Gower Champion, is a triumph. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Moves on Monday, Oct. 24, to the 54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E., JU 6-3787. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the antics of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal is an agile type, about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIORELLO!:** A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia as Mayor of New York. Pat Stanley, Howard Da Silva, and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GYPSY:** The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecdysiastic heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Pamela Charles that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LA PLUME DE MA TANTE:** A Parisian revue in which Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and several lively girls explore the fringes of Surrealism. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TAKE ME ALONG:** O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness!," transformed into a musical. The performers include Walter Pidgeon, Robert Morse, and Eileen Herlie. William Bendix will be added to the cast starting Monday, Oct. 24. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WEST SIDE STORY:** "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence and Allyn Ann McLerie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Moves on Monday, Oct. 24, to the Alvin, 52nd St., W., CI 5-5226. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Tenderloin—Maurice Evans in a musical based on the novel of the same name by Samuel Hopkins Adams. George Abbott and Jerome Weidman wrote the book, Jerry Bock composed the music, and Sheldon Harnick did the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Abbott and presented by Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Wednesdays at 7:30; other

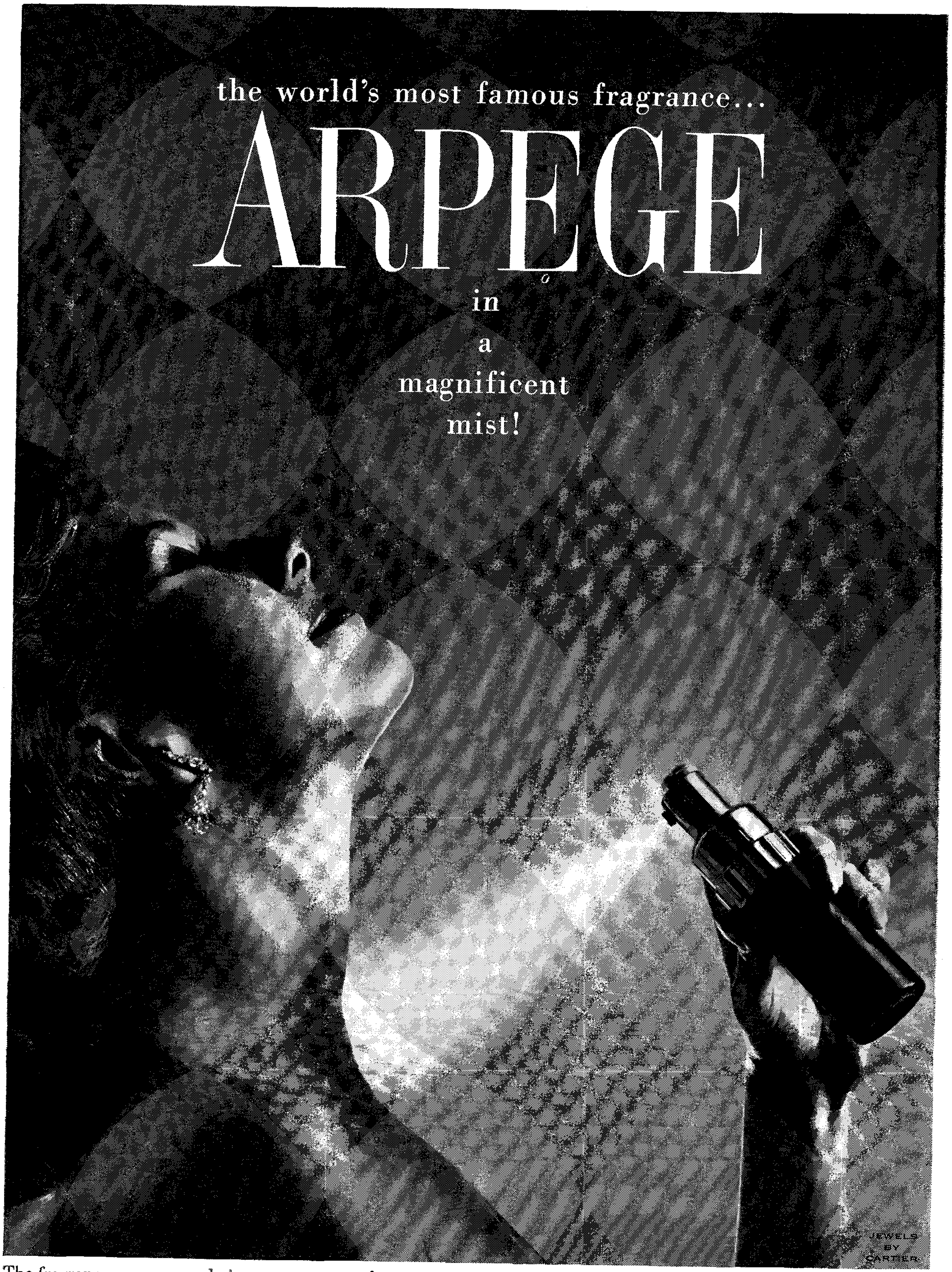
	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	132
BOOKS	186
THE CURRENT CINEMA	98
FOOTBALL	94
LETTER FROM SCARBOROUGH	157
MUSICAL EVENTS	181
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	136
THE RACE TRACK	179
TABLES FOR TWO	102
THE THEATRE	89

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1401 Peachtree St., N. E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVI, No. 36, October 22, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1960, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.


the world's most famous fragrance...
ARPEGE
in
a
magnificent
mist!
JEWELS BY CARTIER

The fragrance more men admire, more women desire—Arpège—now in a refillable spray mist. Measured to give you just enough fragrance with every spray. Now in all Lanvin fragrances, My Sin, Pretexte, Rumeur, Scandal and Spanish Geranium, 2 ounces $5.00, refills $3.75 (plus tax).

LANVIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nights, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Face of a Hero—A play by Robert L. Joseph, taken from a novel by Pierre Boulle. The cast includes Jack Lemmon, Albert Dekker, James Donald, and George Grizzard. The producer is Lester Osterman, the director Alexander Mackendrick. Opens Thursday, Oct. 20. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The 49th Cousin—A comedy by Florence Lowe and Caroline Francke, revised by Leonard Spigelgass, with Menasha Skulnik and Martha Scott. Presented by the Theatre Guild and George Kondolf, and directed by Jack Smight. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 25. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Opening-night curtain at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Invitation to a March—Celeste Holm in a comedy by Arthur Laurents. Produced by the Theatre Guild and staged by the author. Opens Saturday, Oct. 29. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Sundays, at 8:40. Opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The Balcony—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

A Country Scandal—In a new adaptation by Alex Szogyi, this early play of Anton Chekhov's is unquestionably funny but doubtfully Chekhovian. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Darwin's Theories—A revue with music and lyrics by Darwin Venneri and sketches by Alan Alda. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 4-7180. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Deep Are the Roots—A revival of the Arnaud d'Usseau-James Gow play. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Drums Under the Windows—A crowded, faithful adaptation by Paul Shyre of the third of Sean O'Casey's billowy autobiographical novels. The time is early in the century and the setting Dublin, and it all depends on how much O'Casey prose you can ingest at one sitting. The cast, which includes Martyn Green as the elder O'Casey, is admirable under Mr. Shyre's direction. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door, chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Greenwich Village, U.S.A.—A musical revue, whose title unfortunately explains all. The cast is extremely peppy, but loses in the end. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Here Come the Clowns—Philip Barry, in a cosmological late-thirties frame of mind. The members of the cast, playing a group of vaudevillians, argue a lot about good and evil, toss one another about, and shoot off guns. The dust never quite settles. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

H.M.S. Pinafore—The best things about this revival of G. & S.'s fourth collaboration are the bold, chests-out performances of Douglas Campbell, as the Boatswain, and Harry Mossfield, as Captain Corcoran. The rest of the production is in the firm hands of Tyrone Guthrie, the show's director, who believes that lots of slapstick stage business, muffled articulation, and altered lyrics are what are needed to make Gilbert and Sullivan palatable to jet-age tastes. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

The Idiot—Another adaptation, billed as a "new play," of Dostoevski's trunk-size novel. Lost along the way are the nuances that make the characters behave so singularly, and retained is much of the melodrama, which flows through the book like the Volga. The set is impressionistic and perfect, and so are the costumes. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and George Bartenieff. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Leave It to Jane—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

La Ronde—Arthur Schnitzler's celebrated sexual circle has all the fascination of a chart of a round-robin golf tournament but little of the fascination of a play. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Shoemaker and the Peddler—An opera, a soap opera, a modern ballet, and a verse drama all rolled into one massive weight that crushes the play's protagonists—Sacco and Vanzetti—who are now completely at the mercy of the folklorists. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Sign of Jonah—A diatribe against wicked Man, in which the author, a German pastor named Guenter Rutenborn, attempts to make us all, including God, guilty for the sins of the world, particularly those committed by the Nazis. The acting is hoarse, the costumes unintentionally bizarre, and the sets 1936-pillbox. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Sundays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The local "Second Shepherd's Play." In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea in a four-week engagement. (Alvin, 52nd St. W. of Broadway. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 22.)

MISCELLANY

Mort Sahl—A prominent news psychoanalyst, plus the Limeliters, who make up their own traditional folk airs. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8 and 11.)

A Curious Evening with Gypsy Rose Lee—The first of three Monday-night showings of a silent film on her life, assembled and narrated by Miss Lee herself. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8:40.)

ANTA Program—Three short plays ("Fam and Yam," by Edward Albee; "Embers," by Samuel Beckett; and "Nekros," by Harry Tierney, Jr.) presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the first in this season's series of matinée programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 2:40. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

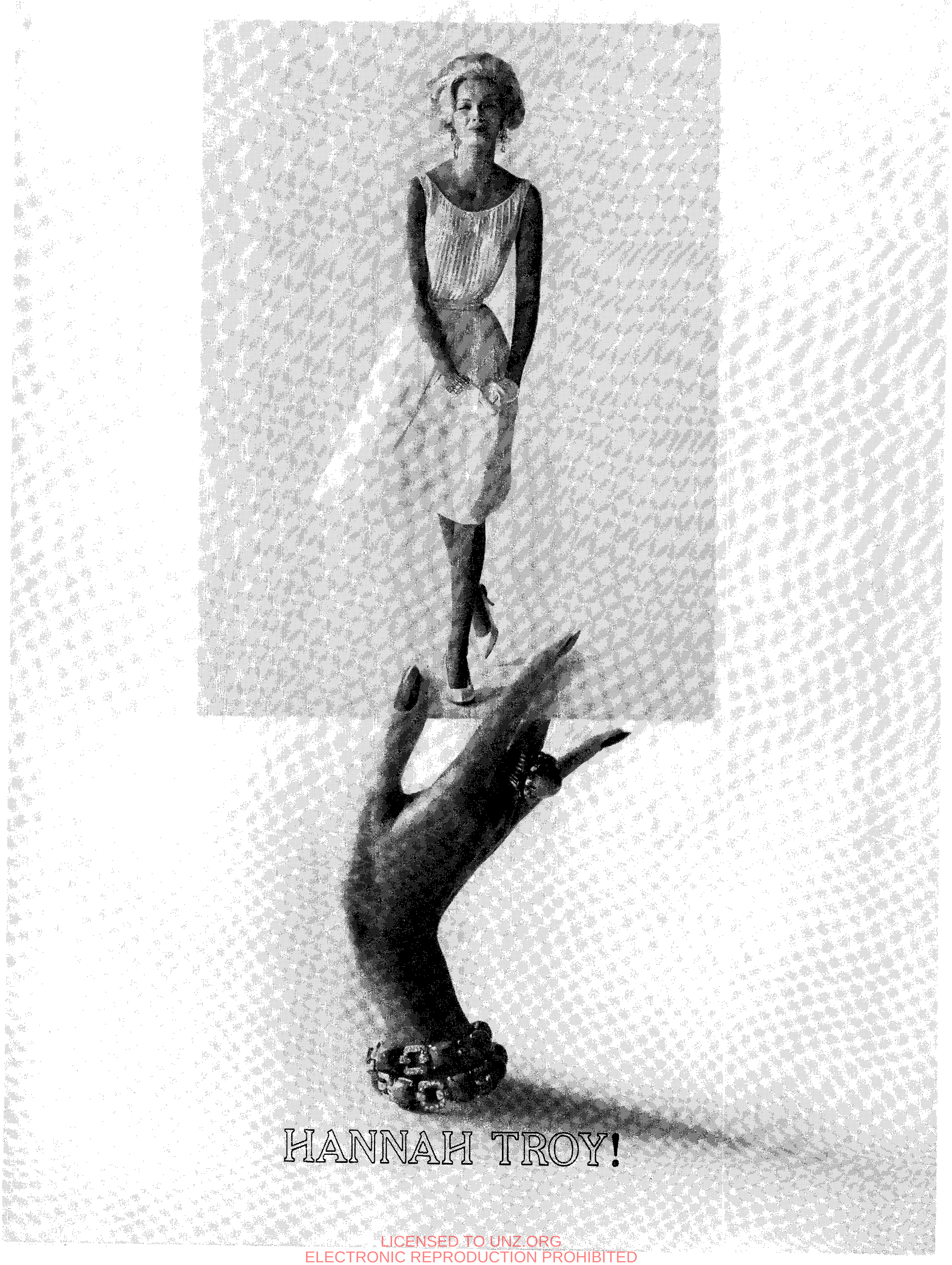
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are

WHITE CHIFFON... THE BODICE TUCKED AND CRYSTAL BEADED... ABOUT $235.


HANNAH TROY!

BONWIT TELLER

GO-AND-GLOW EXCITEMENT

Miss Bonwit Jr.'s sparkling after-five top and skirt in a new lightweight knit synthetic mixture that looks like lamé, packs and wears like a dream. Fully-lined, comes in golden-gold, silver-black or silver-mauve. 5 to 13 sizes, 25.00. Mail and phone orders.

Miss Bonwit Jr. Separates
At all Bonwit stores.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra do the dance music.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—François Villon rides again, or "The Vagabond King," but without most of the rusty plot. The singers, five of them, are headed by Jimmy Carroll and Wilbur Evans, that jolly old King Cole, and the stage is the Cotillion Room, which affords no scenery except the customers' furs. Between showings, there's plenty of dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The happy talk of Ted Straeter's flowing pride of minstrels and the brisk persiflage of Mark Monte's little band make the Persian Room glow in the dark of night. At dinner and supper, there are songs by Gogi Grant, who is given a Sunset Boulevard with-a-cast-of-thousands orchestration and all that goes with it. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode. . . . ¶ The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is being mildly punctured now and then by the languid dance orchestras run by Maximillian Bergere and the almost legendary Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's folksy, folksy dance band is holing up in the Grill, where it performs during dinner and again at supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The palace guard in what is understandably one of its pet palaces, the Maisonette, where Joanne Gilbert, from one of those Hollywood hothouses, sings at dinner and supper. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Rome of truly noble proportions is the scheme of the Columns, a moonlit terrace upon which dinner music begins at seven-thirty, dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's and Charles Holden's little orchestras do the 3/4 and 4/4 honors. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ There's room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The sun sets on the local empire (the Embassy Club and the Knight Box) only on Sundays. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight o'clock on.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the sonorous dance band of Emil Coleman, which in its time has launched a thousand débutantes, carols away whenever a smaller band, run by Theo Fanidi, is not performing. On the floor, at dinner and supper, there is Frankie Laine, singer and (unless his lyrics are little white lies) muleteer and pursuer of the wild goose. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, Michael Zarin's trio alternates with the orchestra of Ray Bari. The music is sedentary from six to eight-thirty, and dance-tune after that. Sundays, when the music is sedentary from six to eight, and then dance-tune until one, the Baris are by themselves.

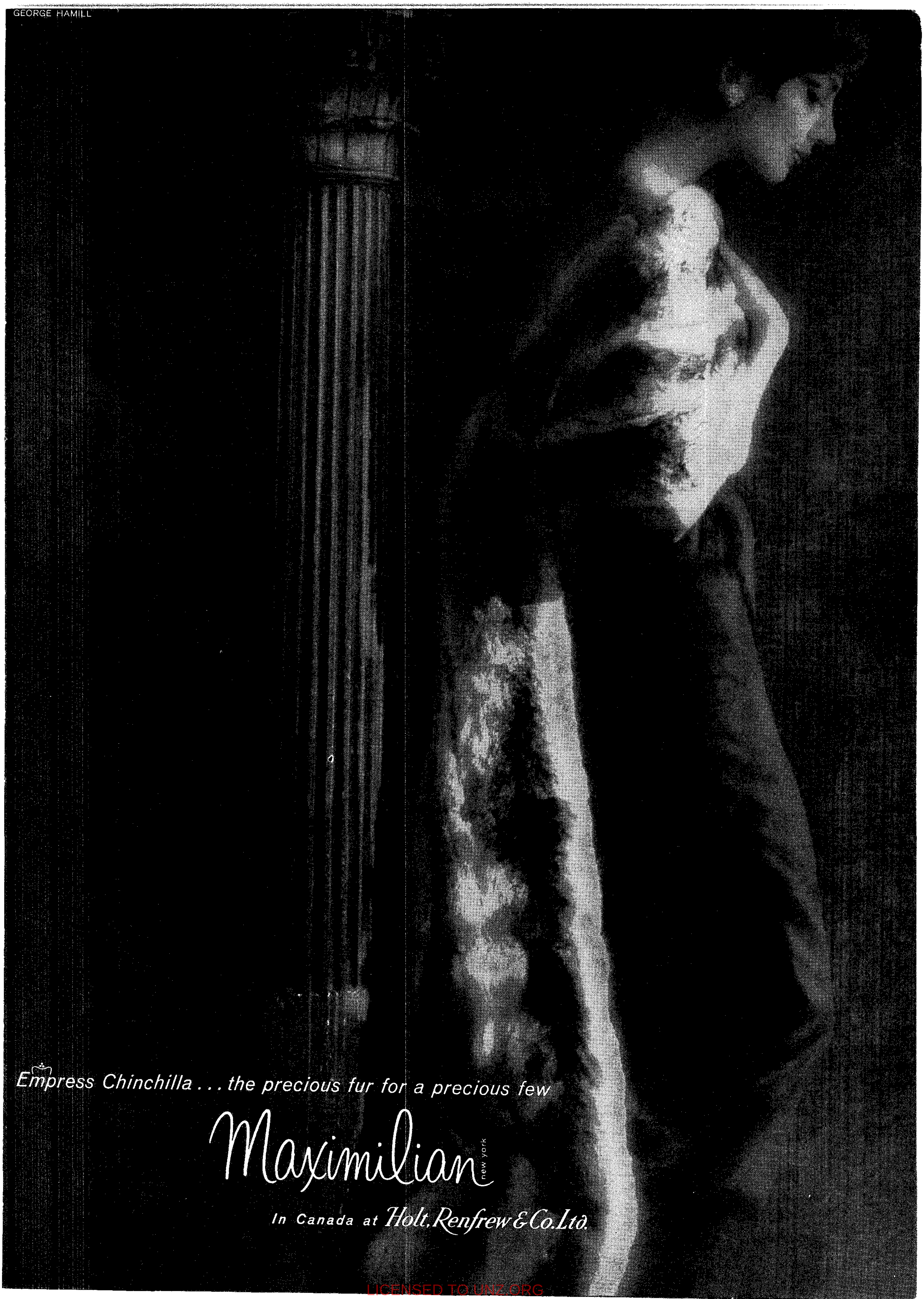
Note—The Rainbow Room, a rooftop with a view, opens at four-thirty every afternoon but Sunday for cocktails, dinner, and non-dance music by a trio. The locale: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): The resident characters didn't come out of storybooks, no matter how improbable they may seem; they were all invented by the process of living in New York. Budd Gregg's lighthearted piano, which begins at eight, provides the counterpoint to all of them. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The playboys (j.g.) and the playgirls (j.g.) of the Western World at their decorous merrymaking, which is supervised by Goldie Hawkins, headmaster and pianist-in-chief. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz on piano from five-thirty to eight; Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter brings out the best in his Steinway, situate on the nineteenth green of a course where it's always fair weather. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Joel Forbes is the Sunday performer. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday for strings, which are bowed and plucked by Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week he stages miniature cloak-and-dagger valentines (by G. Verdi, R. Leoncavallo, G. Puccini, and such) from Tuesday through Saturday, runs a dance group from Thursday through Saturday, and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is 1066 and all that, plus a few moves to bring matters up to date, such as Norbert Faconi's tableside manner and violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards (or their Argentine offshoots) at play, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instruments but generally easy on the ears. The theme is flamenco. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. The court musician is George Feyer, whose piano is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, with and without a bordure of violin by Richard Wilson. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away *leis* by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is circumnavigating, is provided by the voices and instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by Fernando Sirvent's guitar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy and the youthful treble of Laureanne Lemay, girl Canadian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-

GEORGE HAMILL


Empress Chinchilla . . . the precious fur for a precious few
Maximilian new york
In Canada at Holt, Renfrew & Co. Ltd.

The University Shop

S. F. A's
Grizzly Coat,
for the University Man

Our on-campus coverage headlines this handsome natural cotton coat as astute in handling the many and varied weather situations of the entire college year. The grizzly charcoal zip lining and collar are of warm acrylic pile and both are detachable for milder days. The coat itself is water-repellent, of course. In a complete size range 60.00

Sixth Floor

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Springfield, N. J. • Chicago
Detroit • Beverly Hills • Ann Arbor • New Haven
Cambridge • Princeton

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5800): From nine-thirty to one, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, is in the charge of Renato Rossini, whose guitar makes Latin anything but a dead language. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The management, deciding that one picture is worth a thousand words, has removed nearly all extraneous words from the tremendous revue that surges for nearly two hours across the stage. It has also, in its infinite wisdom, removed nearly all extraneous raiment from the cast's young ladies, as fine and healthy a set of Olympic athletes as this country has fielded in years. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): The old music hall converted into a vaudeville house. The architectural conversion is not bad at all; the sound track is overwhelming because of Don Rickles, whose career involves carving up ringsiders with the sort of conversation you get from your friendly neighborhood bus driver. Also on hand: Billy Eckstine, that heart-and-soul vocalist, and Charlie Barnet's big, spun-sugar band. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A diverse approach to humor—Dorothy Loudon, who makes her sharp little points with the flick of a wrist or the curl of a lip; Jack E. Leonard, who makes his plump points with sidewalks-of-New-York patois and even an occasional descent to Avernus. Janice Mars, though her ballads deal mostly with mating-season problems, is not without jollity, either. The background is the inventive Jimmy Lyons' trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements....¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites casual tone poems from six to eight, and the Lyons group does milkman's matinées. No music Saturdays or Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," which is Julius Monk's most recent and most pungent white paper on the state of the nation, pays its disrespects at nine-fifteen and midnight. The *farceurs* in the revue are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart are assisted in their artful dodging through their wonderfully silly songs by a bongo man named just Bogee. Their first hour of charm is nine-thirty; Robert Colston reaches his piano at nine. On Thursday, Oct. 27, Rose Murphy's crew will be succeeded by a brace of basically flamenco song-and-dancers—Margarita and Clark Allen—who are new to night life. The same evening, Paul Trueblood will start spelling Mr. Colston at the piano. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The viable tomfoolery is the work of Tony and Eddie, an almost too slapdash pair of mocking birds who rely entirely on recordings that other people wish they hadn't made; Tiger Haynes and his rambunctious musicians, the Three Flames; and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor. The other dramatis personae are file-and-forget. Peter Daniels is at the solo piano. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Spanish is the official language for performers, dance musicians, and guests. Flamenco as it looks and sounds to Argentines is the present onstage activity. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three to eight.... ¶ Around ten, Domingo Alvarado, one of the most fervent flamenco singers ever to grace Carmen Amaya's troupe of Andalusian night owls, opens his conservatory of music next door to the bar. Juan de la Mata is his guitar man.... **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Through the lips of Mabel Mercer pass the most beautifully phrased songs in the world, by turn casual, impassioned, and bittersweet. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also inhabited by Sam Hamilton, her almost lifelong pianist. On Friday, Oct. 21, Ralph Strain and his Roman-language piano will be added. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

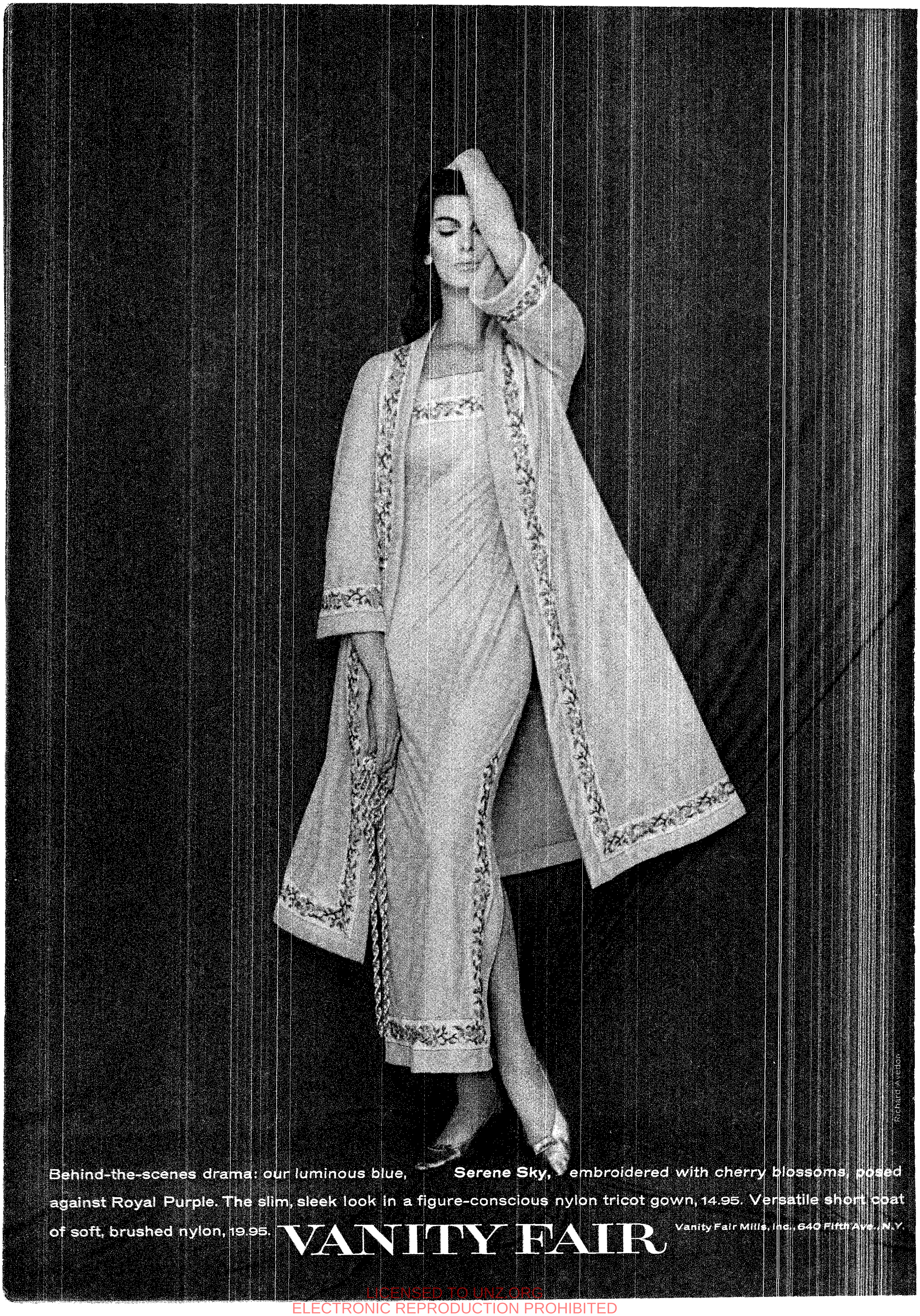
EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Wild Bill Davison's blunderbuss horn, against which the walls of Jericho were just so much Kleenex, runs the quintet now in residence. During intermissions, Graham Forbes keeps the keyboard warm as toast. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The music comes from the Ahmad Jamal threesome, whose modernist décor has a fairly high sugar count, and from the lone-eagle guitar of Bill Harris. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty.... **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Joe Bushkin, now a once-a-year man in this town, is playing piano for a trio that includes Jo Jones and travels at great speed; Duke Hazlett, from a Chicago novelty house, wears Sinatra hats, uses Sinatra mannerisms, and tackles Sinatra songs, but the disparity is noticeable to both the naked eye and the naked ear. Closed Sundays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are whooping it up, and sometimes gagging it up, for the sake of that dear old Southland. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join up with Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The return of the golden age to this ancient chophouse. At ten, Marian McPartland, who's in high spirits these nights, lays cool hands on her piano. Her bass man, Ben Tucker, is a big help around the house. She and her trio take turns with John Bunch, a New Wave piano man, and his bass, Henry Grimes. No sound on Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by three batteries—Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Sol Yaged's fivesome (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays), and Roy Liberto's Bourbon Street Six....¶ In a bird cage one flight up, on Saturday, Oct. 22, the Libertos will also be disporting themselves.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The Broadway beat, which is elbow to elbow and dark to dawn. The most prominent participants right now are the sextet run by the wonderfully extrovert Buddy Rich and the Benny Golson-Art Farmer Jazztet, which has been under reconstruction these past few months. On Thursday, Oct. 27, a new arrangement: the icy fingers of Horace Silver's fivesome and the calculated thunder of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trio of Dorothy Donegan, who knows a rough way to treat a Steinway, and a filler-in quartet belonging to Erskine Hawkins. Action begins at eight. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The big city seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. John Coltrane's foursome takes its cues from his hardheaded bop. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's period band, no stranger here, is bowling on this Village green all evening long. He closes down on Sunday, Oct. 23; on Tuesday, Oct. 25, the Salt City Six (the name tells all) arrives from Syracuse. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées; the place is closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Festival time in an undeniably Village stage set. The celebration comes from the foursome graced by the solos and duets of Toshiko Akiyoshi's piano and Charlie Mariano's saxophone, as well as from John Handy's quartet. The Akiyoshi contingent is off Tuesdays, the Handys are off Mondays.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The latest of this grotto's folkways

'61 corvette

new form and fineness for America's only sports car

There's a [illegible] shape for the '61 Corvette [illegible] these crisp contours. [illegible] discover new refinements that reach right down to Corvette's powerful [illegible]. ■ Settle yourself in the cockpit and feel the no-nonsense comfort of those new bucket seats. They're individually adjustable and the seat tracks themselves can be moved farther back for more driving space. Notice the increased foot and leg room made possible by a driveshaft tunnel that's 19% narrower. There's [illegible] its space, too: the luggage compartment is 20% larger for even greater touring convenience. ■ For muscle, the '61 Corvette retains five versions of America's most famous high-performance engine, the Corvette V8. Quick and sharp as a whiplash, this engine is available with up to 315 horsepower in a Fuel Injection version. There are three transmissions to choose from: a brand-new three-speed Synchro-Mesh with new quick accelerating ratios, the close-ratio four-speed Synchro-Mesh for the keen type, and Powerglide for the boulevardier. ■ There's a feeling of pure confidence about the '61 Corvette, a feeling born of the knowledge that this is the genuine article! See this new one at your Chevy dealer's and you'll know. . . . ■ *If you wanted a Corvette before, there'll be no holding you now!* ■ Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CORVETTE
by Chevrolet



Richard Avedon

Behind-the-scenes drama: our luminous blue, **Serene Sky,** embroidered with cherry blossoms, posed against Royal Purple. The slim, sleek look in a figure-conscious nylon tricot gown, 14.95. Versatile short coat of soft, brushed nylon, 19.95.

VANITY FAIR

Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

forums (Leon Bibb's admirable voice and Herbie Mann's flute-and-bongo group of West Indian cultists) comes to a close on Saturday, Oct. 22. On Monday, Oct. 24, Max Roach's progressive party of musicians, five in all, is due. Closed Sundays. . . . **PRELUDE**, 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): A long day's journey into night will put the voyager in this small, dim cave, now inhabited by Billy Taylor's trio. They wind up Wednesday, Oct. 26. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): At the moment, this is experimental off-Broadway theatre, what with the conversations of Lord Buckley, one of the most recent way-out monologuists, and the special musings of a twelve-man band run by Gil Evans, who has spent most of his life orchestrating the musings of other bandleaders. Mal Waldron's group, another believer in progress, is also around. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): An odd little second-story operation, now the domicile of Yusef Lateef's quartet of Moslems, who depart on Sunday, Oct. 23; on Tuesday, Oct. 25, Randy Weston's chipper foursome moves in. The staff is on duty after nine o'clock except on Mondays, which are devoted to other music. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, the ingredients should be comprised of Jimmy McPartland, Edmond Hall, Claude Hopkins, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DAVID ARONSON—Paintings in encaustic on semi-mystical religious themes, in his first New York showing in seven years; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

JEAN ARP AND SOPHIE TAEUBER-ARP—Sculptures, paintings, reliefs, and tapestries; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

QUITA BRODHEAD—Abstract Expressionist canvases; through Oct. 31. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

CH'I PAI-SHIH—Still-lifes, paintings of animals and people, and landscapes by this Chinese artist, who died in 1957, plus Thai paintings from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through Nov. 15. (Asia House, 112 E. 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

LEONARDO CREMONINI—Oil paintings of figures, landscapes, and animals by this Italian artist; through Nov. 12. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADOLF DEHN—A new set of water colors, ranging in subject from Central Park to Jaipur and done with his accustomed fluency and skill; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

ELIOT ELISOFON—Water colors of flowers, plants, and nudes; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH FIORE—Abstracted landscapes, painted in New York City and Maine; through Nov. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SONIA GECHTOFF—Abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

DOROTHY GILLESPIE—Abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Barzansky, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

HENRY J. GLINTENKAMP—Landscapes and portraits by one of the Independents of 1910, who died in 1946; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (James Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN D. GRAHAM—Figurative paintings and oil drawings (1943-60) by this Russian-born artist, long a resident of the United States; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Mayer, 762 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

PAUL GRANLUND—Fluent, well-balanced figure

From Black Starr & Gorham's new collection of irresistible brooches:
Satin-finished plume, 14K gold. $65.
Textured carnation, 18K gold. $270.
18K gold cat with sapphire eyes, ruby tongue. $180.

Federal tax included
Write or Telephone Jean Tree, PL 7-8100
1810-1960 • 150th Anniversary

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St. N.Y. 22, N.Y.

The afternoon silk

has a very special place on a smart woman's fashion agenda. Grobé handles it beautifully in a well-bred shaping of smooth silk, designed with the ease of a button-up-the-front closing. Navy, black, royal or beige.

Sizes 10 to 20. (N-9) **55.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—Plaza 9-2000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures, in bronze; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Genichiro Inokuma—Abstract oils by this Japanese artist; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Kabak—Strictly stylized abstract impressions of landscapes, in oil; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Angeleski, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tadeusz Kantor—Abstract canvases by one of Poland's foremost contemporary painters. *First one-man show in America; through* Saturday, Oct. 29. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Kiley—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

Boris Lurie—Paintings, drawings, and collages; through Nov. 5. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Mandel—Casein paintings of semi-abstract figures in Italian settings; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Grandma Moses—*In observance of her hundredth birthday*, a loan exhibition entitled "My Life's History," comprising forty-five paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures in wood and marble; through Nov. 19. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Henry Niese—Still-lifes, landscapes, and figures done in an engagingly roughhewn style; through Nov. 5. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St.)

Alicia Penalba—The first one-man showing here of abstract bronze sculptures by this Paris sculptor; through Nov. 4. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ad Reinhardt—Abstract paintings from the past twenty-five years; through Nov. 5. (Parsons, 15 and 11 E. 57th St.)

Georges Rouault (1871-1958)—A loan exhibition of paintings from his later years; through Nov. 26. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Sheppard—Realist paintings make up an exhibition called "New York—An Essay in Oils;" through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Harry Sternberg—Paintings in black, white, and gold; through Nov. 5. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Sahl Swarz—Bronze sculptures; through Nov. 19. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Don Turano—Sculptures in various mediums; through Nov. 5. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Hallmark Art Award—Fifty-seven paintings (from twenty countries) that have been purchased by the well-known greeting-card firm in its fifth international competition; through Wednesday, Oct. 26. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptors Guild—Their twentieth annual, composed of about seventy pieces (by Doris Caesar, Chaim Gross, William Zorach, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Nov. 6. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

African Art—Wood and ivory carvings, mostly magical and religious statues and masks, from West Africa; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Recent paintings by John Costigan, George Ratkai, and Sol Wilson (to mention a few); through Nov. 5. . . . **DE NAGY**, 149 E. 72nd St.: The gallery is opening its new quarters with a showing of paintings by, among others, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, and Jane Wilson; through Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A thirty-fifth anniversary exhibit, with works by Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, John Marin, and others; through Nov. 5. . . . **MI CHOU**, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by three young Americans—Sung Woo Chun, Dale Joe, and Noriko Yamamoto; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 50 E. 78th St.: Drawings by such modern masters as Picasso, Degas, and Jackson Pollock; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The October show consists of paintings selected by John Hultberg, Chen Chi, and John Koch; through Friday, Oct. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **REHN**, 36 E. 61st St.: The opening exhibition at the gallery's new address comprises paintings, by Edward Hopper, Charles Burchfield, and others, that were sold by the gallery in its early years (1923-40) and are now on loan from museums and private collectors; through Saturday, Oct. 22.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings by (for instance) Helen Frankenthaler, Esteban Vicente, and Ben Nicholson; through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Braque, Chagall, Modigliani, and other masters of the French school; through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: School-of-Paris painters—Appel, Dubuffet, de Staël, and others; through Nov. 12. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by such artists as Giacometti, Kandinsky, and Severini; through Nov. 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ "Visionary Architecture," a display of models and enlarged photographs showing twentieth-century buildings and city-planning projects that were never executed. Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright are among the designers. Through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.) assembled from public and private collections; through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Paintings and drawings by Isidro Nonell, together with works by eighteen younger Spanish painters; through Sunday, Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of autograph letters of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Eisenhower; through Nov. 12. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America—1960," consisting of paintings by thirty artists below the age of thirty-six, among them Sonia Gechtoff, Wolf Kahn, and Marcia Marcus; through Oct. 30. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 15—Monday evening, Oct. 24: The Metropolitan's first presentation of Verdi's "Nabucco," with Leonie Rysanek, Rosalind Elias, Cornell MacNeil, Eugenio Fernandi, and Cesare Siepi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 25: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 27: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Blanche Thebom, Margaret Roggero, George London, Brian Sullivan, Giorgio Tozzi, and Norman Kelley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Richard Tucker, Lorenzo Testi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: "Carmen," with Kerstin Meyer, Lucine Amara, Jon Vickers, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Helen Vanni, Carlo Bergonzi, and Clifford Harvuot. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Friday evening, Oct. 21: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 22: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 22: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 23: "La Bohème.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 23: "Der Rosenkavalier.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 25: "The Inspector General" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 26: "Der Rosenkavalier.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 27: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: "The Mikado.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"La Bohème," with Elaine Malbin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 21, at 2:15; and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3 (all with Adele Addison, soprano, and Leonard Rose, cello); and Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 28, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3 (all with Samson François, piano).

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Louis Kentner—In the first two in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Oct. 21, and Thursday, Oct. 27, both at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Stoddard Lincoln and Sonya Monosoff—Harpsichord and violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 5:30.)

Sviatoslav Richter—Russian pianist, in the last four in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 23, an all-Prokofieff program; Tuesday, Oct. 25; Friday, Oct. 28; and Sunday, Oct. 30, all at 8:40.)

Friedrich Gulda—Piano, with the Vienna Philharmonic Wind Ensemble. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Works by Erich Itor Kahn and Heinrich Schuetz—A chamber group conducted by pianist Gustav Meier and also including Seymour Barab, cello, and David Glazer, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Daniel Pollack—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

Cesare Valletti—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

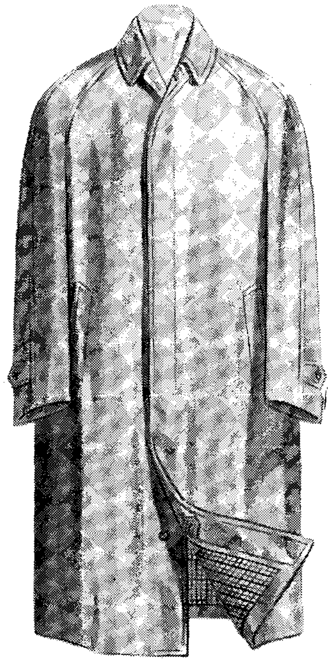
Jazz Concerts—Count Basie's orchestra, Joe Williams, and Stan Kenton's orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30 and at midnight.). . . ¶ Gerry Mulligan's orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:40. For tickets, call GR 5-5120.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 20: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28: Knicks vs. Boston. (Games begin at 9.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 22: Emile Griffith vs. Willie



ESTABLISHED 1818

after long research, we proudly present
OUR EXCLUSIVE NEW "BROOKSWEATHER"
the raincoat that is heavy rain resistant

Brooksweather is, we believe, the finest rainwear of its kind ever developed. It is made of an exclusive, tightly woven, very high count cotton poplin, specially treated with a new permanent finish that assures heavy rain resistance even after numerous dry-cleanings. The coat is completely lined...the yoke and sleeves with the same fine poplin, the body with an attractive gold and black cotton Tattersall. Tailored on our popular fly-front model in a medium tan shade, this raincoat is the answer to a medium-weight, heavy-duty raincoat. Shorts, regulars and longs in standard sizes. $45

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Toweel, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29: Federico Thompson vs. Gaspar (Indian) Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 22: Army vs. Villanova, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Holy Cross, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 29: Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Swarthmore vs. Wesleyan, at Swarthmore, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—At the Polo Grounds—Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2:30: Titans vs. Houston Oilers. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 8: Titans vs. Oakland Raiders.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 23, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 22.) . . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Tuesday through Sunday, Oct. 25-30.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 22.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3:30.

Racing—UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey, Friday, Oct. 21. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track both days between 11 and 1.) . . . BELMONT: Saturday, Oct. 22, at 1:30. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 22. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 24, through Wednesday, Nov. 30. The Interborough Handicap, Monday, Oct. 24, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 12. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 22, and the Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 29. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 22, at 10.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Wednesday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the opening children's concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Oct. 22, at noon.)

Stage Shows—By the PEGGY BRIDGE MARIONETTES: "The Three Pigs," plus a magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD: "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 3.) . . . CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Two Sisters." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . MERRI-MIMES: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS: "Magic Merry-Go-Round," "Forest Adventure," and "Ballet Charades." A benefit for the Gardens Nursery School-Kindergarten. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 3. For information about tickets, call UN 5-2680.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at

Peck and Peck

Young new coverage: luxurious velour

Double bonus here: a velvety velour wool richness for day through datetime—cut with young casual simplicity to cover everything you own. Pure silk bound, black only. 8 to 16, 79.95

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Detroit Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis • Atlanta • St. Paul Minneapolis • Indianapolis • Buffalo • Kansas City Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

I. MAGNIN & co.
SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND • PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO FRESNO • CARMEL • LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • PASADENA SANTA BARBARA • LA JOLLA • SANTA ANA • SEATTLE

Apple of your eye . . . in this full-skirted blue cotton jumper dress by Florence Eiseman . . . a bright red apple in green tree top appliqued on white cotton blouse, 3 to 6x sizes 22.95 . . . 7 to 12 sizes 25.95 . . . Toddler's suit* with red-robin-in-tree applique, 2 to 3x sizes 19.95

mail orders (add 55¢ for shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

2 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1.)... **PENNY-WHISTLE PLAYERS:** "A Little Bit of Magic," Saturday, Oct. 22.... ¶ "The Wonderful Wheel," Saturday, Oct. 29. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Afternoons at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.)... **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Puss in Boots." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)... ¶ "The Pied Piper." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3.)... **PISCATOR PLAYERS:** "The King's New Clothes." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3.)

DANCE RECITAL—Paul Draper. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "20,000 Leagues Above the Sea," studies the area presently being invaded by rockets and satellites. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby *no* earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films on General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. In addition, on Monday, Oct. 24, from 4:20 to 5:30 WABC-TV will cover United Nations Day ceremonies from the General Assembly Hall, with Dag Hammarskjöld; the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy; Gloria Davy, soprano; Elena Nikolaidi, contralto; Jon Vickers, tenor; Yi-kwei Sze, bass-baritone; and the Temple University Choirs. ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Marianne Moore reading from her own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—Among some one hundred and twenty-five exhibits there are eighteenth-century furniture and other vestiges of the past, including china, silver, toys, campaign buttons, and postcards. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 22, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesday, Oct. 26, from 10 to 12; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Oct. 21, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Saturday, Oct. 22, at 1:45: American furniture, paintings, and decorative objects, from the collection of John J. Gunther.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 25, at 1:45: Historical and literary autographs and manuscripts from the estate of Selma Wieners and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Modigliani, Brancusi, Rouault, and Degas; the property of Gladys Lloyd Robinson and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 22.

Tiffany presents
Lowestoft Heraldic
China, hand-made and
hand-painted replicas of
eighteenth century designs.
Shown from a collection: Dinner
plates, from five hundred four dollars the dozen.
Punch bowl, thirteen inches across, one hundred eighty dollars.
Can be ordered with personal crest.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Elmer Gantry—Richard Brooks's adaptation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about the fishy practices of revivalists in the Bible belt churns up a spate of melodrama, which helps offset the fact that the motives of the hero and heroine aren't too clearly explained. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are estimable as the leading revivalists on view, and they get sturdy support from Edward Andrews, Arthur Kennedy, Dean Jagger, and Shirley Jones. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 25.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 23-24.)

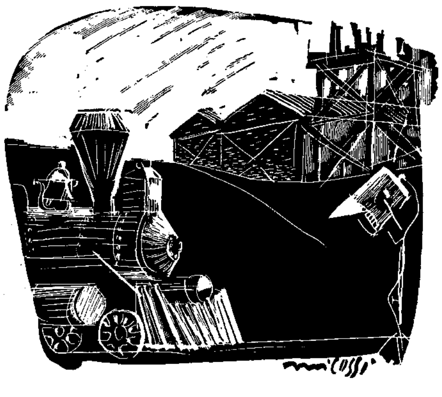
The Entertainer—A rendering, in savage blacks and grays, of life among the lower orders. Laurence Olivier, playing the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer, is at the very top of his bent and makes every moment of the squalor to which we're subjected seem worthwhile. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour—A fine French film, directed by Alain Resnais and written by Marguerite Duras, that makes a strong plea for peace as it describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Photographed in Japan, the picture has in its principal roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, who are superb. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

I'm All Right, Jack—Peter Sellers as a shop steward in an English plant that is at sixes and sevens because of a lunatic management and a working crew that is just as balmy. A very droll British film, in which Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Liz Frazer, and Richard Attenborough also figure admirably. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight—You had better be warned that this is about an insane murderer of little girls. Hard as it may be to believe, the picture turns out to be charming as well as frightening, thanks in large part to Heinz Ruhmann, as a police inspector, and to the rural Swiss setting, which effectively heightens the horror by looking ever so pretty and peaceful. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Picnic on the Grass—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this delightful assault upon practically all the conventions there are, including the convention that a picture should make sense. M. Renoir takes a pagan pleasure in nature and in the human animal in nature, and gives civilization, such as it is, a good drubbing. The scene is Provence, and the chief characters are a stuffy professor and a sexy peasant girl. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)



School for Scoundrels—Another prime example of English comedy-making. Ian Carmichael and Terry-Thomas set each other off to perfection, the latter playing a fierce and resourceful man-about-town. Fearful of being bested by Terry-Thomas, Carmichael applies for admission to the College of Lifemanship, presided over by the famous Stephen Potter (Alastair Sim). In the course of what is probably the worst-played and funniest tennis match on record, Carmichael's mastery of the art of one-upmanship reduces his rival to a bad-tempered pulp. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 26, tentative.)

Sons and Lovers—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son is treated with a kind of static delicacy in this English-American film, and so is Lawrence's first-rate dialogue, which has been lifted with gloved hands from the novel. However, Trevor Howard, as the black-faced, drunken miner, is remarkably good, and Wendy Hiller, as his misused wife, is not far behind. Dean Stockwell, who plays the son, is flippant, brooding, and restless, and sometimes suggests Elvis Presley trying to act. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Oct. 23.... ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, MU 3-4530; starting Oct. 26.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of loony crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 22.)

The Devil Strikes at Night (1959)—Directed by Robert Siodmak, this German film deals with the Hitler régime's suppression of the fact that a mass slayer has been allowed to get away with some fifty murders. With Mario Adorf. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 25.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 26.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 20.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 25-26.)

Porgy and Bess (1959)—George Gershwin's folk opera, with Sidney Poitier and Dorothy Dandridge. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 22.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 21-24.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Oct. 26.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 23-25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films called "Americana"—Through Oct. 22: "Benson at Calford" (1926), Episode One of the serial "The Collegians;" and "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), with Douglas Fairbanks. ... ¶ Starting Oct. 23: "The Cinder Path" (1927), Episode Eight of the serial "The Collegians;" and "Wild Bill Hickok" (1923), with William S. Hart. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"I Aim at the Stars," Curt Jurgens, Victoria Shaw.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Desire in the Dust," Raymond Burr, Martha Hyer.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct. 23: "Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
From Oct. 26, at 8:30: "The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Opening night will be a benefit for MEDICO.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 23: "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren.
From Oct. 24: Theatre closed.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Oct. 20: "High Time," Bing Crosby, Fabian.
From Oct. 22: "The Crowning Experience," Muriel Smith, Ann Buckles.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 26 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 23: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "One Foot in Hell," Alan Ladd, Don Murray.
Oct. 24-25: "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," revival, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman; and "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons.
From Oct. 26: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Nude in a White Car," Marina Vlady, Robert Hossein.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 26 (tentative): "Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Surprise Package," Yul Brynner, Mitzi Gaynor.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE ENTERTAINER.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 23: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "One Foot in Hell," Alan Ladd, Don Murray.
Oct. 24-25: "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," revival, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman; and "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons.
From Oct. 26: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Nude in a White Car," Marina Vlady, Robert Hossein.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 22: "The Flute and the Arrow," a Swedish documentary on India, with an English narration.
From Oct. 23: "Confess Dr. Corda" (in German), Hardy Kruger.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The 39 Steps," Kenneth More, Taina Elg.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Oct. 25: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From Oct. 26: "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren; and "Chance Meeting," Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 25 (tentative): "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak.
From Oct. 26 (tentative): "Song Without End," Dirk Bogarde, Capucine.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 23: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "One Foot in Hell," Alan Ladd, Don Murray.
Oct. 24-25: "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," revival, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman; and "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons.
From Oct. 26: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Nude in a White Car," Marina Vlady, Robert Hossein.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 25: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From Oct. 26: "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren; and "Chance Meeting," Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through Oct. 23: "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier, Charles Leclainche.
From Oct. 24: "Another Sky," Victoria Grayson, Cathryn Lacey.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 22: **PORGY AND BESS**, revival; and **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival.
Oct. 23-24: **ELMER GANTRY**; and "The Old Man and the Sea," revival, Spencer Tracy.
Oct. 25-26: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "Young Man with a Horn," revival, Kirk Douglas, Lauren Bacall.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 26 (tentative): "Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 25: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From Oct. 26: "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren; and "Chance Meeting," Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 22: "Strangers When We Meet," Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak.
Oct. 23-25: **SABRINA**, revival; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
From Oct. 26: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "Bell, Book and Candle," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Heaven on Earth," Barbara Florian.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Royal Ballet," Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Carry on Nurse," Wilfrid Hyde White, Shirley Eaton.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
PICNIC ON THE GRASS (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 25: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From Oct. 26: "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren; and "Chance Meeting," Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 26: "Weddings and Babies," Viveca Lindfors, John Myhers.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 25: **ELMER GANTRY**; and "A Kid for Two Farthings," revival, Celia Johnson, Diana Dors.
From Oct. 26: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Nude in a White Car," Marina Vlady, Robert Hossein.

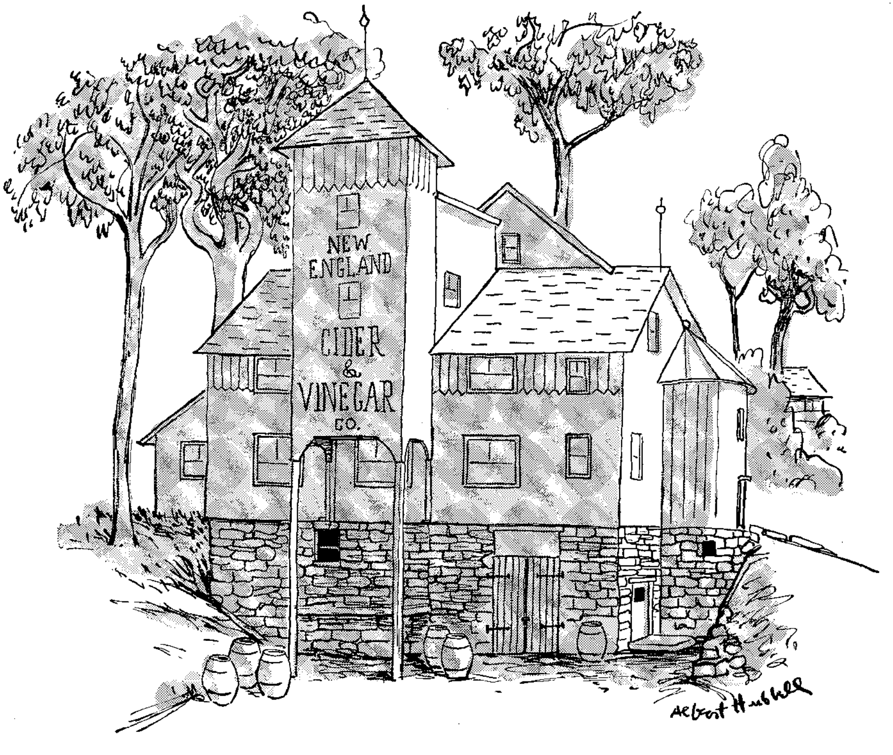
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 20: **THE MAGICIAN**, revival; and "Aren't We Wonderful?" (in German), revival, Robert Graf.
Oct. 21-24: **ROOM AT THE TOP**, revival; and "The Girl on the Third Floor" (in French), revival, Marina Vlady, Peter Van Eyck.
From Oct. 25: **THE DEVIL STRIKES AT NIGHT** (in German), revival; and "Démoniaque" (in French), revival, François Périer, Micheline Presle.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 25: "Portrait in Black," Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn; and "S.O.S. Pacific," Eddie Constantine.
From Oct. 26: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "One Foot in Hell," Alan Ladd, Don Murray.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 26 (tentative): "Expresso Bongo," Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Oct. 25: "All the Young Men," Alan Ladd, Sidney Poitier; and "The Enemy General," Van Johnson, Jean Pierre Aumont.
From Oct. 26: "It Started in Naples," Clark Gable, Sophia Loren; and "Chance Meeting," Hardy Kruger, Micheline Presle.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 23: **SONS AND LOVERS**; and "One Foot in Hell," Alan Ladd, Don Murray.
Oct. 24-25: "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," revival, Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman; and "Désirée," revival, Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons.
From Oct. 26: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "Nude in a White Car," Marina Vlady, Robert Hossein.

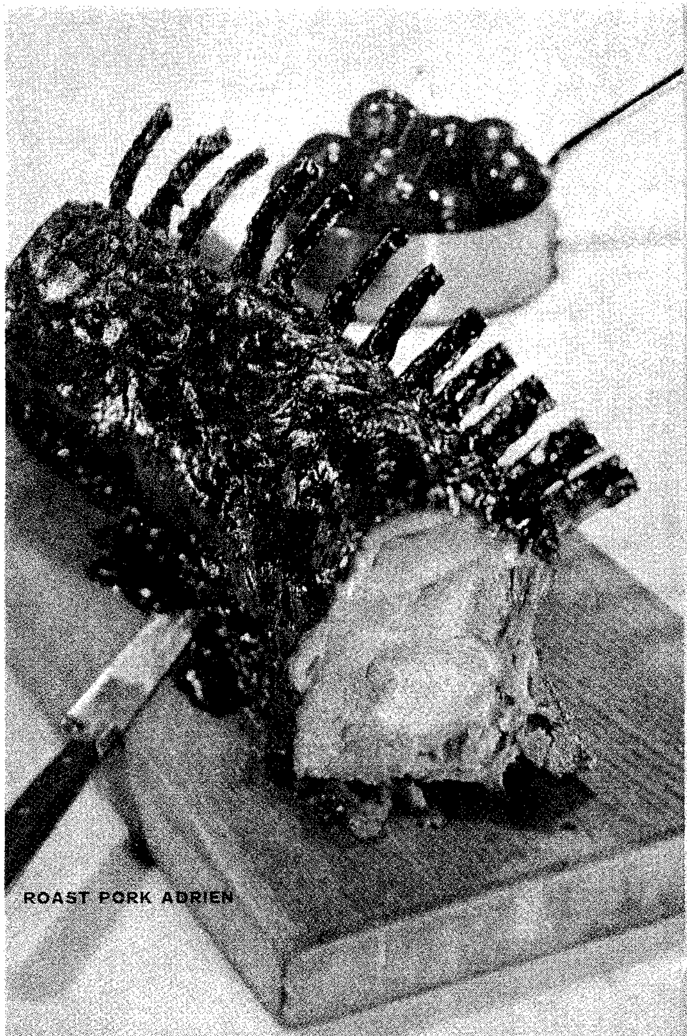


Ω

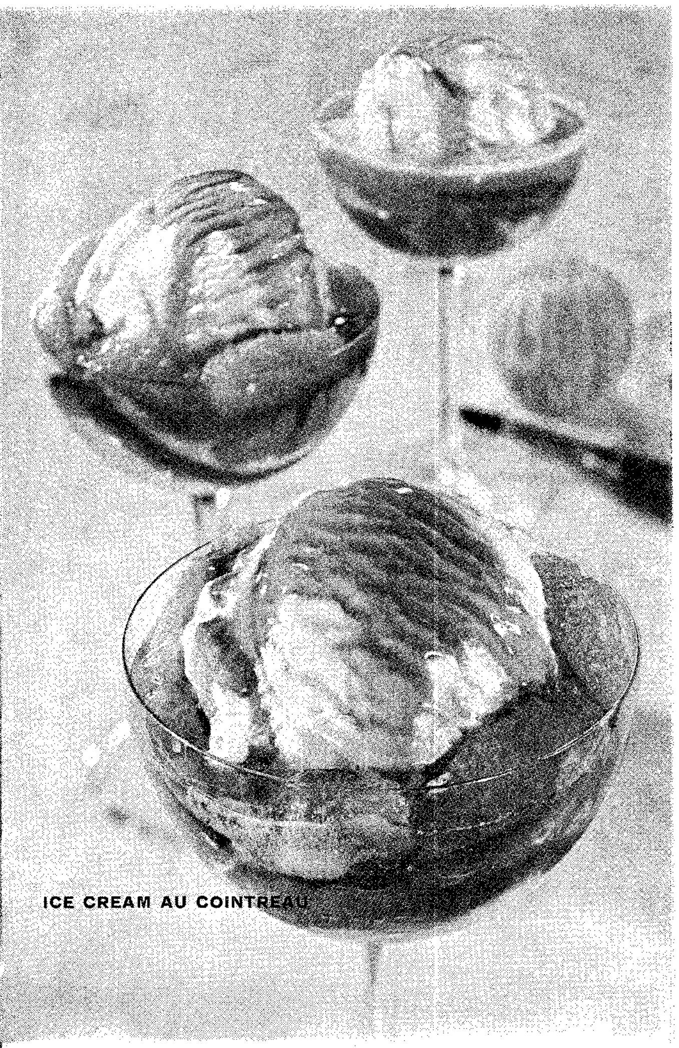
OMEGA

This is the slim, self-winding Seamaster de Ville . . . the newest of Omega watches. It is faultlessly elegant–yet has all the sturdiness of a sports watch. It is equally perfect for a round of golf or an evening at the opera. It is accurate beyond question. It was created for a lifetime of proud possession.

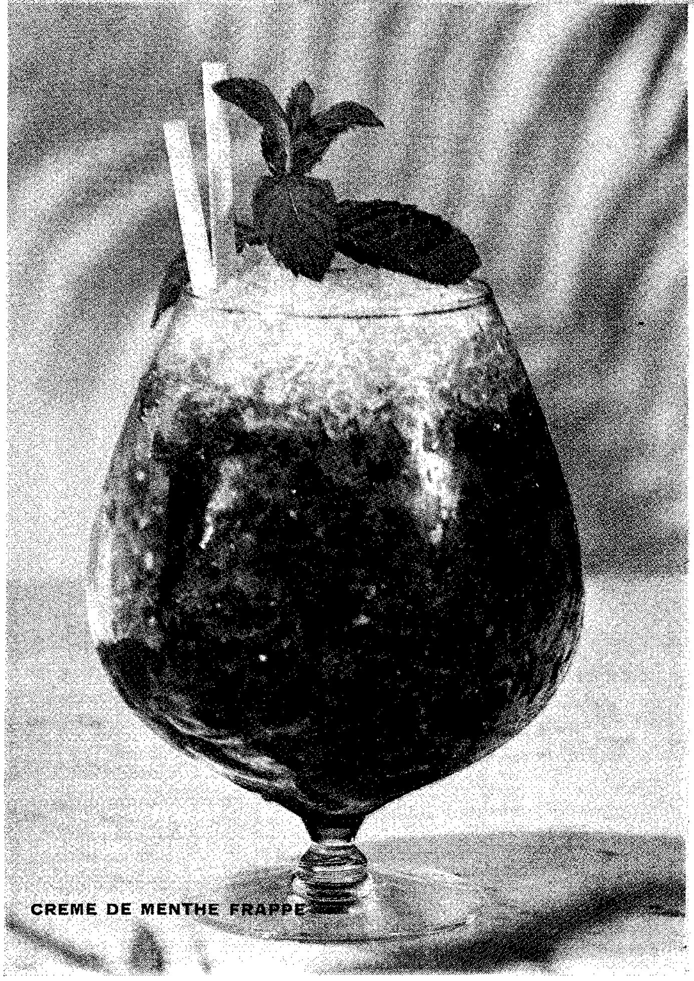
The slim design of the new Seamaster de Ville is achieved by a unique, monoshell case. Hermetically sealed, it is immune to water, dust, magnetism and shock. Seamaster de Ville automatics are priced from $110 to $395, non-automatics from $95 to $165, federal tax included. Other Omega watches for men and women from $65 to $10,000. Send for illustrated brochure "J," Omega, 375 Park Avenue, New York 22.



ROAST PORK ADRIEN



ICE CREAM AU COINTREAU



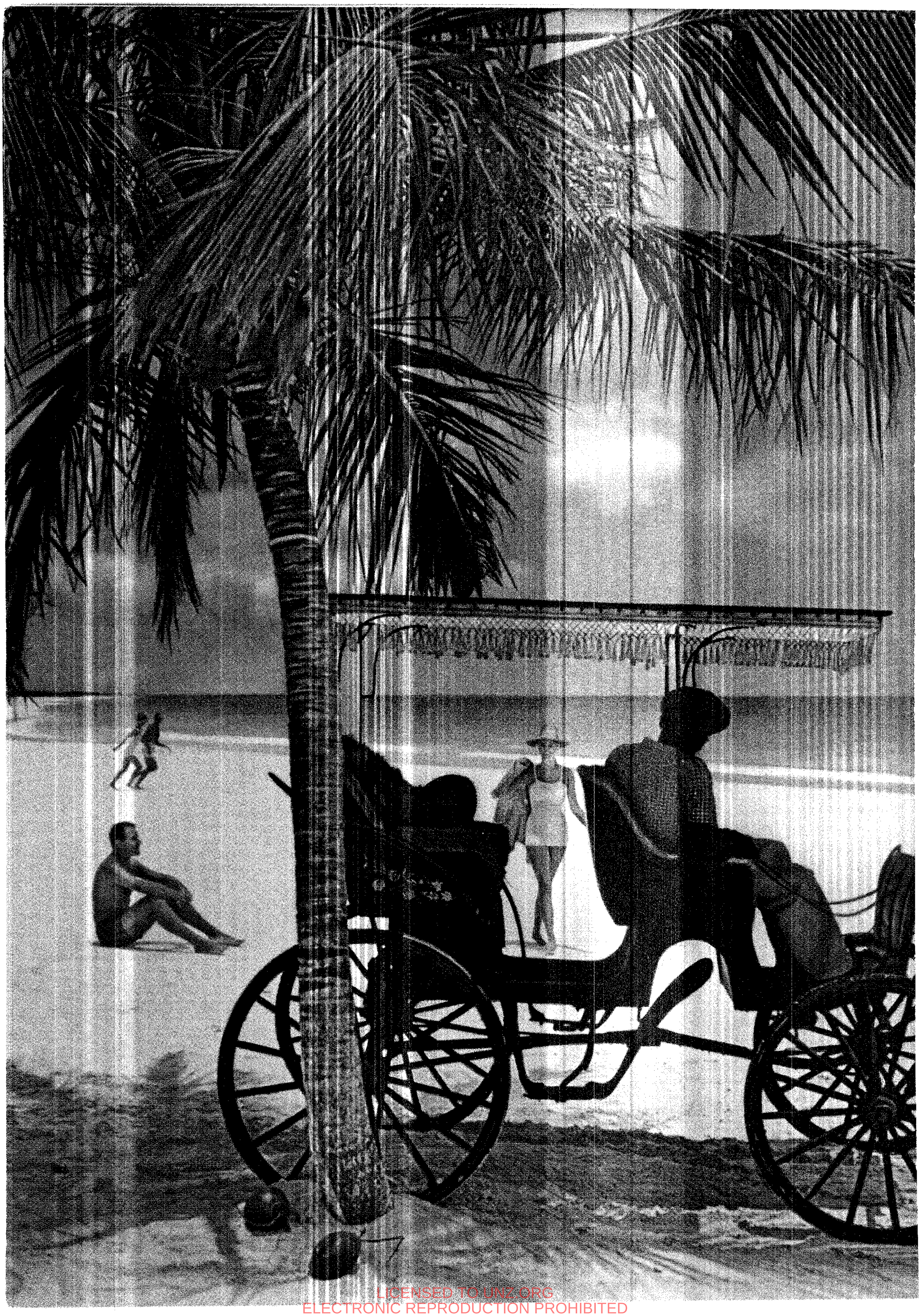
CREME DE MENTHE FRAPPE

The delightful *difference* is

COINTREAU
LIQUEURS
SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU

After all, the important distinction is in flavor. Very often it is one of the 20 Cordials by Cointreau that contributes the magic touch. Why not take a leaf from Pierrot's book. There *is one*—"*Gourmet's Guide*". We will be happy to send you a copy with Pierrot's compliments. In it are recipes for the food and drink shown here, plus 46 more. *Voilà*... you are an expert!

CORDIALS BY COINTREAU, 50 TO 80 PROOF, PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.



Step into a wonderful world . . .

Nassau
and the Bahamas

In the Bahamas a carriage is more than a period piece. It's the logical way to get where you're going—at a pace that makes fun of the rest of our hectic world. Why hurry past so many happy surprises?

Like this beach. Broad and pink, sweeping for miles in a gentle arc. Caressing it is the Bahamian sea, stunningly blue and unbelievably transparent.

And beyond that distant point of land, you'll find still another beach, and yet another, for the beaches of the Bahamas are literally without number. Small wonder then why many of the world's most intrepid beachcombers home in on this idyllic British colony lying just across the Gulf Stream from the American mainland.

When you've sampled the sea's pleasures, be away to Nassau town. Stop first at the flamboyant waterfront market as rustic native sloops arrive from the Out Islands with their exotic cargoes of conch, cane, tropical fruits and spices.

Then clip-clop on to Bay Street and its quaint shops, where amidst luxuries imported from the world over, the service is quietly attentive, the prices so low they're demoralizing.

As dusk comes, the classic hotels glitter. Dinner is gay, sophisticated. Dancing terraces are awash in starlight. Then who's ready for an "over the hill" tour of native clubs? We all are! The goombay drum stills at dawn.

Nassau, capital of this remarkable pleasure colony, is just the start of a true Bahamian holiday. Your vacation won't be complete until you sample nearby Abaco and Andros, Bimini and the Berry Islands, Eleuthera and the Exumas, Grand Bahama and Harbour Island—charming and off-beat islands where clubs and inns greet you in 20th century comfort in settings straight from the 18th century.

Your Travel Agent is an expert on the charms of the Bahamas and just how best to enjoy them. For further information, please write Dept. CW, Bahamas Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y. Telephone: PLaza 7-1611.

BAHAMAS DEVELOPMENT BOARD

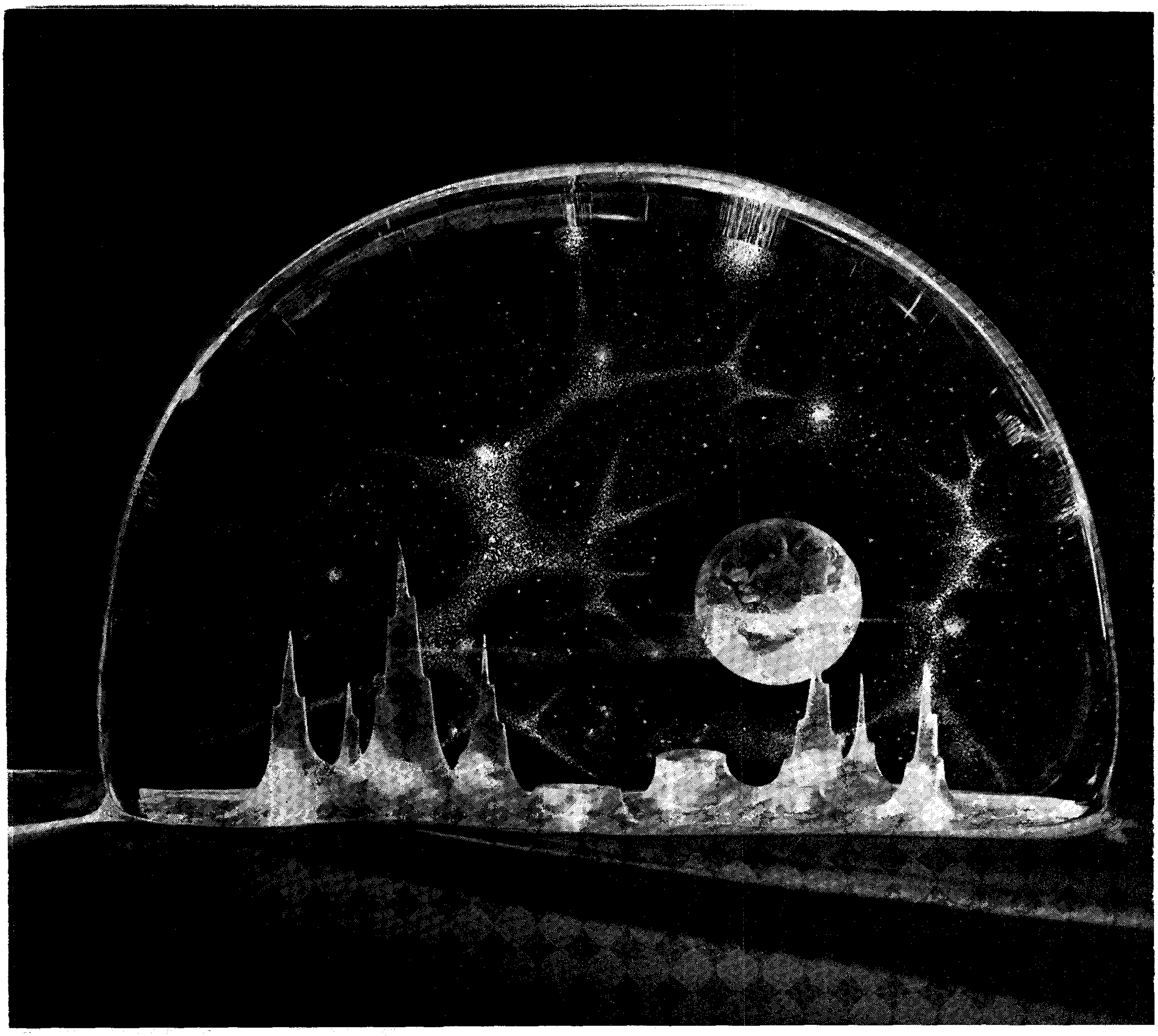
Bay Street, Nassau CABLE: Devboard

OFFICES: Miami • New York • Chicago • Dallas • Los Angeles • Toronto • London, England

BY SEA: From New York every Friday, S. S. NASSAU, Incres Line, 39 Broadway, New York 6. From Miami, Mondays and Fridays, S. S. BAHAMA STAR, Eastern Shipping Corp., Miami 1.

BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (50 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

The carriage trade at play on one of the world-famous beaches of the Bahamas. Photographed by David Preston.



Above: Mountains of the Moon • Designed by George Thompson • Width 9 inches • $2,250
Opposite: Zephyr • Glass design by George Thompson • Engraving design by Don Wier • Height 9 inches • $2,500

Moon and Myth

Twenty-one new works of engraved crystal have just gone on view at Steuben Glass. Here are two.

Above, a landscape still to be seen by man. It is an *earthlit* night on the *moon.*

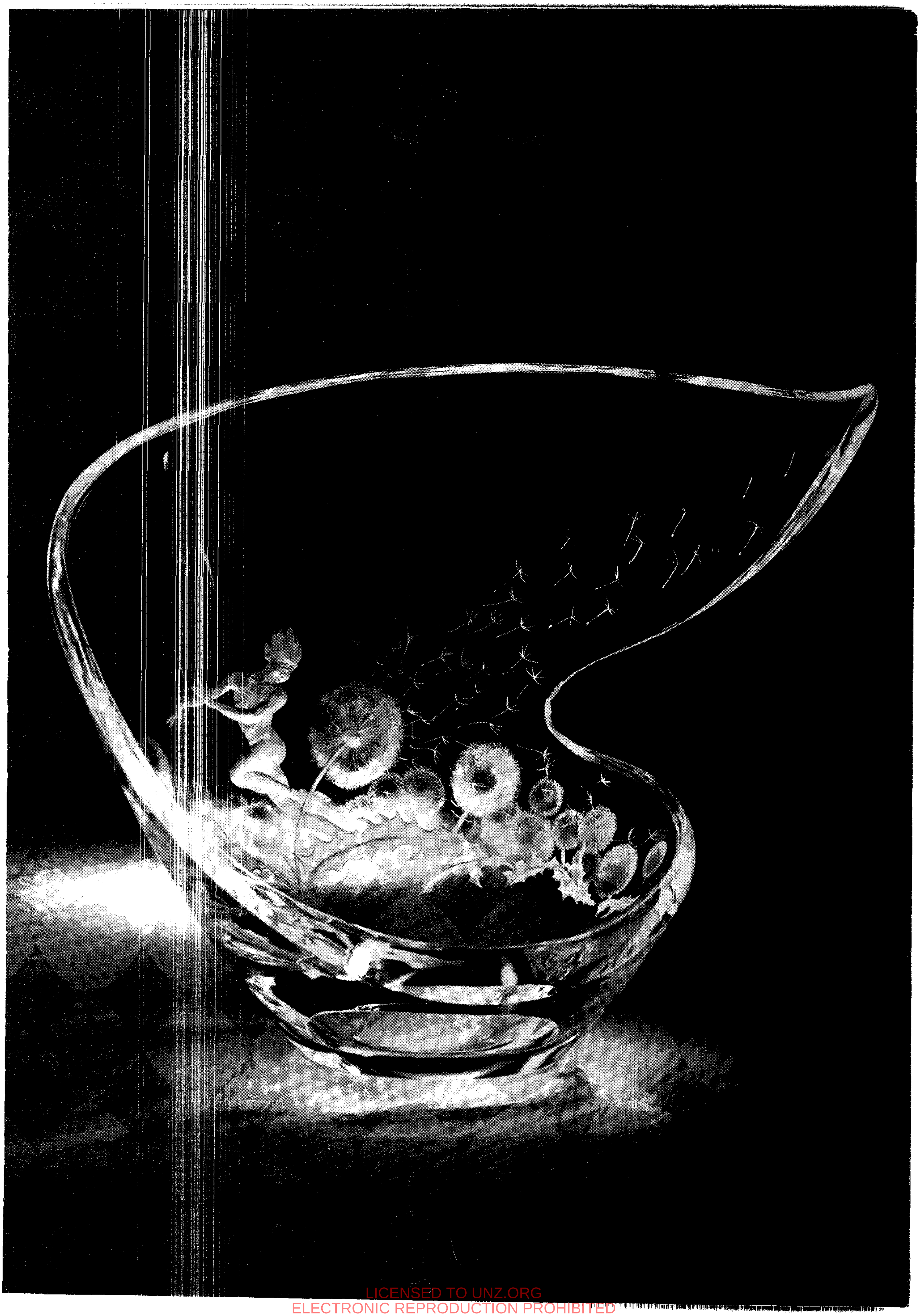
At the right, a classic legend. Zephyr, Greek god of the west wind, romps through a field of dandelions, scattering seeds with his breath.

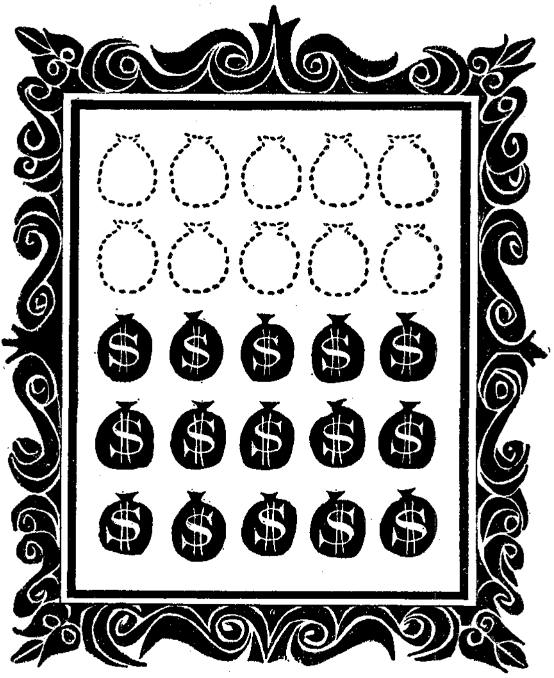
Compare these pieces—the eerie realism of one, the gentle fantasy of the other, the perfection of both.

Crystal is a versatile art medium. We invite you to come and see these and other new examples of its expressiveness.

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET • NEW YORK 22, N.Y.





PORTRAIT OF $1,000,000—AFTER TAXES

An estate of $1,000,000 can shrink as much as $425,000 by the time it reaches the family of its owner, after his death. The reasons: taxes and other estate expenses.

Is there anything an estate owner can do about it? Yes. He can *get the facts* about what tax and other costs are likely to be under his present plan of distribution. At the same time he may uncover other ways to achieve his objectives and substantially increase his estate's value for his family. How . . . ?

He can *get the facts* from his lawyer or other competent adviser. A Hanover trust officer will be glad to assist. The half hour or so that it takes may be one of the most rewarding investments *in time* that a person could make.

HERE IS THE RANGE OF
POSSIBLE SHRINKAGE IN ESTATES

Size of Estate	Range of Shrinkage
$ 300,000	$ 22,485 up to $ 90,064
500,000	71,878 up to 182,336
1,000,000	212,298 up to 425,602
5,000,000	1,564,128 up to 2,915,553

Anyone interested in getting the facts about shrinkage in estates is invited to write or telephone the Personal Trust Division of The Hanover Bank, 40 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. (MUrray Hill 2-5200).

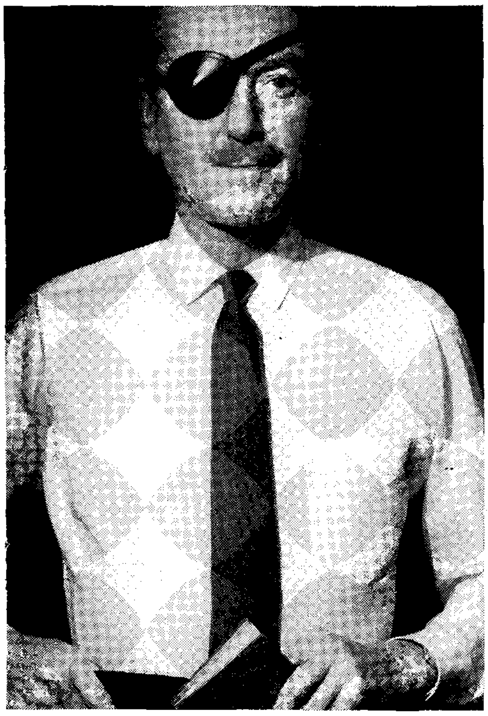
THE HANOVER BANK
NEW YORK

Complete Banking Services for Business and Individuals

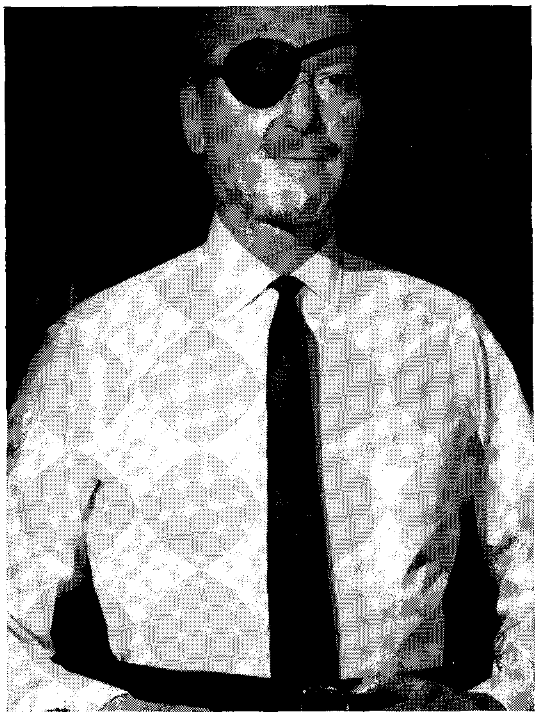
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Hathaway's guide to plain white cotton shirts

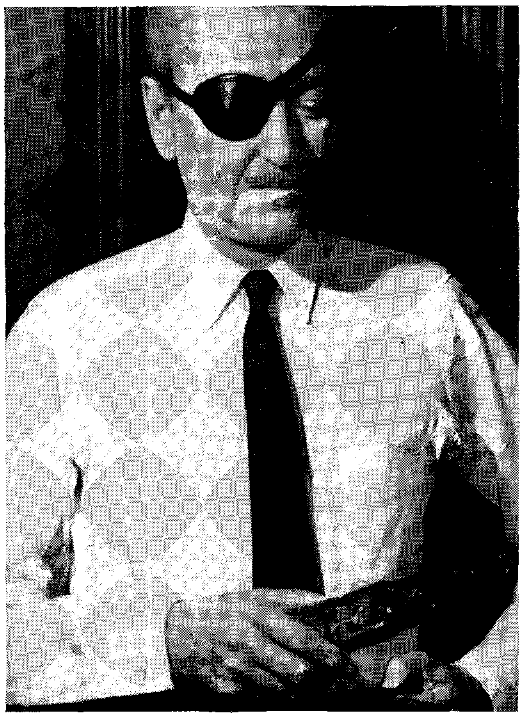
How to detect the finer points of fabric and workmanship



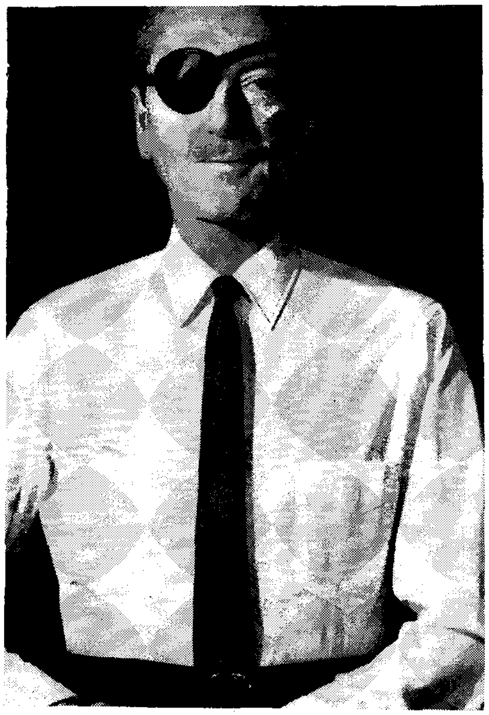
American broadcloth—6.50. Less expensive than Hathaway's imported shirtings, mostly because it doesn't have to travel. This shirt is a shade whiter than ordinary domestic broadcloths—and wears a good deal longer. All cotton. With Philadelphia collar and barrel cuffs.



Imported cotton—8.95. Owes its smoothness and sheen to costly, superfine, all-cotton yarn used by our overseas weavers. Another blessing: its *lightness.* The whole shirt weighs a scant seven ounces—long tails and all. With short-spread collar and French cuffs.



Fife Oxford—12.50. Woven by D. & J. Anderson of Scotland, who could make 33 yards of ordinary Oxford in the time it takes to make *one* yard of Fife. Slow going—but the only way to get such a *deep* and *lustrous* weave. All cotton. With button-down collar and barrel cuffs.



Sea Island cotton—16.95. Very rare—therefore very expensive. It is grown on six tiny islands in the Caribbean, then sent to England to be woven into all-cotton shirting that looks and feels uncannily like silk. With Hathaway's shorter-point collar and French cuffs.

Hathaway Hallmarks

Whatever you pay, you get precisely the same workmanship in every Hathaway shirt:

1. Hathaway collars are turned by hand to give them a comfortable, natural-looking contour.

2. Hathaway cuffs have square-cut corners, which look more straightforward and masculine than the curved kind. Also neater.

3. Hathaway seams are sewn with single-needle stitching. For tidiness and for strength.

4. Hathaway buttons are big and easy to handle. They stay buttoned and they stay sewn on.

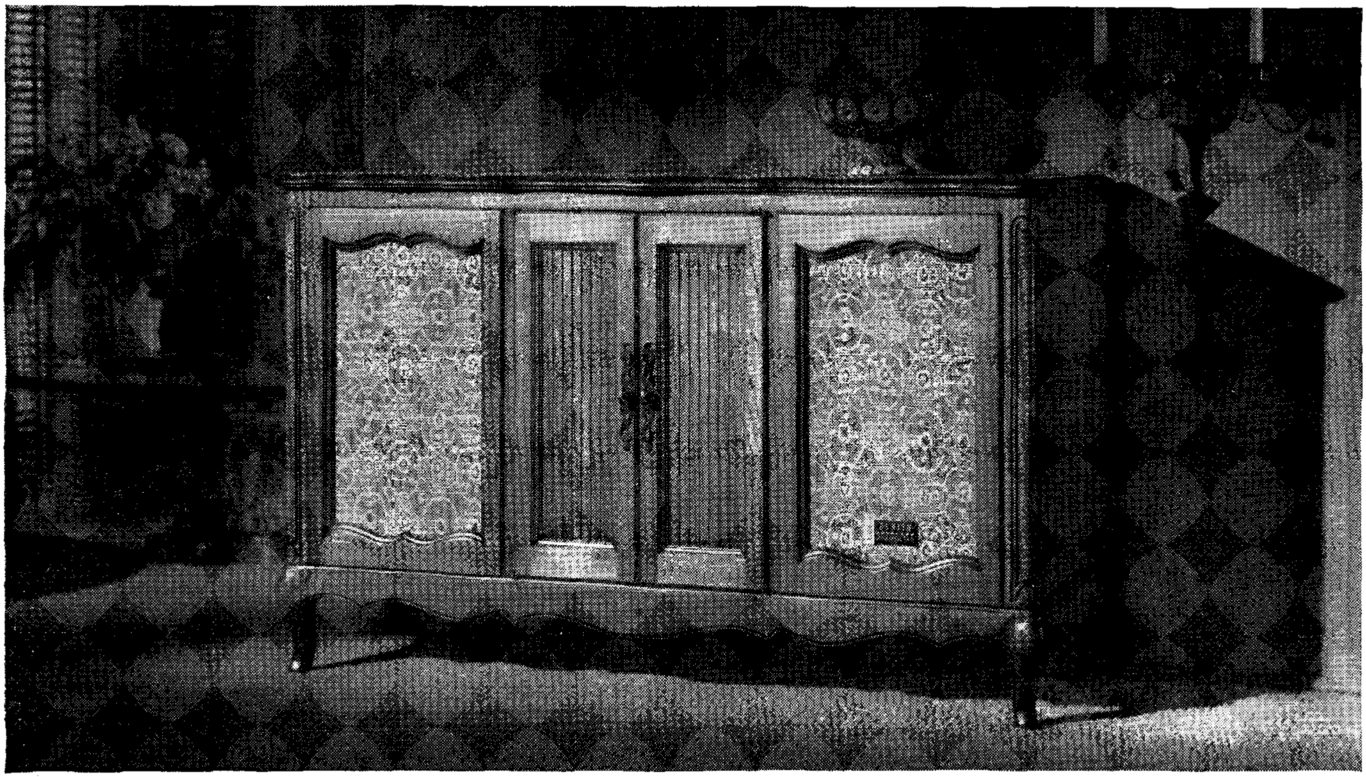
5. Hathaway shirt tails are uncommonly generous. You will never see them wriggling out of trousers or bagging at the midsection.

For store names, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Call OXford 7-5566 in N. Y.

1961 ZENITH STEREO First and only sound system to create a new realism for all your records!

Here is why. Zenith's famous Extended Stereo now gives you Extended Sound Reverberation—the newest, most dramatic dimension in the world of sound. Zenith's exclusive Extended Reverberation system, with a single variable control, makes possible continuous shadings of depth and resonance. Not only do stereo records take on a concert hall quality, but all monaural LP's, old 78's come alive, too. Even FM/AM radio. Moreover, speakers are custom-fitted to cabinet size and shape. Zenith's famous Cobra-Matic® Record Changer is carefully designed to minimize "wow" and rumble. Zenith's dual channel amplifiers deliver splendid highs and lows with minimum distortion. Even Zenith's magnificent fine furniture cabinets, in decorator designs and a variety of finishes, are acoustically designed, sound-tested. It is this care, this skill, this devotion to quality and detail that makes Zenith the world's finest high fidelity.

Below, Zenith Liszt—Distinctively styled French Provincial console from the Decorator Group. Extended Reverberation sound system with four high fidelity speakers. Provision for four sources of sound with Zenith Radial Speakers. Model SFF 2585, with FM/AM radio, in genuine cherry veneers and solids, $850*. Zenith quality high fidelity stereo starts as low as $179.95*.



ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. IN CANADA: ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 42 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast.*

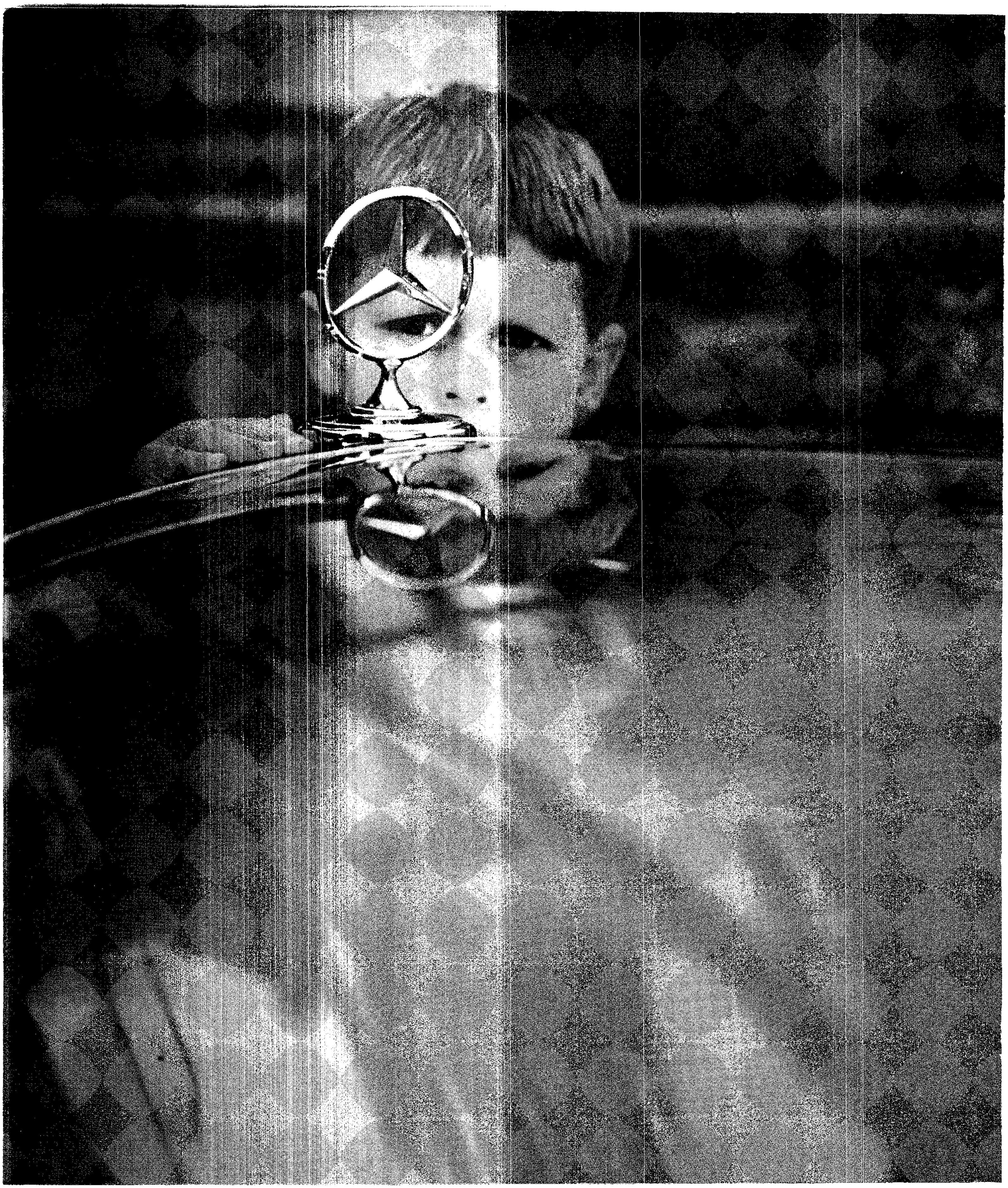
Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Illustrated: Harvest, a Troy selection for Qual Fab, Inc. PPG manufactures the yarn only, not the fabric. Photo Jacques Simson/Pagano

Hannah Troy makes the fashion difference in PPG Fiber Glass Designer/Drapery Fabrics

Fashion authority! Only PPG features fiber glass fabrics selected for their special chic by famous fashion designer Hannah Troy. Now, high-style draperies can give your home a fashion personality as individual as your own. Wall and window treatments with imagination and long-lasting charm can be yours—and with practical fiber glass that is so easy to wash, never needs ironing, never stretches or shrinks. See Hannah Troy's handpicked fashions in fabulous PPG Fiber Glass at Lord & Taylor, New York; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Higbee's, Cleveland; Bullock's, Los Angeles; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; and other leading stores, or at your interior decorator's—soon. *PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, Fiber Glass Division, Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania.*

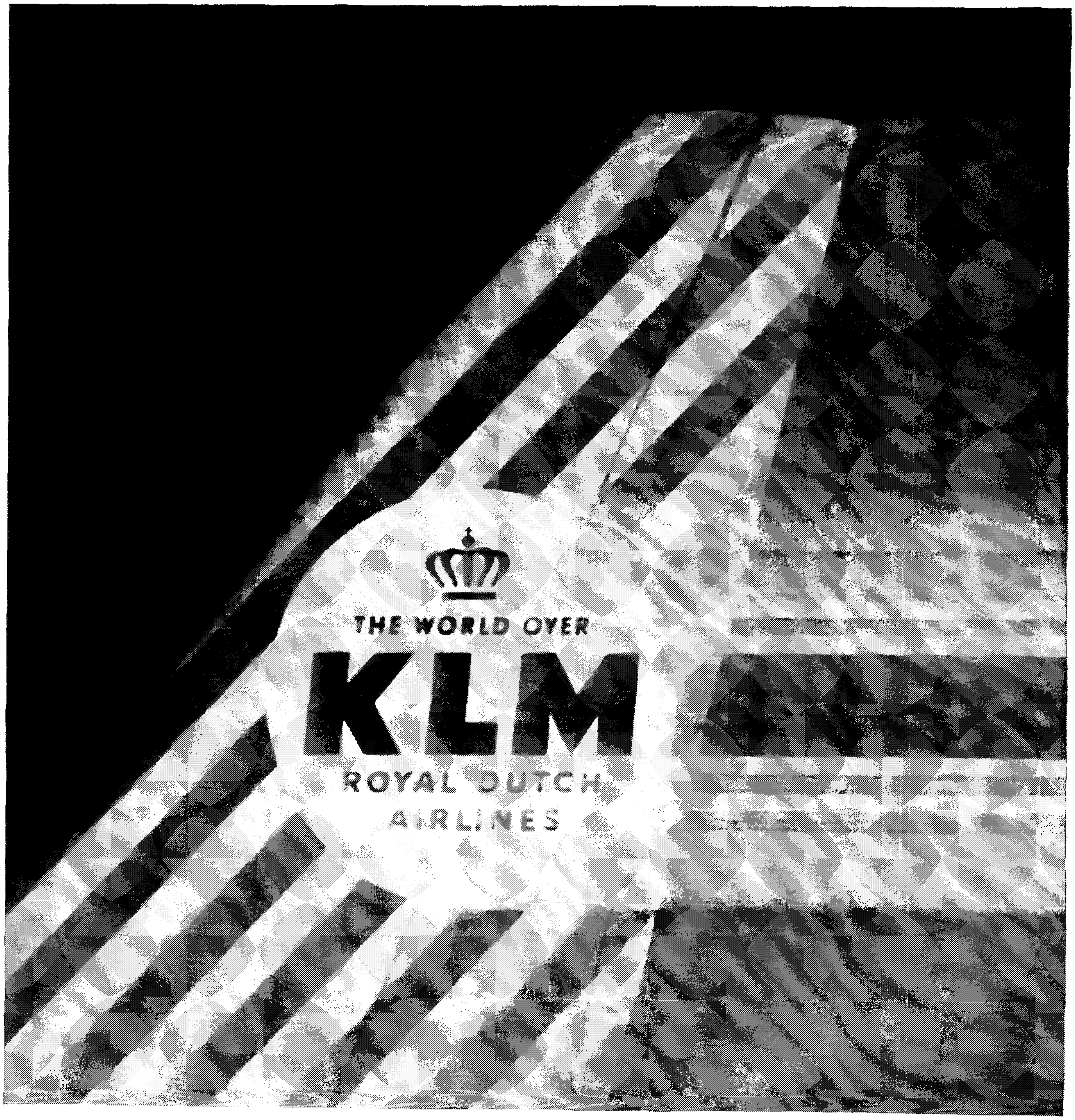
PPG®



"It's my father's car but my star" Proud little boy, though to him the three-pointed star is only an attractive ornament. However, in years to come, when he's old enough to drive his own Mercedes-Benz, he will understand its true significance. This proud symbol was adopted for this car's ancestors over half a century ago. Today, it is the Mercedes-Benz hallmark of quality and a sign of continuity from the past to present to future. Mercedes-Benz cars enjoy a steady evolution that is aimed at perfection. Significant engineering advances and tasteful styling modifications keep Mercedes-Benz in the forefront of the world's automobiles. It has always been the car of connoisseurs and continues to be so today. Motoring behind the three-pointed star is the greatest event on the road.

Mercedes-Benz cars include sedans, convertibles and sport cars. Prices range from about $3,300 to $13,000. Ask your Mercedes-Benz dealer for a demonstration.

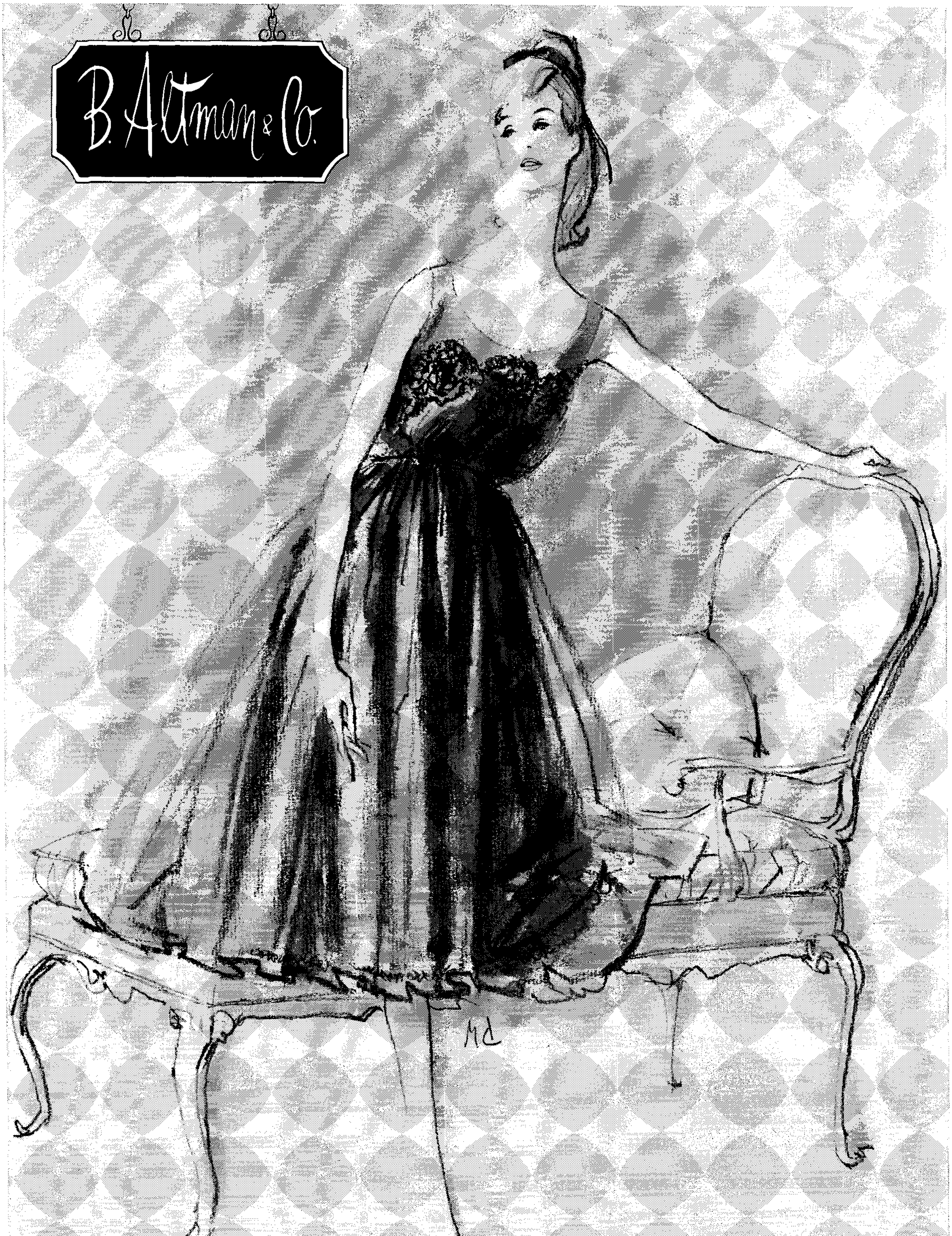
Mercedes-Benz Sales, Inc. *(A Subsidiary of Studebaker-Packard Corporation)*



NOW GOING FOR
ONLY $293*
NEW YORK-EUROPE ROUND TRIP

New 17-Day Economy Class Excursion Fares to Europe—lowest fares ever! Big KLM DC-7C over and back—only $30 down, 24 monthly payments of $12.45. Or go Royal 8 Jet at new low fares. See your travel agent—professionals plan better trips—or call your nearest KLM office. KLM, 609 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. IT'S A TREAT TO GO ROYAL DUTCH!

*ROUND TRIP TO GLASGOW. OTHER DC-7C ECONOMY FARES: PARIS, $359.60. LONDON, $320. ROME, $454.30.



dream in black . . . mists of black, floated over ginger beige! Munsingwear's waltz-length gown in nylon tricot, detailed with French nylon lace . . . sizes 32 to 38, 19.95. Altman lingerie, second floor . . . Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, MU 9-7000

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE cannot agree with those who hold that David Susskind's recent interview with Nikita Khrushchev on the television program called "Open End" was entirely unproductive. On the contrary, we feel that no fewer than three substantial facts were set forth with commendable clarity.

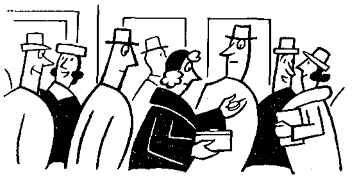
First, it is plain that Sutro Brothers & Co. is not sympathetic to Communism. By cancelling its contract to sponsor "Open End," the brokerage house made it clear that it did not wish to be identified with Premier Khrushchev and his policies. We take this as a strong indication that few, if any, Wall Street firms harbor secret yearnings toward the Soviet system.

Second, Ely Landau, chairman of the board of the N.T.A. network, on which "Open End" appears, is not friendly to the Communist cause, either. We were edified to learn that by exhibiting Mr. Khrushchev to the viewers the network was in no way endorsing the ideology of Soviet Russia.

Third, and by no means least significant, Mr. Susskind himself is no adherent of Communism. By engaging the Russian Premier in a slanging match instead of merely seeking information through questions, Mr. Susskind left no doubt in anyone's mind about where his sympathies lay. And it was a particularly shrewd stroke, we think, to sneak anti-Soviet commercials into the intervals of the program. The dullest spectator could grasp at once that Mr. Susskind was thereby trying to convey his own total disagreement with the politics of the Soviet Premier. In this, he succeeded brilliantly.

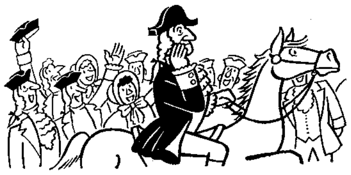
We congratulate all three spokesmen. Not only have they provided the public with information of the utmost pith and moment but they have reminded us all that we have an obligation to assure one another, every chance we get, of our allegiance to our own country, lest that come to be simply taken for granted.

AS every one of us in this city knows, it isn't always easy, no matter how familiar we may be with the sidewalks on which we spend so much of our lives, to tell which direction is which when the final curtain of a good Broadway show sends us out of the theatre by the handiest exit. It took one of those pioneer women from New England to come to grips with this problem and solve it once and for all. We were wondering which way we were pointed when we left the Broadhurst the other evening after seeing "Fiorello!" for a second time, and as we paused to get our bearings we found that this lady and her male companion had stopped in their tracks for the same reason. "Wait!" cried the lady, in the commanding tone her forebears used in the wilderness long ago. Her companion waited, and we, too, felt called upon to wait, and see what she was up to. She opened her purse and reached inside. After a brief search, her lovely hand came out with a small gold compass in its palm. "East!" she said, studying the compass and waving with her other hand in the direction that we by this time realized *was* east. "It's that way to Grand Central," she went on, "and we've got fifteen minutes to make the express to Stamford."



A Sunday Walk

FOR the past couple of years, our old friend the architectural historian Henry Hope Reed, Jr., who probably knows more about New York's physical past than any other man living, and who makes no bones about wishing he could pull down with his bare hands and hurl straight into the East River every building put up here since 1930, has been giving a series of walking tours in various neighborhoods, pointing out to his followers architectural wonders that most of them have long been in a position to look at but have somehow always failed to see. On a recent golden Sunday afternoon, Mr. Reed, going off on a new tack, conducted his first walking tour for children. This time, the emphasis was on history instead of architecture, though plenty of architecture sneaked in. The subject of the tour was "George Washington's New York," and since Reed immerses himself so thoroughly in a subject that the events he describes, no matter how ancient they may be, seem to have taken place only a few minutes before, he made an ideal lecturer for his little gathering of scholar gypsies. The tour, given under the auspices of the Museum of the City of New York, attracted something like a hundred children between the ages of eight and eighteen, and a few durable parents. Acting on the principle that one shouldn't send a man on a child's errand, we've relied for an account of this tour on the journalistic skill of an eleven-year-old reporter of our acquaintance, who has been writing plays and novels and covering local news events since she was six. Her report goes as follows:



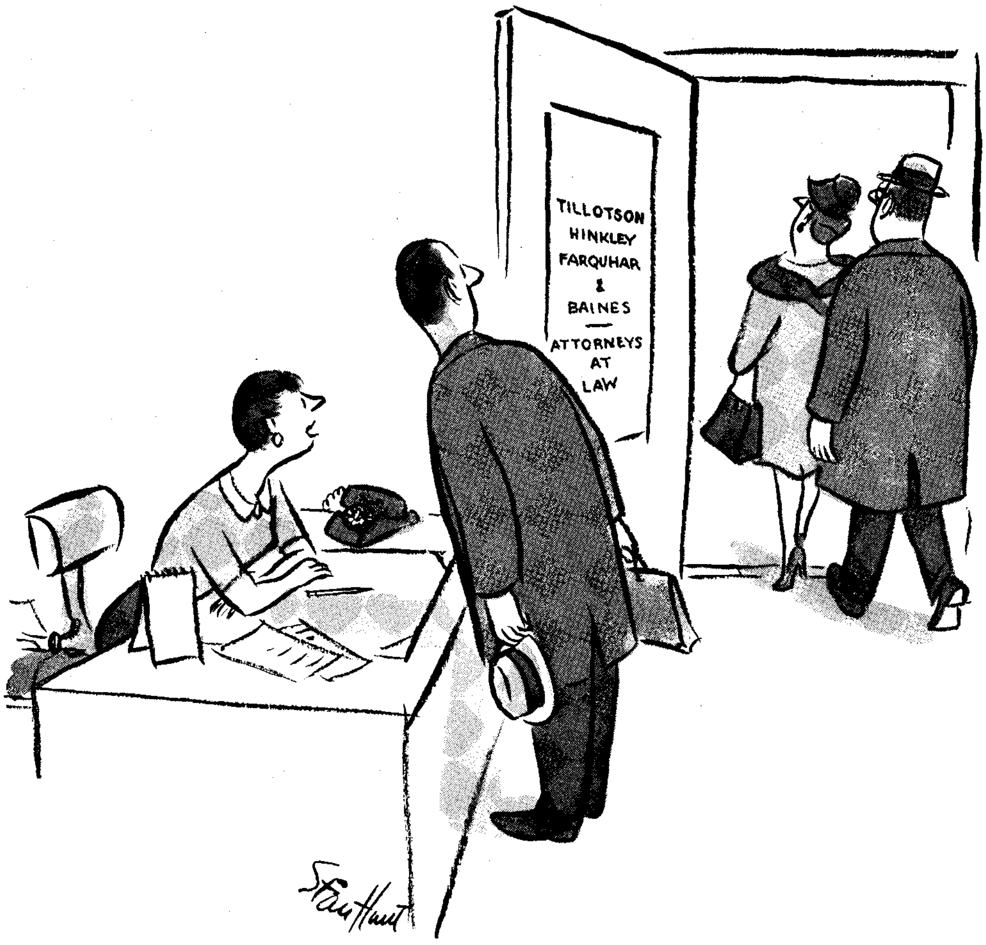
"My father drove me downtown by way of the East River and South Street, where we went past a lot of old fish markets with no fish but a lot of smell, which gave me the feeling of old New York. We parked the car and my father took me over to a group of children standing outside a building on the corner of Wall Street and Front Street. I was introduced to Mr. Reed, who is a lively old man [Reed is forty-five] with big black glasses and reddish hair. Mr. Reed divided us into six groups, each with its own guide. I decided to stick with Mr. Reed, who had just had a haircut. We started off at the foot of Wall Street, which Mr. Reed told us would have been under water in Washington's day. When Washington landed in New York, on April 23, 1789, to be inaugurated President, the foot of Wall Street was known as Coffee House Slip and something called Murray's Wharf stuck out into the river there and it was Murray's Wharf that Washington stepped out of the barge onto, after being rowed across the harbor from Elizabeth Town Point, in New Jersey. The barge had been presented to Washington by prominent New Yorkers of the day. It was forty-seven feet long and the President sat in the stern, on a dais, under a red awning.

"Washington made his way up Wall Street through a big, cheering crowd, then along Pearl Street to the President's house, at No. 3 Cherry Street, where part of the Brooklyn Bridge now is. Mr. Reed said Washington wore white silk stockings, football pants, a ruffled blouse, and a wig. He was a very big man and Jefferson called him the best horseman in the country and the only thing the matter with him was his teeth. The President's house had fourteen servants in it, including a French valet. Washington was paid twenty-five thousand dollars a year to be President, which was a good deal of money in those days, but then he and Mrs. Washington had to give a lot of parties. At the parties, they served hot punch in winter and cold punch in summer and everybody stood around.

"We walked down Pearl Street, past where the pirate Captain Kidd used to have a house. Mr. Reed said he wasn't a very successful pirate and finally he got hanged. On Pearl Street we saw Fraunces Tavern, a plain brick building with a fancy top. Here Washington said goodbye to his officers after the Revolution. His words were 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you.' It was such a sad occasion that everybody, even Washington, cried. Then we walked up Broad Street to the old Sub-Treasury Building, on Wall Street. That is the site of Federal Hall, where Washington was inaugurated on Thursday, April 30, 1789, in a suit of brown broadcloth, woven in Hartford. New York had a population of only thirty thousand people in those days and the federal government itself was so small that all the departments of it could be housed in Federal Hall.

"We went up Wall Street to Trinity Cemetery, to look at all the gravestones, including the big one over Alexander Hamilton, who was shot in Weehawken, by Aaron Burr, in the stomach, and died the next day. After the cemetery, we stopped on Broadway, where Washington lived in the McComb mansion in the spring and summer of 1790. Back of the mansion was a field running down to the river. Washington had a stable built there for his sixteen horses and two cows. He used to get up every morning at five and go horseback riding for two hours, then come back and eat breakfast and go to work. Dinner was at three and supper at eight and everybody got to bed by ten. Washington left New York at the end of August in 1790. Nobody knew it was for the last time, but it was, as the government then moved to Philadelphia.

"Mr. Reed had all of us children following him around like a Pied Piper, only instead of playing a pipe he just talked."



"Mr. Tillotson et uxor."

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (NO DAMNED EUPHEMISMS DIVISION): A new magazine devoted to gastroenterology has just come out in Britain. It is called *Gut.*

Hoving's Message

ACCORDING to Walter Hoving, chairman of the board of Tiffany's, the big thing today is distribution. Mr. Hoving delivered this message to us last month when we ran into him at a midtown reception and thanked him for an advance copy of a book of his, "The Distribution Revolution," which his publishers, Ives Washburn, had sent us. He has developed the message, in depth, in the book, which we have since read, and he repeated it more recently at a publication-day lunch he gave for "The Distribution Revolution" at the St. Regis. There, during cocktails, a gleaming group that included Henry R. Luce, George E. Sokolsky, William F. Buckley, Jr., Bernard F. Gimbel, Richard C. Patterson, Jr., and General David Sarnoff distributed itself around us. The subsequent distribution, at table, put us between Robert M. White II, president of the *Herald Tribune*, and Sumner Putnam, president of Ives Washburn. "Very pleasant man to work with," Mr. Putnam said of our host. "Gets his proofs back promptly. His view of obsolescence is somewhat different from that of Vance Packard in 'The Waste Makers.' "

At this point, Mr. Hoving, disentangling himself from a conversation with Mr. Luce, got up and, in the course of a brief, graceful speech, said, "Distribution is the key to world prosperity. Only America understands real mass distribution. The most significant economic year in the history of the world was 1953, when for the first time more people in the United States were in distribution than in production. Automation is the most marvellous thing that's ever happened, because we need the people it frees in distribution. In most countries, production is god. You cannot distribute under any system other than free enterprise."

We cornered Mr. Hoving after his talk and repeated Mr. Putnam's obsolescence remark to him. "I don't believe in obsolescence for obsolescence's sake," he said. "I think it's fine to change automobile models when you can really improve them. Changing fashions is psychologically stimulating to women, but they also ought to have some suits and dresses that last."

That reminded us that Mr. H., who was produced in Sweden and distributed here at the age of five, was a past president of Lord & Taylor and Bonwit Teller, and we asked him why he had switched to Tiffany's. "Tiffany is owned fifty-two per cent by the Hoving Corporation, which is owned ninety-four per cent by Genesco, Inc., formerly the General Shoe Corporation," he said. "I exchanged my Hoving stock for Genesco stock." We had read in the papers that Mr. Hoving had started a taxpayer's suit, in Tiffany's name, to block construction of the Huntington Hartford sidewalk café in Central Park, only to have it called off by Genesco, and we asked him how about that. "True," he said, "but I then took the suit over personally. A motion of the city authorities to dismiss it has just been denied by the New York Supreme Court. Any taxpayer can sue the city officials if he thinks they are doing anything improper. I think the projected café, which would be opposite the Plaza, would end up as a cheap cafeteria restaurant and saloon, and would downgrade the neighborhood. But enough of this. I'd rather emphasize the need for a more general understanding of distribution, as opposed to the current overweening interest in production. I'm talking on distribution next week at the Eastern Conference of College Placement Officers, and I'm going to stress the need for college graduates in distribution and the importance of the liberal arts. Styling is a distribution problem. We design so many things badly that finally they have to be sold for practically nothing. If more people with a liberal-arts and fine-arts background went into distribution, this wouldn't happen. My son Thomas, who graduated from Princeton, has just got a Ph.D. in Fine Arts there."

"He in distribution?" we asked.

"He's assistant curator of The Cloisters," Mr. Hoving said.

◆

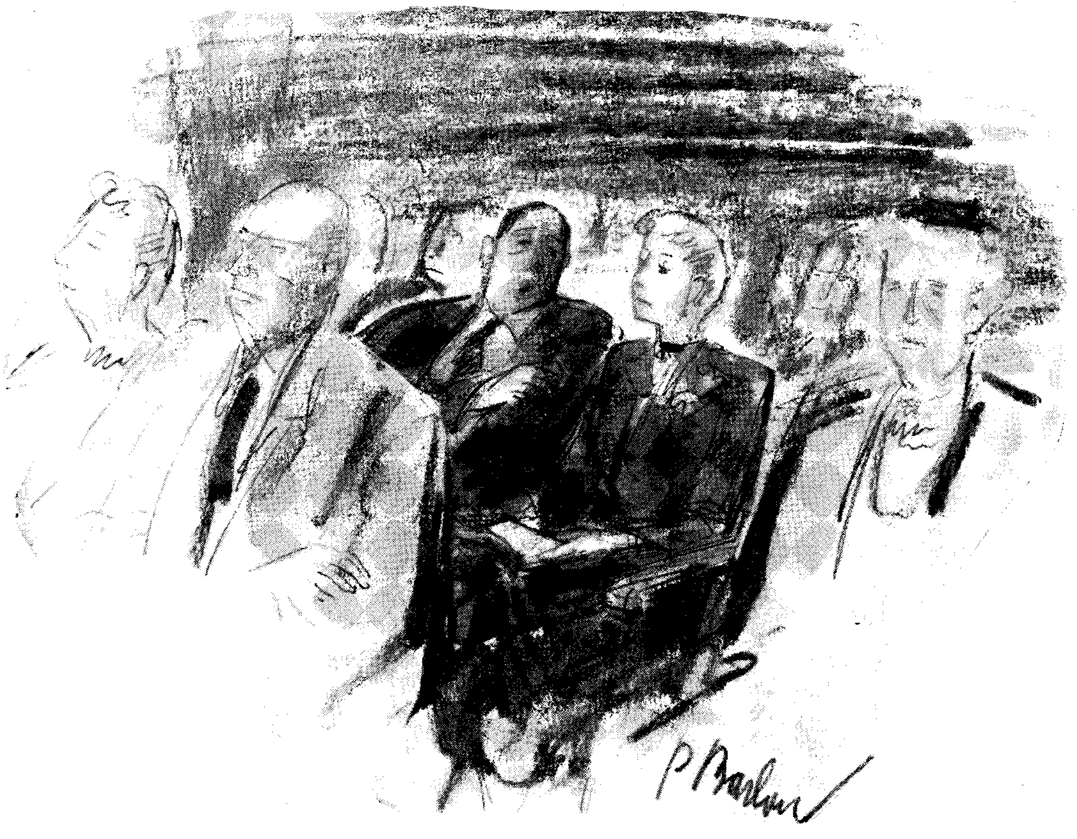
SIGN observed on a road near Osterville, Cape Cod:

SLOW
GOLF CARTS
CROSSING

Parents

A PIECE we ran a while ago on the supposed youth of the two leading Presidential candidates prompted us to rummage about in the family backgrounds of former Presidents, for a thoroughly sentimental reason; we wanted to see whether any of them had been as fortunate as Senator Kennedy would be, if he won, in being able to share the election victory with both parents, and even a grandparent. Well, it turns out that only Grant had both parents alive on the day of his inauguration, and that the Senator is unique as a Presidential candidate in possessing a living grandparent; to wit, his mother's mother, Mrs. John Fitzgerald, who is the widow of John (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald, the famous Boston politician and orator, and who has been described in the papers as "erect and stately" at the formidable age of ninety-five.

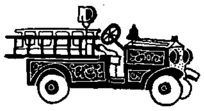
Women are notoriously more durable than men, and it came as no surprise to us to learn that nine mothers have lived to see their sons become President, while only five fathers have made the grade. The mothers were Mary Ball Washington, Susanna Boylston Adams (mother of John, not of John Quincy), Eleanor Rose Conway Madison, Jane Knox Polk, Hannah Simpson Grant, Eliza Ballou Garfield, Nancy Campbell Allison McKinley, Sara Delano Roosevelt, and Martha Ellen Young Truman. The fathers were John Adams, Nathaniel Fillmore, Jesse Root Grant, George Tryon Harding, and John Calvin Coolidge. Mrs. Polk and Mrs. Garfield not only lived to see their sons become President but survived them, and George Tryon Harding survived *his* son. Mrs. Garfield



"Did Kerr mention when *the gaiety became infectious?"*

had the further distinction of being the first President's mother to attend her son's inauguration and the first to live in the White House.

Thanks to modern notions of publicity, the best-known mother of a President is undoubtedly Sara Delano Roosevelt. She saw her son elected to a third term, and died, in 1941, at the age of eighty-six. Truman's mother deplored the "fuss and feathers" attendant upon her son's accession to high office but had no doubt of his fitness for it. "I didn't ever want him to be President, nor, for that matter, Vice-President, either," she said. "But he's a good man and has a good deal of common sense, and he'll do the best job he knows how." Grant's father considered his son a shiftless good-for-nothing for thirty years or so but changed his mind during the Civil War and delighted in paying frequent calls at the White House while Ulysses was there. Coolidge's father also enjoyed the place. A Vermont farmer, he went so far as to have a dinner jacket made for use in the White House, and he became a great favorite with the help, maybe because he talked more than Silent Cal. Thanks to being a notary public, John Calvin Coolidge became the only man to swear his son in as President. He did so by lantern light at the Coolidge farm, immediately after the news of Harding's death was received; the swearing in was repeated some weeks later, under more formal circumstances, by Justice Adolph August Hoehling.



For sheer longevity among Presidential parents, the prize in the women's class goes to Susanna Adams, who by reaching ninety-eight years one month and twelve days triumphantly nosed out Nellie Madison, who hit ninety-eight years one month and two days; first prize in the men's class goes to Nathaniel Fillmore, who died a few days before his ninety-second birthday. Vice-President Nixon's mother, Hannah Milhous Nixon, is seventy-five (her husband, Francis Anthony Nixon, died in 1956, at the age of seventy-seven), while Senator Kennedy's mother and father are seventy and seventy-one, respectively. These three Presidential-parental possibilities are obviously mere chicks compared to Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Madison, and Mr. Fillmore, and we wish them all many more years of good health and happiness.

•

OVERHEARD in Grand Central Station the other morning: "No wonder I feel grumpy. The music I woke up to was 'Music to Eat Dilly Beans By.' "

All Pals Together

GOOD will toward men has been taking a lot of hard knocks around the United Nations and elsewhere in the city for the past month, so it was in the hope of getting a breather from the innumerable crises that we set out at noon one crisp and sunny day last week to attend the ground-breaking ceremonies for Toots Shor's new restaurant, on West Fifty-second Street. (His old place, which was torn down to make way for a skyscraper, used to be referred to by its dedicated clientele as a temple of palship.) Arriving at the site of the new establishment, hard by "21," we found it about half covered with an enormous green-and-white striped tent, and on the bleak earth under the canvas we found a kind of make-believe restaurant, complete with green carpet, tables and chairs, two bars attended by Shor servitors, hat-check facilities, and an enormous buffet table groaning with refreshments, including mountains of sandwiches about six times the size of those usually found among hors d'oeuvres. Everything else was also outsized, including the music, provided by an extraordinarily ambitious Dixieland band. Some three hundred guests, all chums of the proprietor and brought together for the first time in a year, were milling about as ecstatically as so many castaways simultaneously returned to civilization.

"I've already seen ten guys I hadn't seen since the old place closed!" shouted a journalist named Frank Conniff. "Toots is an institution! He just had to go out of business to prove it!"

"I'll be glad when Toots gets back in business again. I'm tired of going around and around here and there," roared Ford Frick, the baseball commissioner, cupping his hands to form a megaphone.

Over the tumult trumpeted the voice of the host as he welcomed Mickey Mantle, Bob Feller, Jack Dempsey, Billy Conn, and Yogi Berra in the manner to which they have become accustomed. "Hey, Yogi, how about takin' off the mask, so people can see what ya look like?" Shor said. This filled the tent with laughter. Berra managed a dim smile, either in honor of the occasion or out of reverence for the age of the joke. George Jessel, sporting a fawn-colored double-breasted knee-length topcoat and sterling-silver-colored hair, made his entrance. "This is Toots' new place, eh?" he remarked, surveying the scene. "Why doesn't he just leave it like it is? He's going to give the booze away anyhow." There was more laughter among those assembled, and they were still chuckling as other eminents arrived in the tent: Jim Farley, Carmine De Sapio, Attorney General Lefkowitz, Jack Pearl, Ricardo Cortez, Charley Conerly, Kyle Rote, Don Ameche, and other glamorous pals. Mr. Ameche's hair was rather dishevelled. Mr. Shor rumpled it further. "Ameech," he said, embracing the actor, "I've seen windblowns, but this is too much," and everybody laughed heartily. Jackie Gleason entered the tent and said, "Toots, what did you do with the animals?" and everybody laughed some more.

When it came time for the official ceremonies, Shor, his ten-year-old son, Rory, and the photographers and reporters, plus a handful of guests who could tear themselves away from the reunion festivities, moved outdoors. There, standing in front of a steam shovel on a blasted heath, Shor and Rory wielded a silver shovel in the traditional manner. That accomplished, Shor headed back to the tent with a resounding shout of "Booze time, everybody! Ev-erry-body drink!" However, the photographers wanted more pictures, so Shor posed scuffling with Jack Dempsey in the bucket of the steam shovel. They were then joined on the shovel by Jackie Gleason, Phil Silvers, and Phil Harris. "What a bucket of hams!" observed William Randolph Hearst, Jr., shaking his head. When everybody was back in the tent, young Rory became separated from his father. "Uncle Phil, where's Daddy?" the boy asked Phil Silvers. "Where's Daddy?" Silvers answered. "Where the liquor is. That's where's Daddy." At one of the bars, a publicity agent was trying to amuse some drinkers by explaining why the excavation on the site of Shor's former restaurant had been dug unusually deep. "They were trying to get through the grease from Toots' old kitchen," he said. Nobody laughed very hard, and the publicity man changed the subject by announcing the arrival of Chief Justice Warren and one of his daughters. The newcomers were immediately surrounded by a large and appreciative group of pals, and the band broke into "When the Saints Go Marching In."

Presently, the musicians knocked off, and the talk among some of the guests took on a tone in keeping with the deeper significance of the occasion.

"The great thing about Toots is somebody does something for him, he never forgets it," one of them said.

"He's a good man with a buck," said another. "Gets it up fast and no dialogue."

Jack Pearl and Ricardo Cortez, joining the group, also endorsed their host's talent for friendship. William O'Dwyer walked by and exchanged a few words with them.

"A sweet guy," said Cortez as O'Dwyer moved on.

"Damned nice Irishman," said Pearl. "Say, did you see that TV show last night about Luciano? Terrible. They had a bald-headed creep playing Lucky. Say what you want about Lucky—one thing, he had a lovely head of hair."

Along came a man who said he was the ex-mayor of Hell's Kitchen. He was heavyset and earnest. "What are the three most important things in life?" he inquired.

"Let's start out with a broad," somebody suggested.

"I'm serious," the ex-mayor said. "The first thing, I say, is self-respect. The second thing is friendship. Third, a sense of humor."

"Make a joke," said a red-faced guest.

"Always one bum in the crowd," said the ex-mayor. "And I bet you're the type thinks money's important. Look, you get all the money you can carry, and you carry it up to your room, and you sit down in front of it. Now, let me ask you something. Can it *talk* to you?"

The red-faced guest slunk away.

"Let me tell you a story about Wilson Mizner," Cortez said. "He was always writing plays, you know. I was up in his hotel room one day, and I picked one out of the trunk and read it. It was called 'The Only Law.' When I got through, I asked him what that meant—the only law. He said, 'Always be on the level with your pals.' That was the message—always be on the level with your pals."

"A beautiful message," said the ex-mayor.

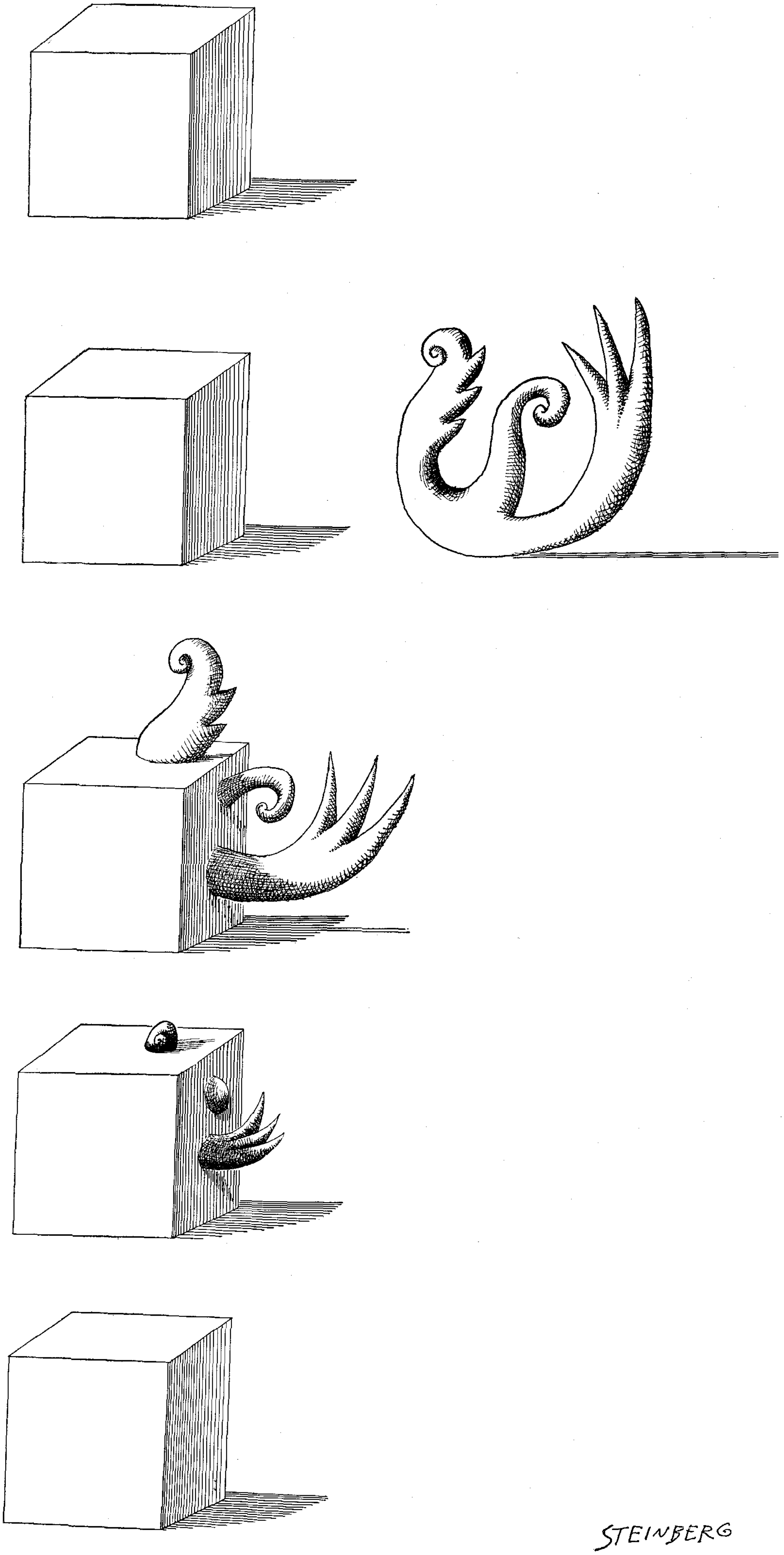
We left, feeling no doubt that in Shor's new edifice palship would be carried on as usual.

Egoist

LETTER received by a bookshop that we patronize:

DEAR SIR:

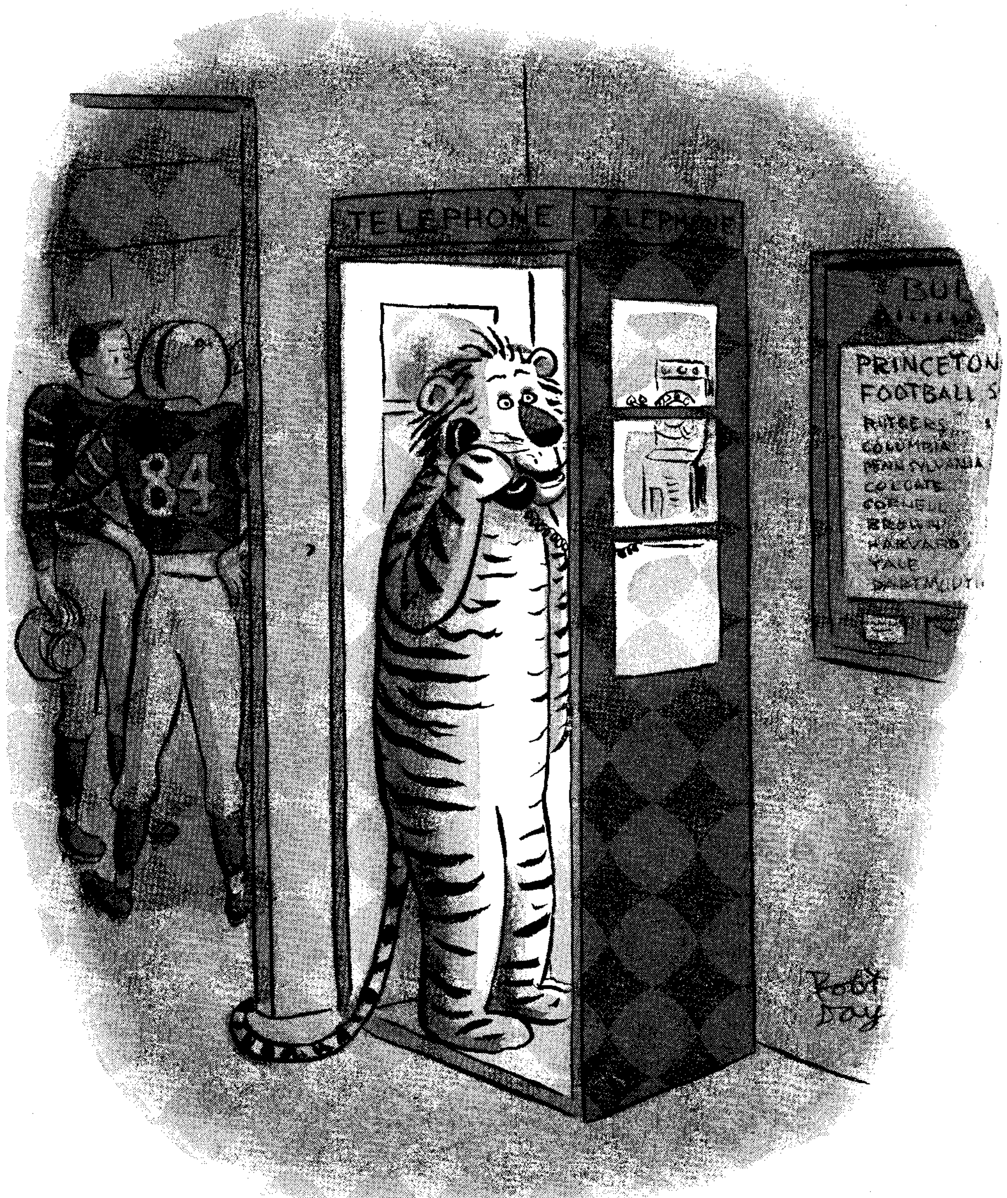
Please send me the name of any books you have or know of on self-defense. I am interested in survival.



THE LITTLE LIVES

THE grips were packed and ready in the hall. The thermos bottles were filled. There was some bustle in the rear of the apartment, but I was alone in the front, prowling for minor debris. A leaf, dropped by flowers already wilted and disposed of, lay under the living-room table. The flowers had been for a birthday. I had enjoyed the party. The relic did not escape me. I threw it into the fireplace, for I was planning a small fire. We were bound West that morning—my wife and I, and two friends who had spent the night with us—travelling the kind of roads where you see porch swings and ditch flowers and embattled children. And certainly I was anxious to get out and on the way. For years I had wanted to go beyond the Mississippi—to go west of anywhere I had been before. Something had always come up. Now I was about to manage it. I should have been happy. I should have been hopping to go, and of course I was, I was. But I have a bias, a scunner, against departures, any departure. There is always a speck of loss in the best of them, and this one was no exception, though I couldn't say quite what it was I thought I was losing.

I looked out the window at the weather. A while before, it had been dark; now it was brighter. The small tree embedded in the sidewalk below, its leaves just touched by autumn yellow, shook lightly in a changing wind. Sandwiches were being made in the kitchen. Dishes were being washed. I was supposed to help, but I went right on picking up the fuel for my fire—a discarded road map, a theatre program, a letter read and answered. The place was scarcely a pigsty; it was more than good enough for the burglars, as an aunt of mine used to say. And yet, there are always things I feel I must get rid of at such times—things that must not be there when I return.



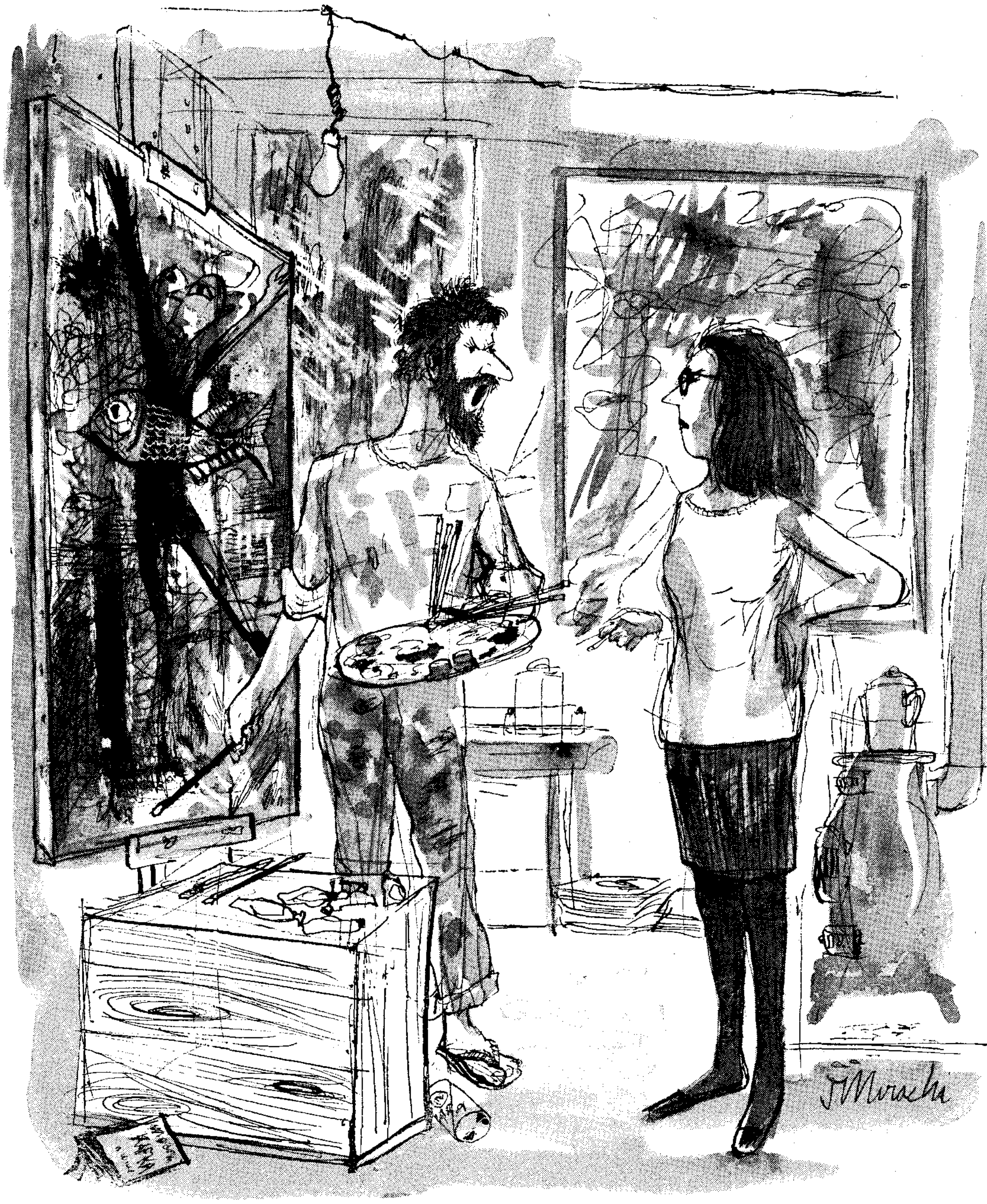
"This is he."

Once, when I was in college, I went back after Christmas and saw on my bed the newspaper of the day I had left. There it was, still mindlessly retailing an old season, whereas I myself was new, if melancholy. I had found a girl in a light-blue dress at a party. For a week, suspended in air, we had given thought to becoming engaged—I more than she, perhaps, for she was engaged already. We had parted on my last evening, star-crossed, in falling snow. I had missed my train and had sat all night in the station watching sibylline old women mop the great vacant floors. It had been something. And there on my bed, where I had dropped it, lay the very day when all of it had been waiting unimagined just ahead.

I scooped a small stack of newspapers from the undershelf of a table, and put them out on the landing. I know another man who does this sort of work. He is as bad as I am, but *he* gets rid of the things that must not be there right then. Each summer, he sends his wife away a few weeks before he can join her. He sees her off, and at once goes home and cleans the refrigerator, scouring it, so to speak, with loneliness, and sparing no leftovers. He clears up other things, too, putting them out of sight—say, her scarf, dropped the night before; her comb, laid down that morning. But the icebox is the most peremptory; he is reasonably happy eating alone in the present, but not in the immediate, irrecoverable past.

They say that to part is to die a little, and I go along with them. One can cover a lot of ground with that saying, there are so many kinds of partings. One can part with a fragment of time, or a dream of oneself; every summer one parts with spring. "The word for tomorrow is 'transitional,' " a friendly lady weather oracle said on television the night before we were to drive off to the West, and I go along with *her*. What you can safely say about tomorrow is that it is going to be transitional. Things are going to change. There are going to be partings—there are going to be little deaths. (There is also going to be "verbal cloudiness," according to the same lady. She meant to say "variable," but it came out otherwise, and she was right again. Verbal cloudiness is almost inescapable at partings. "Goodbye" is not good for much.)

Years ago, I knew an Indianapolis boy who parted with himself as an Eng-



"Now, just a minute, Natalie! Do I tell you how to run the pad?"

• •

lishman. This was in wartime. He was called Charlie, and he loved every grass-blade and buttercup in England, to say nothing of every person. His "a"s had begun to broaden as soon as he guessed that he was going there. He turned pink with incredulous pleasure the first time he heard a cuckoo, and when he and I were sent to an R.A.F. radio school, he went around saying "Good show!" and "Cheerio!" and "you chaps." The R.A.F. boys were polite to him, then cool, then openly hostile. One day, one of them nearly hit him. A big Irishman—solitary himself among Saxons—took Charlie's arm and walked him away. "Ah, be a good little Yank," he said, "and don't mock them." It took Charlie a few seconds to understand; it hadn't at all been in his mind to mock them. He answered, "Oh—righto!," which was only a sad, stunned, good-show reflex. He went back, after that, to his home talk.

Another time, I saw a child, a dark little girl of eight or nine, part from—walk away from—an October day. She was in love with it and with a Miss Livingston, and all afternoon she had kept hoarding them both to take home with her. What she appeared to be hoarding was crickets in a fruit jar, but as the day drew on and she gathered in the last of them in desperate silence, it seemed clear that they meant to her the bright horizon haze, then fading, the smell of warm, dry grasses in the sun, and Miss Livingston. A couple called Webster had borrowed her, as they said, from her father while her mother was having a baby. I don't remember her name. Miss Livingston, the Websters, the child, and I drove out to visit some people in the country, and she squirmed and made up noisy pranks in the car until Miss Livingston, to save us all, put an arm around her, and kissed her and talked to her.

Later, she followed Miss Livingston (and the rest of us) on a couple of long walks, plainly willing to be led through fire. The two of them counted the colors on the hills, played with a strolling dog, made a rope of wild asters, and praised a brown horse, all the time stirring a sprightly world of small leaps and bounds at their feet. The child laughed at the crickets and began to pick them up, addressing them with endearments meant for Miss Livingston. The day sloped away. The child gathered crickets faster. At dusk, when it was time to leave, she was still hunting them, and no one could persuade her to abandon them.

But crickets in a city apartment were out, as Mrs. Webster said in an aside, and as Miss Livingston understood. So Miss Livingston tipped the jar over with her foot, and the child saw her do it. Miss Livingston cried out how clumsy she was and how sorry, and the child said nothing, but stood with a final cricket in her hand and watched her day hop through the crisp October grass into the darkness. She didn't try to stop it or recover it. She just put down the cricket she had, and walked away to the car, and was polite and quiet the whole trip home.

I STRUCK a match on the grate and lit my fire (parting with anticipation, with the time when we had talked about the trip every night after dinner). A splatter of rain ran across the living-room window, and then the sun came out, glittering on the drops. Today, formerly tomorrow, was being transitional, all right—full of weather, full of the partings of shadow and light. And

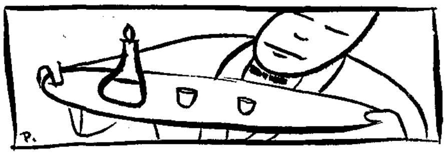
I recalled that the television woman had put a tag on her sentence. She had added "—unfortunately."

Well, yes and no, I thought. If you go from one state of affairs to another, you have, after all, been on both sides of the transition. Before the child's day vanished, she had worn the braided asters around her neck; she had *caught* the crickets. Before Charlie came to his end as an Englishman, he had been privileged to lose at darts in many thatched pubs. ("Well done!" he had said happily to the winner. "Jolly good!") He had fallen loyally from tall, thin bikes with brakes on their handlebars; he had walked, possessing his soul and his city, on Waterloo Bridge. When you part, at least you do part with something. Of course, that often means there are chores to be done, there is debris to be picked up. But offhand it seemed safe to say that along with each little death goes a little life; there are as many of one as of the other.

Not long ago, I saw an elderly man walking on Madison Avenue, hat cocked, cane swinging, mustache points keen. He went along, and then all at once he began to fence. He made less than a half-dozen thrusts; not many people noticed. Of course, he may have been crazy, but I think he was just astray in another life (some lives are gallant, some lives are self-delusive, some lives are bellicose), for then he looked quite sane and startled, and walked on quickly, ending it.

Some lives are tiny. I once had one as a fleur-de-lis. That was late in the First World War, when the neighborhood where I lived went in for pageants. They were got up by harassed but resolute ladies whose hair kept coming down. In one, a chorus sang a song that began "Somewhere in France is a lily, close by the English rose." I was a disgruntled member of a group of lilies scheduled to wear three-pronged lavender headdresses. The song went on to list "a thistle so keen, and a shamrock green, and each loyal flower that grows." My family being Scottish, I thought I should be a thistle. However, I was the right size for a lily; the thistles were about a head taller. The lady in charge, hopelessly tucking shreds of pale hair into place, made me see what was at stake—I believe she implied that it was the war—and in the end, like a loyal flower, I coöperated. I got to like rehearsing as a lily. Then they cut the song out of the pageant. It wasn't much of a life, but I think I would have to say that it was one. It cohered for a while, and ended. It had some joy, some frustration, and was directed by forces beyond its control.

THE kitchen tasks were almost done, and the last-minute flurry was on. Outside, the new wind was rising. A transition had been accomplished. But when, I suddenly wondered—when, precisely, had the wind stopped being the old wind? Clouds, some white, some gray, were cruising the bright sky. The time of anticipation was over; I had just got rid of it. But then, when would the trip begin? When had it begun? We all had a cup of coffee for the road, washed the cups, and put them in their places—ending (but not quite) the time before leaving, beginning (but at what instant?) the time ahead.



What can you clean up, really, at a departure? Not much. An old newspaper, an old letter. The real debris is put on file. It is mostly in the mind. I always think I have to clear it up and move on to the next thing. That seems only orderly and decent. But when, exactly, does the next thing begin?

I took a pair of grips to the car and stowed them. Starting off. Concluding. Both. Neither. For how can a parting be a parting when it is already a piece of what comes next? A leaf or two came off the little tree in front of the building and twisted away in the wind. The sap in the tree was creeping down for a

---

SWITCHOVER

Rev. George Dunbar Kilpatrick of Oxford University, England, has arrived in Madrid to advise Director Nicholas Ray on religious details for the Lord's Last Supper in "King of Kings." . . . Professor of Exegesis of Holy Scripture at Oxford, Rev. Kilpatrick is author of "The Trial of Jesus" and other religious works and is considered an outstanding authority on theology.—*Publicity handout from M-G-M.*

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the reverend Oxford don

Hired by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
To bring a scholar's mind to bear

On the news you scribbled in bits and pieces.
It takes a master of exegesis

To clarify what you left dark,
Careless Matthew, hasty Mark,

Unjournalistic John and Luke.
But count it not as a rebuke

If M-G-M turns what was crypt-
Ic into a clear-cut shooting script.

Doubtless you did the best you could
Two thousand years pre-Hollywood,

And details in need of beefing up
(What kind of bread? What shape of cup?

How brightly did the candles glow?)
Can be inserted now to show

Our Lord's Last Supper in terms theatric,
Thanks to Professor George Kilpatrick.

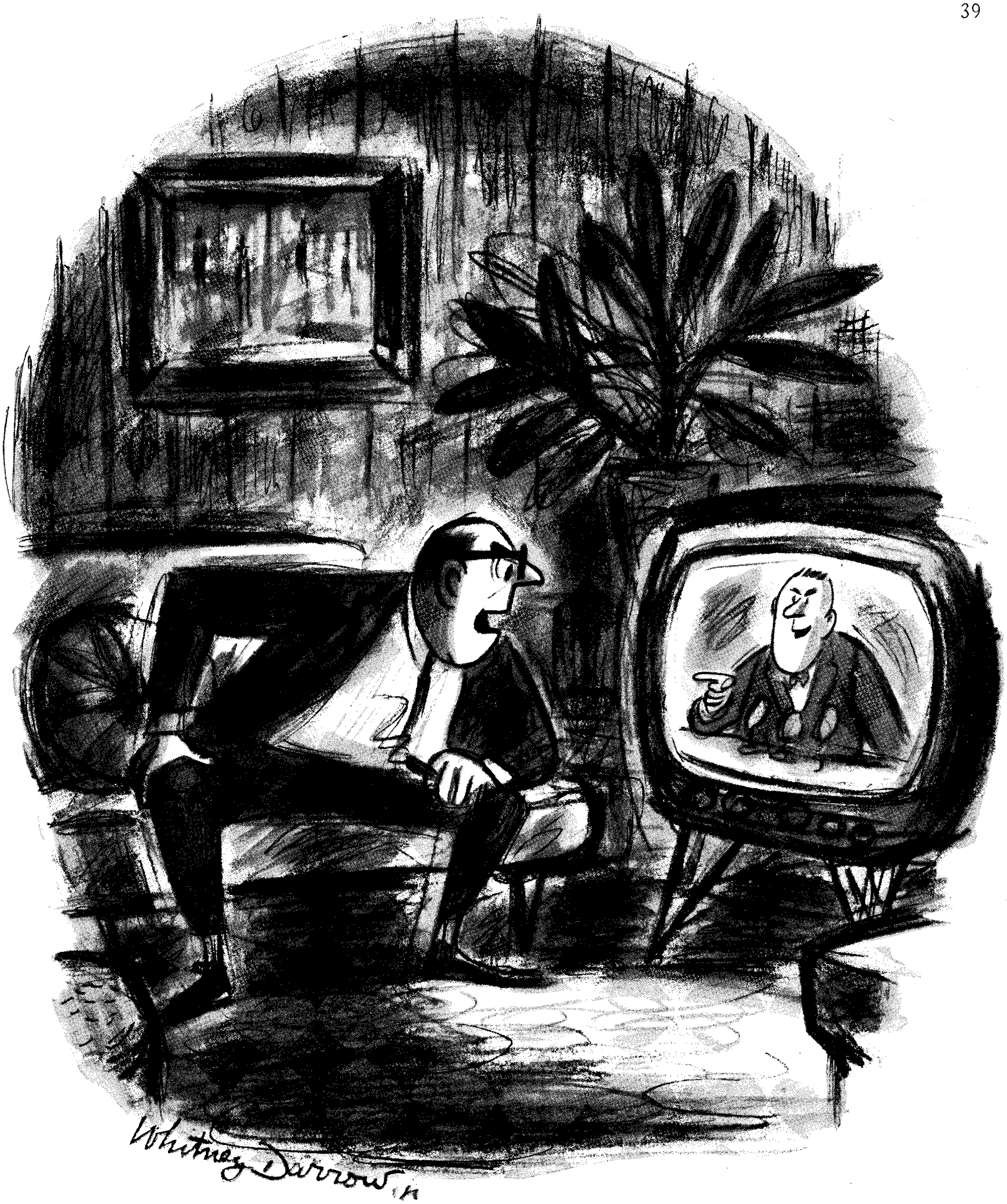
Bless him. Bless M-G-M. Bless me.
But let my blessing the best one be,

For when I'm asked if I have seen
Your Gospel story on the screen,

I'll crush my questioner with a look
And answer, "No, but I've read the Book."

—BRENDAN GILL

• •



"You're damn right you'll see me at the polls, Mister."

• •

season below the sidewalk. Wherever I turned, it seemed, there were partings—overlapping the little lives that went with them, refracting, intersecting, slipping back and forth across each other like ripples in a well until I couldn't even be sure that they were partings.

I went back indoors and out to the kitchen. My wife was there alone; our friends were in their room getting their coats. She smiled at me, and once around the kitchen. She was making a list of things to do the instant we got back—call the laundry, the paper boy, the window-washer.

"What do we do with leftovers?" I asked her.

She looked surprised but tolerant, and pointed at the packed cooler bag on the table. "Why, take them along," she said. "Of course. What else?"

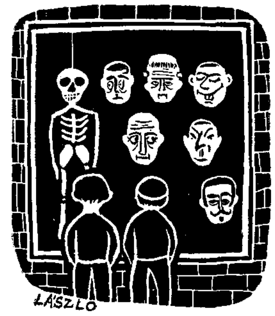
She bent over her list again. It would be there waiting for us, and the sweep hand of the clock above her head would keep on turning smoothly, once each minute, all the time that we were gone. —Robert Henderson

THE OLD ADAM

SCANDALS never disturb the placidity of Clawdd, and everybody was put out when Jane Morgan, unwittingly or not, began one by taking a simple bath on a beautiful summer afternoon. The distressing business was the more out of key because Clawdd, which lies in one of the most secluded valleys of Wales, is noted for its small but old-established theological college. Otherwise, the place has little to recommend it except the several pure waterfalls and a breed of sheep that, nurtured on moistly succulent pastures, becomes the tenderest mutton in the land.

Jane, unencumbered by a bathing suit, took her swim in a pool formed by the river in a glade just below her home, outside the village. Fishing rights in the stretch of river tumbling thereabouts belonged to her bad-tempered mother, who rented them by the season to rich anglers coming from elsewhere. One critic suggested, that same Saturday evening, in the Hawk Inn, that she had been set bathing in the pool by her mother as a trap—a criticism based on the fact that the Morgans couldn't always lay their hands on ready money to pay their bills. But there was dissent. Why shouldn't she enjoy lolling about in out-of-doors water?

Jane was twenty, and although in school, and later, she had been ferocious at all energetic sports, indolence had begun to undo her that summer. After climbing out of the pool, she took a long time over drying herself, standing on the daisy-sprinkled bank. Heavy-jowled for her age, and with small gray eyes set too deeply in her head, she owned, nevertheless, a well-off body such as is seen, as a rule, only on a plinth in a museum or, alive and in a bathing suit, standing on the winner's podium at a seaside fête while the brass band waits to strike up.



Presently, she lay down, forgetting that her mother had asked her to pluck a capon killed the day before—a college professor was coming to a meal on Sunday. Her amiable spaniel, a bird or two, and a few droning bees seemed to be her sole companions in enjoyment of the purring sunshine. She was on her mother's enclosed land, and no anglers had arrived that afternoon. She was not lying there for the sake of health or beauty, for in ancient Clawdd, which possesses two valiantly thriving Nonconformist chapels, as well as the esteemed theological college, the up-to-date manias for sun therapy and tinting the flesh are not thought about. Innocent of those fads as a nymph, she dozed off among the daisies.

The spaniel's sudden bark wakened her. She scrambled up and, for a moment, stood poised with wonderfully graceful alertness. The dog, wagging its tail, was ambling to the trunk of a venerable oak that cast shade twelve yards up the glade. Jane let out the hallooing cry foxhunters give; then, swift as a released arrow, she charged toward the tree. She did not stop to snatch up her towel. Sun and sleep (so she told Police Sergeant Pryse later) had addled her senses.

A young man fled—foolishly but perhaps naturally—from behind the tree. Jane's cries increased. They were heard by her mother, in the oblong stone house above. *She* told Sergeant Pryse that she had been in the kitchen making a blackberry tart, and was unaware of her daughter's habit of bathing in the pool. But for some weeks she and Jane had suspected that an intruder was haunting their land, especially at night, and the Sergeant had been informed of this earlier. One morning, indeed, Jane had found a spray of wild cherry blossom—it was too heavy for any bird to have carried—on the window ledge of her bedroom.

Shrieks from an unclothed person in pursuit are unnerving. The young man completely lost his head. Or was it that he *wished* to be captured? Instead of fleeing downward to the left, where the public road to the college lay, he dashed upward toward the house. The delighted spaniel barked, chased, and whisked about. Jane, a fine sprinter, got the intruder in a couple of minutes. He had bounded away from a barbed-wire fence enclosing staring sheep, and, just as Mrs. Morgan rounded the house, Jane and the spaniel cornered him where a barn joined the low wall of a disused paddock. Athletic of physique, Jane not only cornered him but leaped and brought him down under her. His head bumped against the stone cobbles.

She scrambled up. "I know him!" she shouted to her mother, whose daunting jaw was champing soundlessly as she drew up. "He was skulking behind a tree!" A bubble broke at the corner of her mouth. "I've seen him in chapel!" She looked down at him with the victorious gaze a hunter gives to netted prey. "His name is Tudor—Tudor—?"

"Edwards," supplied the supine young man, in a mumble. He looked to be in a condition of total submission, perhaps because of the bumping. But his eyes watched her in tumult.

Mrs. Morgan untied her kitchen apron and gave it to her daughter before she found speech. "If there was a whip . . ." she panted, looking round at the horseless paddock, long fallen to rack and ruin because of the sloth, dissipation, and debts of her recently deceased husband. She turned to the villain, and her tone was grim as her eye. "You'll be hearing more of this!"

He still lay on the cobbles, as if shocked to the core. Jane should have run off, the apron not being enough, but she had remained looking down intently at her captive. Her mother gave her a push, and, accompanied by the dog, they left Tudor Edwards where he lay. He was a native of Clawdd, but he and Jane had never spoken to each other; in this unseemly way, his wooing burst into flower.

OF course, the disagreeable event became common property by that evening, though muddling gossip at first spread the story that the culprit was a resident student—some of them came from England—in the college. No one wanted to believe that a son of Clawdd could forget himself so far. "There's bound to be a goat even in a little college like ours," remarked Emlyn Prichard, in the saloon bar of the Hawk.

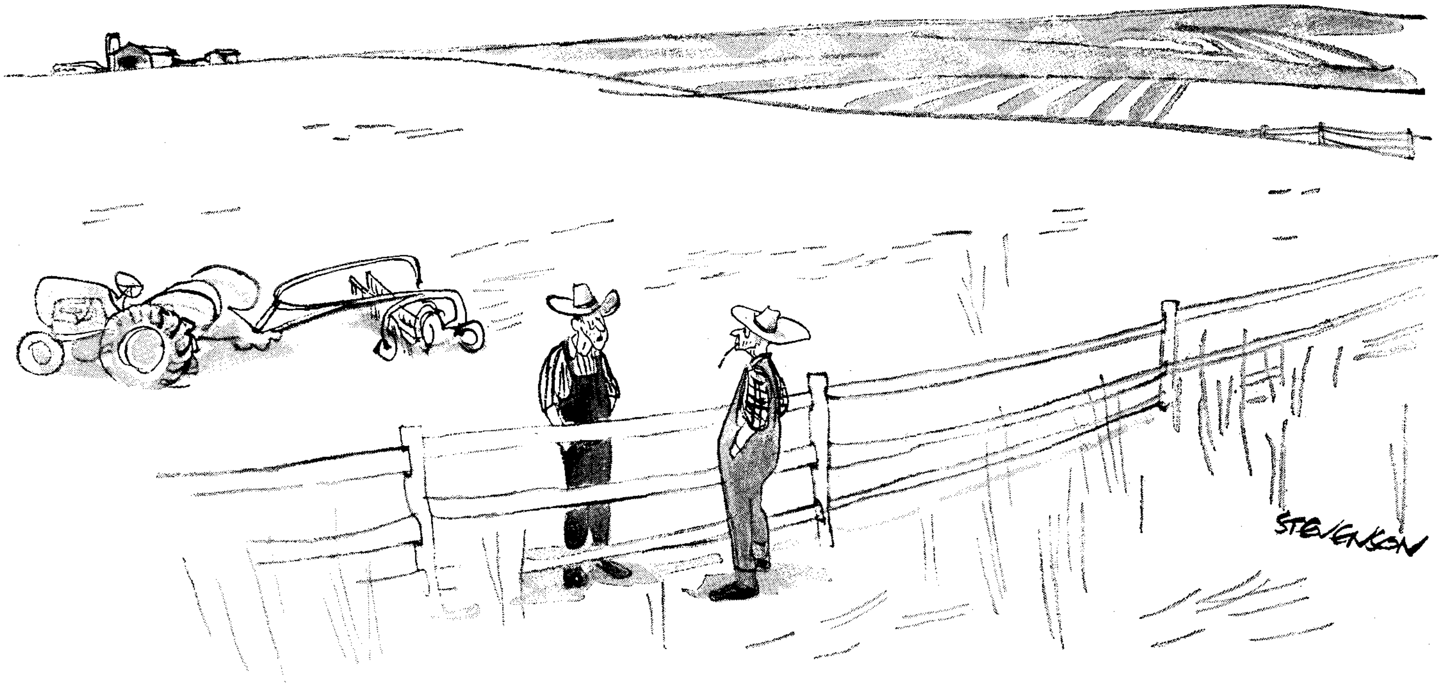
"Students are not proper until they've passed their examinations," said elderly Blodwen Lewis, who, as barmaid, was the only woman allowed to tread the saloon.

"Perhaps the student just wanted to do a bit of poaching," Llewellyn Morris ventured.

"A trap, I expect," said Ewart Vaughan, who had been fined a pound in his time for landing a salmon, undersized though it was. "Jane Morgan was put there as a trap, to cast spells."

Did he mean a trap to catch poachers, or to dazzle a student or licensed angler for the mother's and daughter's own purpose? They were debating this when, at about nine, T. D. Watkins, owner of the flannel mill, and a close friend of Sergeant Pryse, came in and gave the facts.

"No," he replied to dismayed inquirers on the stools and benches, "Tudor isn't handcuffed or in a cell. But it's serious. Owing to the college." It was understood he meant that the



"I haven't decided which I prefer, Luke—full parity through supply-management controls, marketing quotas, and land retirement with conservation practices or . . ."

• •

incident might put thoughts into the heads of the students.

"Clawdd was here long before the college," observed Ewart. "What was Jane doing bathing and sleeping like that in the glade? Trees full of leaves don't hide everything—no, not even when they're fig leaves."

Since Sergeant Pryse didn't come into the inn for his customary evening refreshment, the affair certainly looked important, and, after ten-o'clock closing time, men whose way led past the police station shivered in sympathy for Tudor. Such is the solidarity of old communities.

Tudor, who had been hauled out of his mother's cottage three hours earlier, was still inside the police station. He was sipping a cup of tea, an obstinate scowl on his face. Now and again he stroked the back of his head, where a lump had grown to the size of a bantam's egg. Sergeant Pryse, also with tea, sat irritably making corrections on long sheets of ruled blue paper on his desk. He had wanted to deduct a year or two from Tudor's age. Although the accused was twenty, and of full stature, his face showed that he had not yet quite emerged from those lunar thickets of youth where incalculable creatures roam bemused, sometimes stamping their hoofs in fury.

Pryse suddenly pounced. "Sunday, May first, you said it was? Well, May first wasn't a Sunday! You're telling me lies."

"It was a Sunday night," Tudor maintained. "I had been looking at her in chapel that evening, and I heard the clock in the college tower strike twelve when I took the ladder out of the Morgans' barn. The moon was full and the blossom was out. It was the first time I had gone there, and I remember thinking, It's the first day of May."

"You weren't safe in bed dreaming you did this?" suggested Pryse enticingly.

Tudor shook his head. It was as though, having suffered the pangs of undeclared passion for a long time, he wanted to bellow about them from the housetops. He had told Pryse of earlier behavior that need not have been added to this day's offense of loitering on enclosed land and peering from behind a tree while a young lady bathed. In the dead of night, when no other soul was outside the sheets, he had gone many times to the Morgans' house and climbed a ladder to the window of Jane's bedroom. He had made several reconnoitring visits before he discovered which was her room. But all he had done afterward was sit for a while on the window ledge.

"What did you say your motive was?" the Sergeant pressed, returning to this bewildering idiosyncrasy for the third time.

"I just fancied sitting there. The curtains were closed, but I was hoping that one night they wouldn't be and Miss Morgan would come to the window and speak to me."

"To ask if the fine weather was going to change, I expect?" Pryse blew angrily on his tea-damp mustache. "I wouldn't be surprised," he said, going beyond his jurisdiction, "if Mrs. Morgan would say you were after her silver, not her daughter. Do you appreciate you could be had up for trying to break in?"

"They haven't got any money. *I'll* be the one with money, after my mother is gone."

The long interview had got out of hand once or twice. From its start, Pryse, doubtless with Clawdd's prestige as a theological center in view, had done his utmost to entice Tudor into admitting that it was really salmon he was after. Poaching for the expensive fish, though liable to prosecution, was a moot offense in the district. It was merely bad luck when a poacher was nabbed. Tudor spurned this reiterated blandishment to the end. "No, I do not know anything about salmon, and I never want to eat it any time of the year," he declared.

"Anyone would think you've had your gumption knocked out of your head by bumping it on those cobbles," Pryse grumbled. He looked over the heavily corrected foolscap before him and said, grieving, "As far as I can tell now, the charge will be breach of the peace. Your dad wouldn't have liked this." And after a final version of his statements was read to the accused, Tudor signed it and was freed into the moonlit night. On the telephone, the Reverend A. C. Powys had consented to stand bail for this young member of his flock.

1

2

A DIFFERENT ordeal awaited him at home. When he got there, his mother didn't ask him why he had done this extraordinary thing when he could have approached Jane in a more normal way, especially since the girl attended the same chapel. She laid a poultice on his swelling, then drew a starched cloth off a tray of cold food.

"Now, eat the meat and pickles slowly," she said, "or you'll be having nightmares tonight." She resumed her knitting, sitting in the rocking chair in which her only child used to be sung to sleep. A small woman, with a politely mild face and a voice that rarely darted up into anger, she had never got too big for her boots, though her husband, a small-job contractor when she married him at eighteen, had later done well for himself in buying up old properties in Marlais, the nearby town. But a policeman had never darkened her threshold before. And on such an errand! As she told Mrs. Powys, she would hear for many years the sound of those feet coming to her cottage door. Her knitting tonight was faster than usual.

"Mam," Tudor said, the meal rapidly finished, "I'll have to stand up in court next week."

"I am surprised you have let yourself be gone on Jane Morgan," she commented. "There's half a dozen good-minded girls in Clawdd would be glad to know you've clapped eyes on them."

He pondered, and said meekly, "Well, I thought to myself, Jane's like me—the same age, and with only a widowed mother and no brothers and sisters. Except she's got no money. The four of us, I thought, could sit here in Clawdd in comfort, with Jane fetching the rents like you, after you're gone." Every first of the month, his mother went off unobtrusively to Marlais and collected the rents of eight houses that had been expertly renovated by his father.

Although admiring his sentiment, she objected. "That dressy mother of hers is a proud one, front and back," she said, "and Jane's got the same mighty way of walking, in her fine clothes, which they can't afford. If you had been a young man from the college, very likely Jane would have taken you into the house to tea when she found you on their land."

"Yes," he sighed, after another gloomy pause. "I ought to have gone to a college and been made a B.A."

Still not showing signs of being very cast down, she said, "While you were in the police station, I thought I ought to go and plead with Mrs. Morgan and Jane not to let this business go any further."

Tudor reared up like an angry turkey cock. "*No!*"

She nodded approvingly, briskly stuck her needles into the ball of wool, and said, "Mind you don't do anything foolish after this. Men have drowned themselves over women. But not men with full-weight heads."

She knew better than to upbraid him in dire terms. He was not a wild one, but had always gone his own way. Stubborn against his father's wish to educate him for work entailing pomp and circumstance, he had dropped school as soon as the law allowed and begun work as a plowboy on one of the ancestral local farms, where he had quickly progressed. He was able to judge a cow or ewe at market expertly. With help from her, he could buy a farm of his own presently; there was a plan that they would acquire one owned by an aging relative in North Wales, far over the mountains. And nothing had seemed to rankle in him until lately.

"I won't be going to chapel tomorrow," he said as midnight put an end to the disastrous Saturday. He went up to bed.

SUPPORTERS and inquisitive natives of Clawdd who were able to attend the court hearing in Marlais travelled the seven miles by bus, cars, and bikes; they were dressed in best clothes, and there were enough of them to fill the eighteenth-century courtroom with a distinct odor of camphor balls. Mrs. Morgan and her daughter were there, although told they would not be called to witness, since the accused was pleading guilty; both of them wore new hats.

Tudor's case was the last of the morning's ration of district ill-doings, which had included theft of a sheep, assault and battery during a Saturday-night brawl in Marlais, and a summons concerning the father of a bastard. After Tudor was called to the dock, the chairman of the court began ominously, saying, "It is unusual for us to find such a charge as this one from Clawdd." It was a hint that the good status of the scholastically religious village was in jeopardy.

One of the two other magistrates flanking the chairman on the bench was a woman. She was comfortably stout, and wore flashing, very observant glasses, and it soon became clear that she was dubious of the case. That Tudor was pleading guilty shortened the proceedings, but nevertheless, after Sergeant Pryse had related the arrest and admissions of the accused, this Mrs. Ellen Jones, J.P., bristled. "Boiled down," she said, "what is this charge but the paltry misdemeanor of a lovesick farmhand? Why, not a hundred years ago there was a custom in these parts of a suitor being admitted to a young lady's room from a ladder at night, and such courtships were acceptable to families of the best repute. A young man was trusted in those simple days—but God help him if he betrayed that trust! The accused may have heard of this custom of our respected forefathers and—"

"We are not living a hundred years

3

4

DAVID LANGDON

ago," interrupted the chairman rudely. "Terrible things were done in those days. A man could be sent to Australia for stealing a sheep."

"It is our bounden duty," said his elderly male confrere, "to distinguish in this case between a genuine need to court and something much more vulgar—" Looking annoyed by someone's loud titter, he corrected himself. "Something that is very vulgar in comparison."

The chairman took a long, beady look at the accused. Tudor's mother had insisted that he wear a starched white collar and the black suit, now very tight, bought for his father's funeral. But the effect of respectability was spoiled by his fierce scowl—due, perhaps, to Jane's being there to view his public humiliation. A tuft of unruly hair, shoved down on his forehead, somehow added to the surliness.

"What were your intentions towards Miss Morgan?" the chairman demanded.

"To see her," Tudor replied, omitting "sir."

"We know that." The other male beak sniffed cynically. "Were you aware that she was in the habit of bathing in her private pool?"

"Yes."

"Ha!" cried the two men almost simultaneously, and the elderly one added, "To stare at an unrobed young lady for forty-five minutes from behind a tree in broad daylight shows a very warped mentality, to say the least."

"This sitting on her window ledge late at night," Mrs. Ellen Jones persisted, encouragingly, "what were your intentions in that?"

"Only to sit outside her room, Your Worship."

The chairman barked, "*Not* to go inside, of course, of course. Stand down."

Mrs. Jones pouted at the short-shrift chairman, but she gave way. No doubt the chairman felt this was a case men could judge best. The three consulted together in lowered voices. Then the chairman announced judgment. A very old law—it was the Peeping Tom Act of 1361—was quoted, to the extreme detriment of the accused. But on account of his youth and previously unblemished character, he was to be let off lightly. "You are fined fifteen shillings," the chairman told him, "and I warn you not to let us see you here again." The court closed, and the smell of mothballs evaporated.

Opinion in the Hawk Inn that evening was that the charge would have been dismissed if the theological college hadn't been part of Clawdd. Commiseration was expressed by everybody; if Tudor had gone into the inn, he would not have been allowed to spend a penny on whatever he fancied. Sergeant Pryse openly remarked, "I did my best to make him see sense. He could have pleaded to me he had bad eyesight and thought it was a big fish dipping about in that pool."

THE damage was done, however. Tudor had stood in a dock of malefactors; his name had gone down in police records; the case was reported in full in the Marlais weekly newspaper. Not surprisingly, his behavior changed after the trial. He went about in a watchfully saturnine way, like a man who waits to pick a quarrel with anyone. He bit his nails, shaved less often, did not take to drinking, and went for morose walks on his own in the evenings, sometimes carrying his licensed gun for rabbiting. Either the gnawing beetle of love hadn't been killed by the magistrates or else he was belatedly feeling the disgrace of the prosecution. He might have been in that state of thwarted passion that sometimes drove men of other days into African jungles to shoot tigers. His mother made efforts to repair him; she baked his favorite dishes and, in a roundabout way, drew his attention to several Clawdd girls who were in the pink of condition. He scowled down his well-rooted nose, and had nothing to say. And on the first Sunday after the court appearance, he became difficult just as they were about to leave for chapel.

"I'm going to become an atheist," he announced, resolutely sitting down.

"There's plenty of those in our chapel," she said, pulling on lace gloves. "I wouldn't try to coax you if it wasn't that Mrs. Morgan and Jane will be sure to be there—and won't they be glad they've driven you from where your dear father was made a deacon the year before he died! Are they to see me sitting alone in our pew like a woman who's lost everybody?"

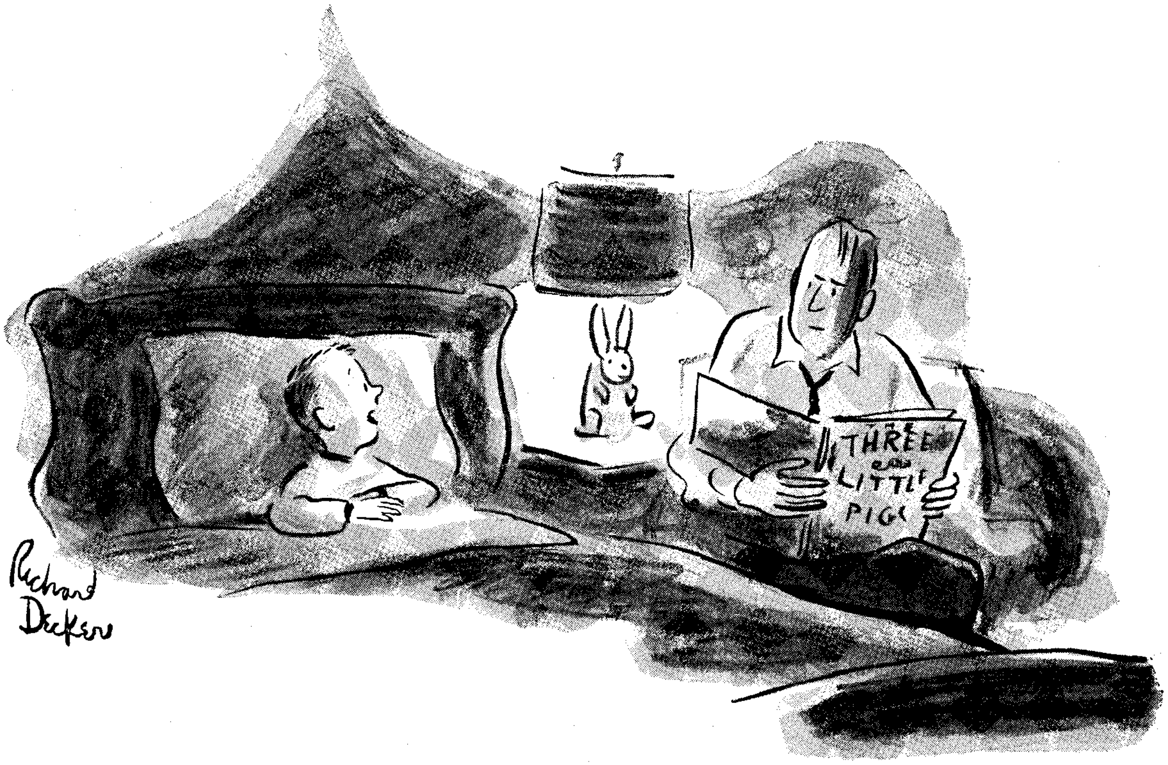
"I can't help staring at Jane right through the sermon," he lamented.

"Well, stare at her," she said firmly, and gave him the hymnbook they always shared. "Though what there's left to stare at I can't think."

Owing to his delay, they were the last to enter the chapel. Their seats were a good way down, on a raised side portion where the pews stood crosswise to the middle ones. The ghost of a commotion stirred the air; Jane, sitting in a middle pew, was observed to lower her head. As soon as mother and son were seated, the organ, played by Ewart Vaughan, burst into a Handel piece like a fanfare of trumpets, and in the interval before the Reverend Powys opened with his prayer, most of the congregation thought of Jane lying, in a Garden of Eden state, beside her pool.

"Things will be easier for you from now on," his mother comforted him, when they got home. "Soon everything will be forgotten."

He pursed his lips. It had not been easy for him to keep his gaze away from Jane's direction in chapel, particularly since he knew that her seat was so placed that her small, gone-in eyes could



"You left out one of the 'huffs.'"

rest on him without a turn of her head.

In small country places, even the bitterest enemies are likely, sooner or later, to come face to face at a quiet spot. One evening in August, as he neared a humped stone bridge over the river, about a mile from the village, Jane came looming up toward him from the other side. The puce aftertint of sunset had not yet darkened into night, and a sickle moon lay flimsy above the woodlands.

Her spaniel, running ahead, recognized Tudor instantly and offered a saluting leap and lick; he bent to return the greeting with a pat. Jane, wearing a thin, low-cut dress because of the warmth, halted when she got a step past him on the shady bridge, and turned.

"Tudor Edwards," she said, "I forgive you." She put her head on one side. "My mother and I ought to have thought twice before going to the police."

He was carrying his gun, and a limp rabbit was slung over his shoulder; since he said nothing, she asked, chattily, "Been rabbiting?"

He took the rabbit from his shoulder, looked at it in great surprise, and said, "Why, it was a salmon just before I came on this bridge!"

Jane fingered a string of coral pieces round her tawny throat and found herself able to smile. "Oh, well," she said, "strange things happen every night and day, don't they?"

No apparition, her affluent figure stood clear-cut in the twilight, and her thick-featured face was golden from all the sunshine of that good summer. He gave her a pondering look, blinked, and then slowly turned his head as though what his hardened eyes saw caused him agony that must be conquered at all costs. Yet, stammering over it, he asked, "Going for—for a walk?"

THEREAFTER, to everybody's surprise, he began to meet Jane frequently for courting walks. And again he seemed a changed man. On free nights, he went up to the Hawk and drank more than he should. Extravagance possessed him. He bought chocolates and knickknacks regularly for Jane, and for himself high-priced neckties, glossy shoes, and a fancy waistcoat of canary yellow. It looked as if the demolished pride of a young man was restored. Yet his drinking in the Hawk did not have the ease and calm of one who had climbed into man's estate.

"Courting Jane Morgan now, are you?" remarked Ewart Vaughan one evening. Ewart had once taught him the elements of the Gospels in the chapel Sunday school. "Well, a lady often likes to scratch a man before she finds out that he's fit for her under the skin."

Tudor stared into his pewter tankard in a way that might have meant bashfulness or the tight refusal of a man who won't speak. A lot of Clawdd business was done in the Gents' Saloon of the Hawk, if only in the way of information and discussion, and Walter Leyshon, a clerk in the Marlais water-rates office, said, "Well, now, Tudor, you'll have to be the boss and tidy up the Morgans' affairs. Three applications for payment of last quarter's water I've sent to Mrs. Morgan. She'll be cut off one day and have to fetch her water from that pool where Jane splashes and frightens the trout away."

"That's enough!" cried Blodwen Lewis, from behind the bar. She always interfered when the men went too far in comment, abuse, or revelation. "*I* don't blame Mrs. Morgan and Jane for making the best of themselves," she said. Presumably she meant their habit of dressing in the height of fashion. She served Tudor another pint of beer—his sixth—in a censorious way, however. "Taking it while you can?" she asked.

"A gin for you?" he invited, and insisted on buying her a drink, although she remarked that he'd want a lot of money for his future. And when Police Sergeant Pryse came in, Tudor bought him a drink, too, before leaving. It was noticed that he always left the Hawk soon after the Sergeant's time of entrance, as if sight of the law's representative gave him a bitter pain he could not forget.

Clawdd, on the whole, was pleased to hear about the couple. It would be a nice development if the offense in the glade should become only the beginning of a successful courtship. But it was not to be expected that an affair that had begun to the tramp of a constable's feet would proceed with the delicate smoothness of a minuet. Tudor's mother expressed her forebodings, though she saw that a man in love—especially one who has suffered prosecution for it—must be allowed his excesses. She spoke in real indignation only after the occasion of Mrs. Morgan's formal visit to the Edwardses' cottage.

The two widows spent half an hour in conclave. Mrs. Morgan, despite the knowledge she had acquired of Mrs. Edwards' circumstances, had called with the bygone manner of a squire's lady bringing bounty to the hard-pressed.

"I'll be truthful and say he'd not be

of my choosing for Jane," Mrs. Morgan began, a few cool politenesses over. "But times have changed. The bit of trouble in July can be overlooked. I've made inquiries, and I'm told your son is an excellent worker in Treharne's farm."

"I'll be truthful, too," Tudor's mother put in, "and say we women can't properly understand what a man sees when he looks at us."

Mrs. Morgan appeared about to be contentious. But she proceeded. "Now, what about his means and prospects? A farmhand doesn't earn much. It's not his intention to stay one all his life?"

"Tudor gets full union rate of pay, and he'll get what I've got when I'm gone."

"You're only about fifty," Mrs. Morgan quibbled. She paused, then said, "Mrs. Powys, the minister's wife, has mentioned to me that you own eight houses in Marlais. Is your son to inherit these? If so, surely he should be given some of them on marriage? I intend giving Jane a grazing meadow."

Not a flicker of surprise or resentment showed in Mrs. Edwards' face. But she asked, "You didn't know about my houses until after Tudor was fined in the police court?"

"No," replied Mrs. Morgan, too secure in her social advantage to see a necessity for evasion. "When Mrs. Powys came to tea after the police proceedings, it was natural we should talk about you. Facts must be faced. Jane is accustomed to a good house and table."

Mrs. Edwards, after a glance at her visitor's high-class clothes, took deep thought, while Mrs. Morgan took admiring stock of the treasure-packed room. There were valuable painted-glass plaques and Swansea plates on the walls, the furniture was of old black oak, and there were Staffordshire china effigies, including one of the young Queen Victoria and one of Christmas Evans, the famous divine whose single eye (the other one was covered with a black patch all his preaching life) had done the work of forty scarifying orbs. Mrs. Morgan, who knew about the value of such items, had been forced to sell most of her own household rarities.

"I've always told Tudor," his mother said at last, "that I'll give him the deeds of three houses in Marlais when he married. His father wished that. He'll get everything else when I'm gone."

"Surely he should be given *four* houses?" demanded Mrs. Morgan. "Half the total number would be sensible and just."

"His father said three," Mrs. Edwards said quietly. "Three it will be."

"And you won't marry again?" Mrs. Morgan asked, in a tone of wanting to exact a strict promise.

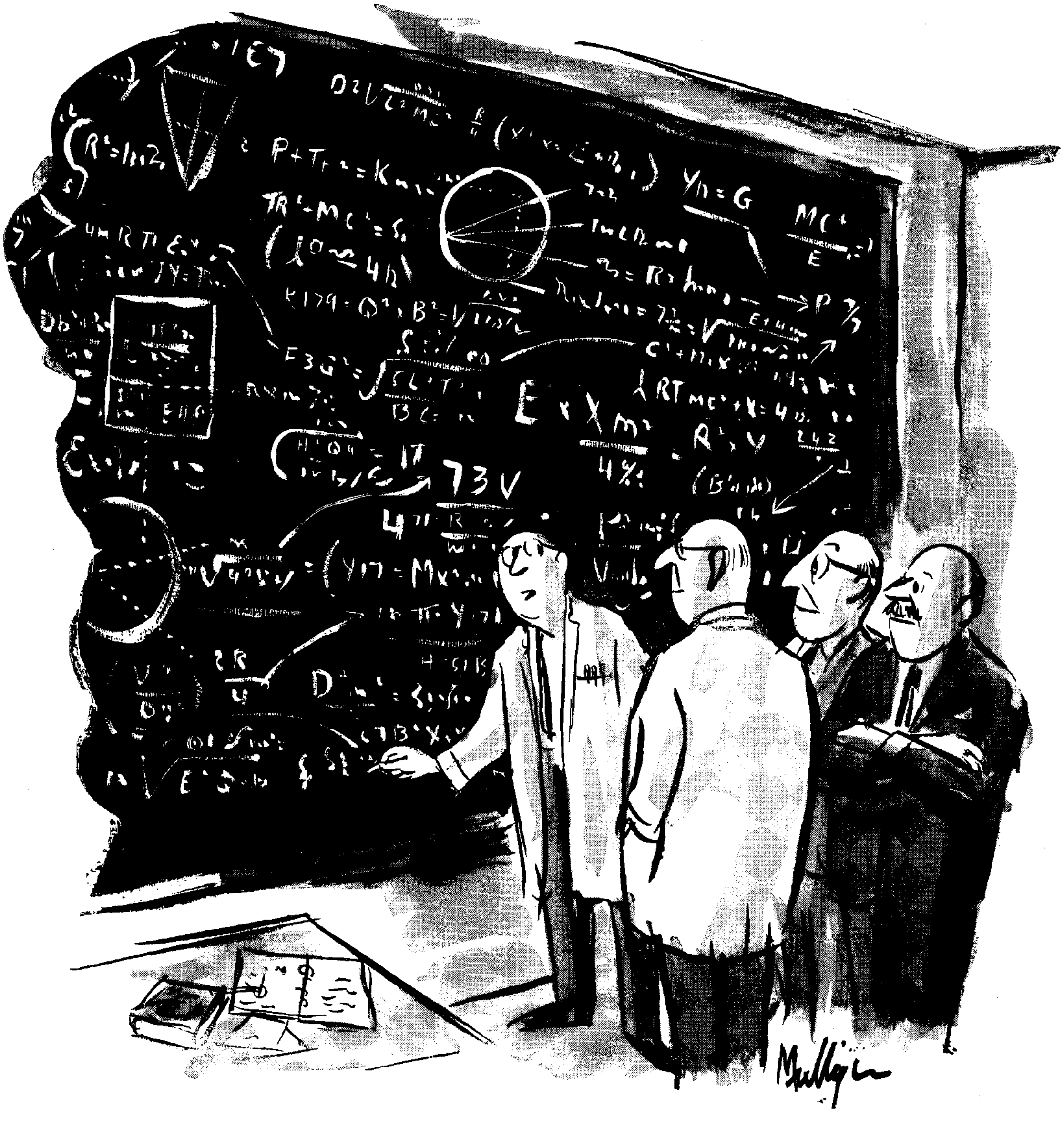
"Your daughter has made a list of conditions like these?" inquired Mrs. Edwards, getting up briskly.

The visitor took the hint, rose, praised the Staffordshire effigies, and departed; she looked more or less satisfied. But Mrs. Edwards felt obliged to take a glass of elderberry wine after the exit. And when Tudor arrived home from work, she fumed while he sat to his usual bottle of ginger ale. "Mrs. Morgan has been here," she said. "You're not of her choosing, but she brought a pair of scales with her. In one pan she sat her daughter Jane, and three of my houses in the other. But the scales didn't balance and she asked for another house."

She recounted the whole interview, pointing out that Mrs. Morgan had no knowledge of the Marlais properties before his arrest by the Police Sergeant, and adding, "Was *that* why Jane spoke to you on the bridge?"

He remained gazing reflectively down at his farm boots, nodded, then heaved himself up. Dismissing the fussy interview, he said, "Now, Mam, leave this to me. I'll manage them. You and I will talk about the houses *after* I am married."

She could make nothing of his smile. Had love made a complete dolt of



"And here, in the language of the layman, 'Kerboom'!"

him? Was it possible that he could transform Jane into a pleasingly obedient married woman? Instinctively, she said nothing more, and at eight o'clock, his unruly black hair perfumed with oil, he went out for his courting walk. She watched him disappear up the lane of trees reaching from the cottage. His gait certainly had the strut of a man who knew what he was about.

When he returned from that particular walk, he announced with peculiar affableness, "Well, we settled a lot tonight, Mam. Jane thinks it ought to be four houses, not three, and I told her I would try my best to make you say yes."

"If the Morgans are not careful," she said, grim in her disappointment, "there won't be *one* house."

He nodded, sitting down to a piece of her excellent cold veal pie. Decision seemed to have eased his bones. Smiling at a segment of pie impaled on his fork, he said, "We have settled for a wedding on October second. A Saturday."

"Tudor," she allowed herself to shout, "you've gone off your head! Those two are a pair of greedy foxes."

He looked at her from far behind his dark eyes and said, "A man can teach a lesson to a fox." And he went on, "Jane wants to go to London for the honeymoon."

She gave up, but protested, "London!" It might have been Baghdad. "You ought to go to North Wales and visit my cousin Ellis at his farm. If he likes the shape of things in this wedding, he might let you have the farm cheap when he's ready to sell."

"Jane wants to see shops in London," he said, a note of teasing in his voice. "She doesn't know anything about your cousin Ellis's farm. Time enough for seeing about that later on. She wants a motorcar, and an electric vacuum cleaner for when I've bought my own farm. Her mother's got her mind on old Will Mansell's place for us."

"There'll be a big mortgage to raise for Will Mansell's farm," she warned.

"Where there's a will there's a way." He grinned. "I'll tell Jane you won't budge from three houses."

She expressed no further important criticism after that night, even accepting the decision for a wedding as soon as October. From a social point of view, perhaps it was best for the July disgrace to be wiped out as soon as possible. But she felt a vague unease at the way he evaded, always with a smile, discussions of affairs connected with his future. She was only comforted by a new realization that he seemed to have a lot of grown-up fight in him now. More and more he gave the impression that he had arrived at some offhand but unyielding purpose.

"I'm going to be master," he assured her. "The Morgans have trod on me once."

MRS. EDWARDS had decided to present the couple, in addition to the three houses, with two pairs of linen bedsheets, a tapestry quilt made by eighty-year-old Linda James (whose products lasted forever), and, as a reminder of the sterner matters in life, the china statue of Christmas Evans. These articles she sent up, like the true Christian she was, to Mrs. Morgan's house on the day before the wedding. Jane wanted the two of them to live there after the wedding until the gift of the three Marlais houses was turned into cash for the purchase of a farm. Tudor had agreed to this with a jaunty readiness.

It was a fine Saturday for the wedding, the autumn sun clear and warm, and at about one o'clock Tudor said to his mother, "Some of the men want to give me good wishes in the Hawk. So I'll be off now. See you in the chapel."

"It's last night the men should have done that," she expostulated. "You'll be smelling in the chapel." She was hurt that he intended her to proceed there alone.

He promised not to allow the well-wishers to incommode him, praised her silk dress, and went off up the lane of russet trees. Did he need drink and male jests to give him courage, after all? But he hadn't been jumpy or excited during the morning; indeed, she had caught a severe, and even forbidding, look on his face once or twice. At noon, dressed in his expensive new suit, his fresh-cut hair glistening with oil, he had eaten a substantial meal.

The ceremony had been fixed for two-fifteen, to allow as many people as possible to attend. Just after two—closing time at the Hawk until the evening session—a dozen or so men crossed the road to the chapel. The unusual courtship had brought in other people besides formally invited guests; five theological students were there, too, supposedly to see how a wedding ceremony was conducted. The groom's mother sat alone in her pew. Jane, with her mother and a male escort from Marlais, waited in the vestry for Tudor's arrival. He should have been standing by the vase of white chrysanthemums under the pulpit, and at two-twenty-five the Reverend Powys came out of the vestry, crossed to Mrs. Edwards, and asked why her son was late.

"He left home at one o'clock to go up to the Hawk," she said, very flustered.

There was a tightening of silence

OCTOBER MAPLES

The leaves, though little time they have to live,
Were never so unfallen as today,
And seem to yield us through a rustled sieve
The very light from which time fell away.

A showered fire we thought forever lost
Redeems the air. Where friends in passing meet,
They parley in the tongues of Pentecost.
Gold ranks of temples flank the dazzled street.

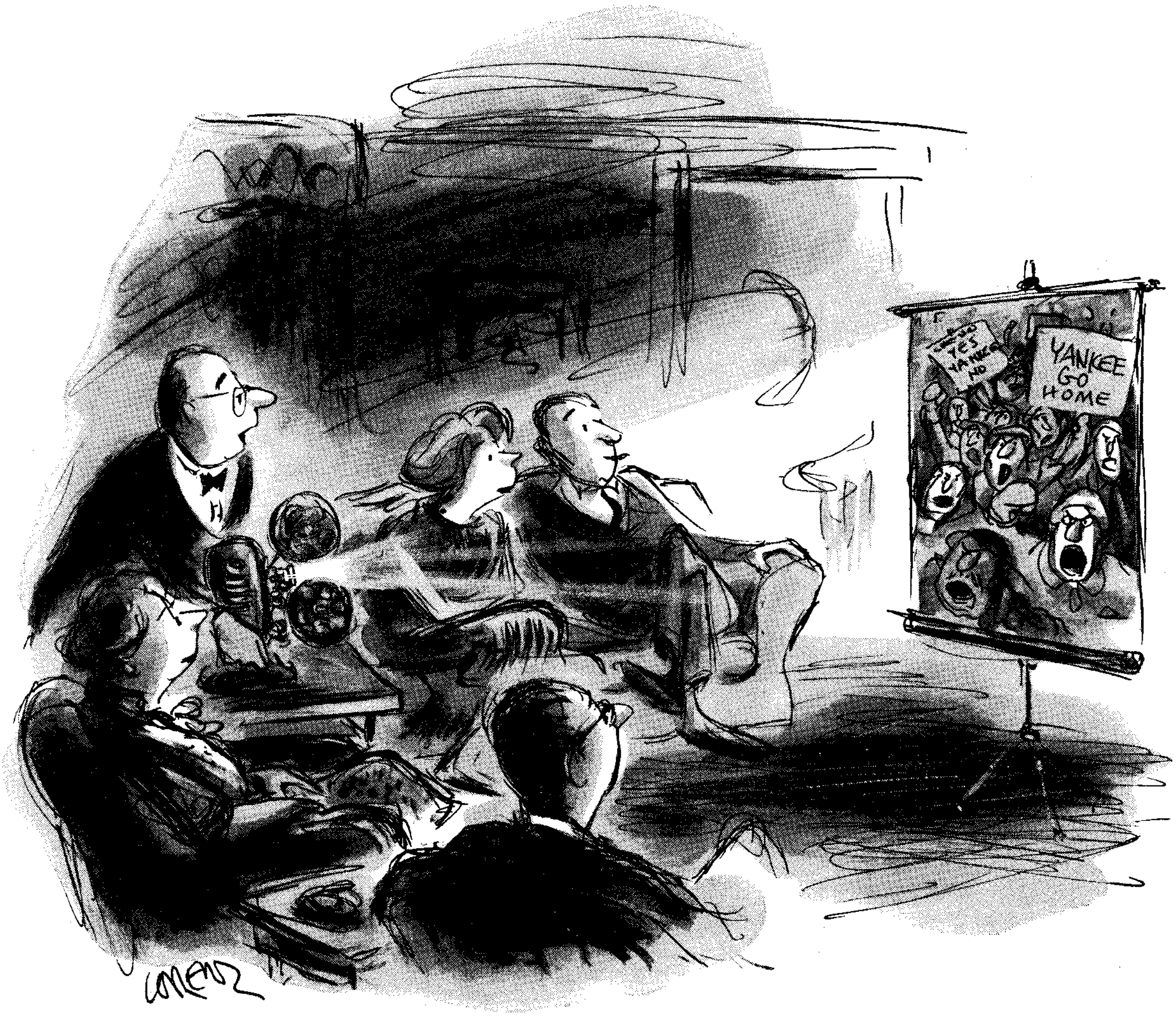
It is a light of maples, and will go;
But not before it washes eye and brain
With such a tincture, such a sanguine glow
As cannot fail to leave a lasting stain.

So Mary's laundered mantle (in the tale
Which, like all pretty tales, may still be true),
Spread on the rosemary-bush, so drenched the pale
Slight blooms in its irradiated hue,

They could not choose but to return in blue.

—RICHARD WILBUR

• •



"In a moment now you'll see us taking our leave for the States."

• •

among the congregation when, a few minutes later, she was called into the vestry. There she was told that it had been discovered that Tudor hadn't visited the Hawk. A moment later, Blodwen Lewis, the barmaid, hastened into the vestry with her gaping nephew, a boy of ten, who was still carrying a glass jar with a huge frog in it.

"I saw Tudor Edwards running on the riverbank about half an hour ago," he blurted, encouraged to it by his aunt. "He had a bag and went climbing up to Howell's Spout."

Everybody knew that at two-fifteen a bus to Marlais and its railway station passed the Howell's Spout crossroads, outside the village.

"His new bag," declared his mother at once, "was in my house when I left. Packed ready for the honeymoon trip to London."

Cross-examination of the boy revealed that it was the same bag. "Then he must have gone back to the house to fetch it!" deducted the Reverend cleverly. He was distracted at the prospect of a nasty vendetta developing between two valued families of his flock.

Jane, sitting on a hard chair in a flounced-out dress of pearly gray, did not swoon. But she gazed fixedly into the air, her strong jaw open. Mrs. Morgan pranced about on high heels that made her sway. Only the sacred nature of the adjoining edifice kept tempers in check until the minister returned from announcing to the congregation that the ceremony was postponed.

"Tudor is gone out of his mind and is wandering!" the groom's mother cried then. "Tell the police!"

"Postponed!" the bride's mother burst out while the minister poured a glass of water for her silent daughter. "He'd marry her across my dead body!"

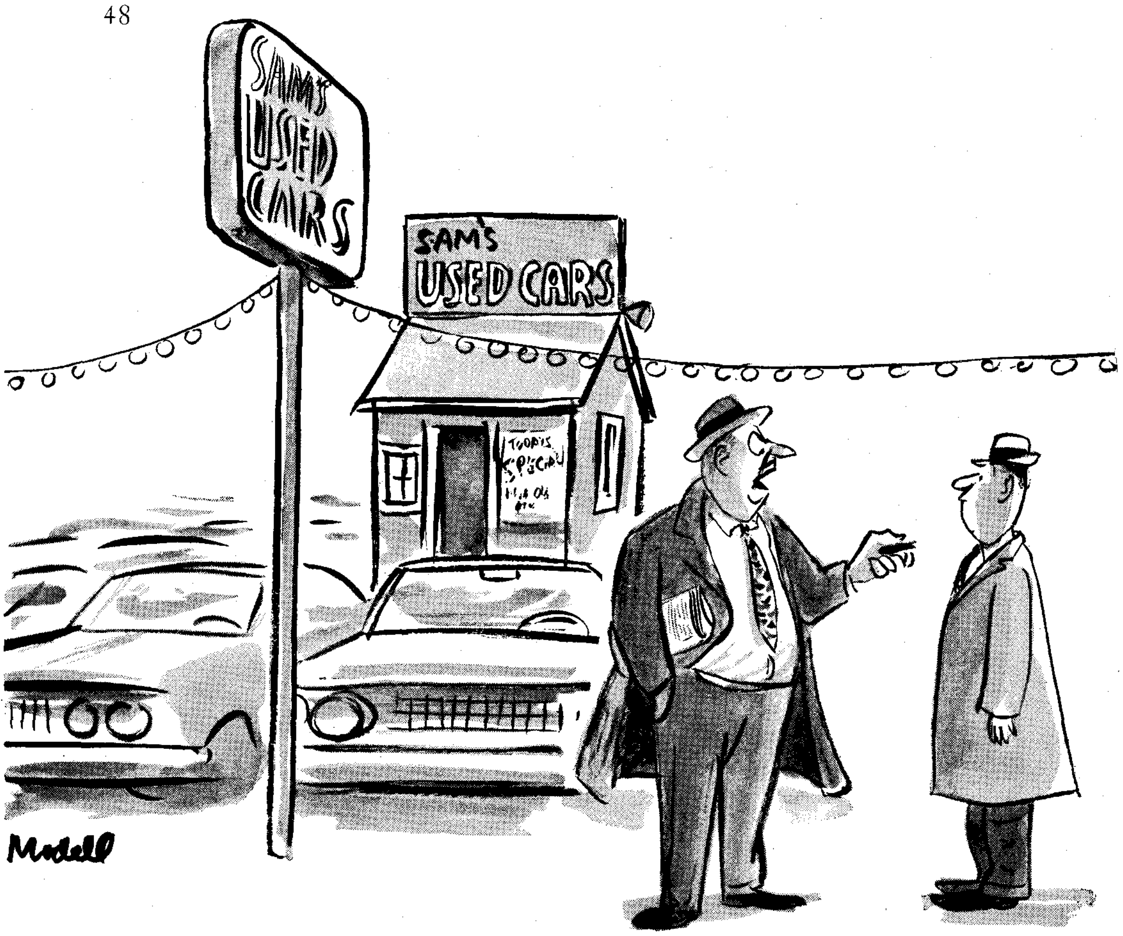
The Reverend quickly took out his watch. "Baptism of the Leyshons' baby is in fifteen minutes," he said, more peremptorily than was usual with him. "So now I must get ready in quiet, please." Outside the chapel, people stood babbling in close groups. Only the five black-garbed students remained in the chapel to witness the Leyshon baptism.

Opinion in the Hawk early that evening was cautious. No one denounced Tudor, but neither was he praised. Dirty tricks should not be countenanced, but it was vain to sit in judgment on the eternal slipperiness of love; one might as well sit on the meaning of the vanishing rainbow or of a kingfisher's flight down a stream.

Sergeant Pryse said, "His mother hasn't reported to me that he's missing, and till she does that I don't know anything." He laid his helmet on the bar counter, always the sign that he was speaking as an ordinary man. "People say a fellow can't help coming back to where he's done a deed, but I daresay we won't be seeing Tudor in these parts again. It's been the old Adam coming out in him today. He grew up on that day in court."

"Old Adam, fiddlesticks!" said the listening barmaid, who didn't care much for Pryse. "It's hard on his poor mother—*she'll* be here, bearing the brunt. I expect she's collapsing in her cottage, and if *I* was a policeman I'd be down there trying to find out what I could."

BUT the absconder's mother wasn't really collapsing. She had found a token of his esteem in an envelope on her dressing table when, still panting a little, she had gone upstairs to change into everyday clothes. He never had been a boy to write letters, and, in his outsize scrawl, all he said was: "Dear Mam, I am catching the three o'clock train in Marlais and I will be looking over Cousin Ellis's farm before dark. You see, Mam, I thought to myself how Jane and her mother liked to show off and have things done for all the people of Clawdd to see, same as before the magistrates in court last July. So they can do the same today. Jane asked me for twenty-five pounds to help to buy her clothes for today, and I gave it. So I haven't robbed her—not of money. She bought a fine dress. I didn't tell you about this because you had been very upset when they wanted four houses, and I was upset too and I began



"I've got just the car for you, Mister. But before we talk price you've got to promise me you'll take good care of it, and keep it clean, and not abuse or neglect it in any way."

• •

to make up my mind about today then. Jane pretended. from Tudor."

Unable to laugh or weep, she sat for a while. He had known she would not have allowed him to do the act of this day had he told her of his plan! No good woman would have approved of it. Yet she couldn't help admiring its angry rigor now. A young man worth his salt mustn't be a worshipping angel all the time. How stupid of Jane to let herself ask for cash before the permission of marriage!

After giving the Morgans decent time to recover, she put on the costly hat bought for the wedding and went up to their house. Opening the porch door, off which the paint was flaking, Mrs. Morgan admitted the silent visitor. "Where is he?" she demanded as they went into a room off the gloomy hall. "I'll track him to the ends of the earth!"

A three-tiered cake, a whole ham, dishes of sandwiches, some small pies, and many bottles of drink were spread on a white-clothed table. Tudor's mother looked at these festive things in horror. Why hadn't they been put out of sight?

"The expense I've gone to!" Mrs. Morgan continued. "But I'll get every penny back!"

Mrs. Edwards glanced at a board erected on trestles in a corner; on it were displayed the wedding gifts, which included two clocks not yet going, a set of saucepans, an electric iron, and a tea cozy. "Your daughter?" she asked, looking about her in the fading light.

"Jane, come down!" Mrs. Morgan shouted into the hall. "His mother's here."

She came in at a run, wearing a crumpled new dressing gown. She had been lying on her bed. "He's come back?" she cried, her entire body thrust forward excitedly.

Mrs. Edwards shook her head. "I wouldn't be surprised to hear he's gone to join the Army," she said.

Jane sank to a chair. "I'll sue him for breach of promise," she said in a low, sullen voice.

"Tudor's got no money or property to pay for breach of promise. The business of the three houses was put off till you were settled." Mrs. Edwards took a long breath, turned her back on Mrs. Morgan, and addressed Jane alone. "I have come to say I am sorry. But you were hard and foolish in getting the magistrates to fine a man that only wanted to *look* on what had taken his fancy, strange though that was. Tudor is a boy that gets queer notions. I have noticed that when the moon is rising—"

"The moon's got nothing to do with it," Mrs. Morgan said, cutting into what seemed the beginning of a long speech of humble defense. "The plain fact is that he's a born clod and needs a good thrashing."

"Then what he's done is best for Jane's future," Mrs. Edwards said, still meek.

Jane's face became mottled, and her hands seemed to be trying to push an awful outburst back down into her bosom. She succeeded, and only exclaimed, "You've been in league with him, you humbug, and egged him on in what he's done!"

Mrs. Edwards shook her head again, as at some sadly erroneous piece of judgment on this girl's part, and asked, "Would I have paid twelve pounds for a new silk dress if I knew what he was going to do? And three pounds for this hat?" She crossed to the display of gifts and picked up Christmas Evans. "Would I have given you *this*, and the sheets and quilt?" She held aloft the effigy of the celebrated divine. "I swear by Christmas Evans that I did *not* know!"

"Put that ornament back!" commanded Mrs. Morgan, stepping to her.

Mrs. Edwards held the preacher against her chest. "He was one of *my* wedding presents," she said, and suddenly her demeanor became so steely and menacing that Mrs. Morgan, as if fearing Christmas Evans would be smashed on her head, shrank back. "He will be more at home in my cottage," Mrs. Edwards added. "You can keep the linen bedsheets and the seven-guinea quilt, in memory." And she walked out of the house unmolested.

—RHYS DAVIES

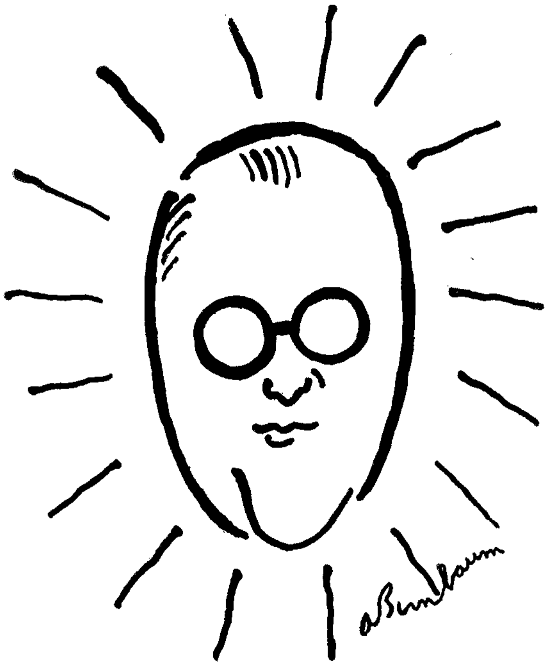
•

Aldous Huxley is moving to California, to teach at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology this fall.—*Leonard Lyons in the Post.*

Everybody has his own system.

PROFILES

THE RIGHT LIGHT

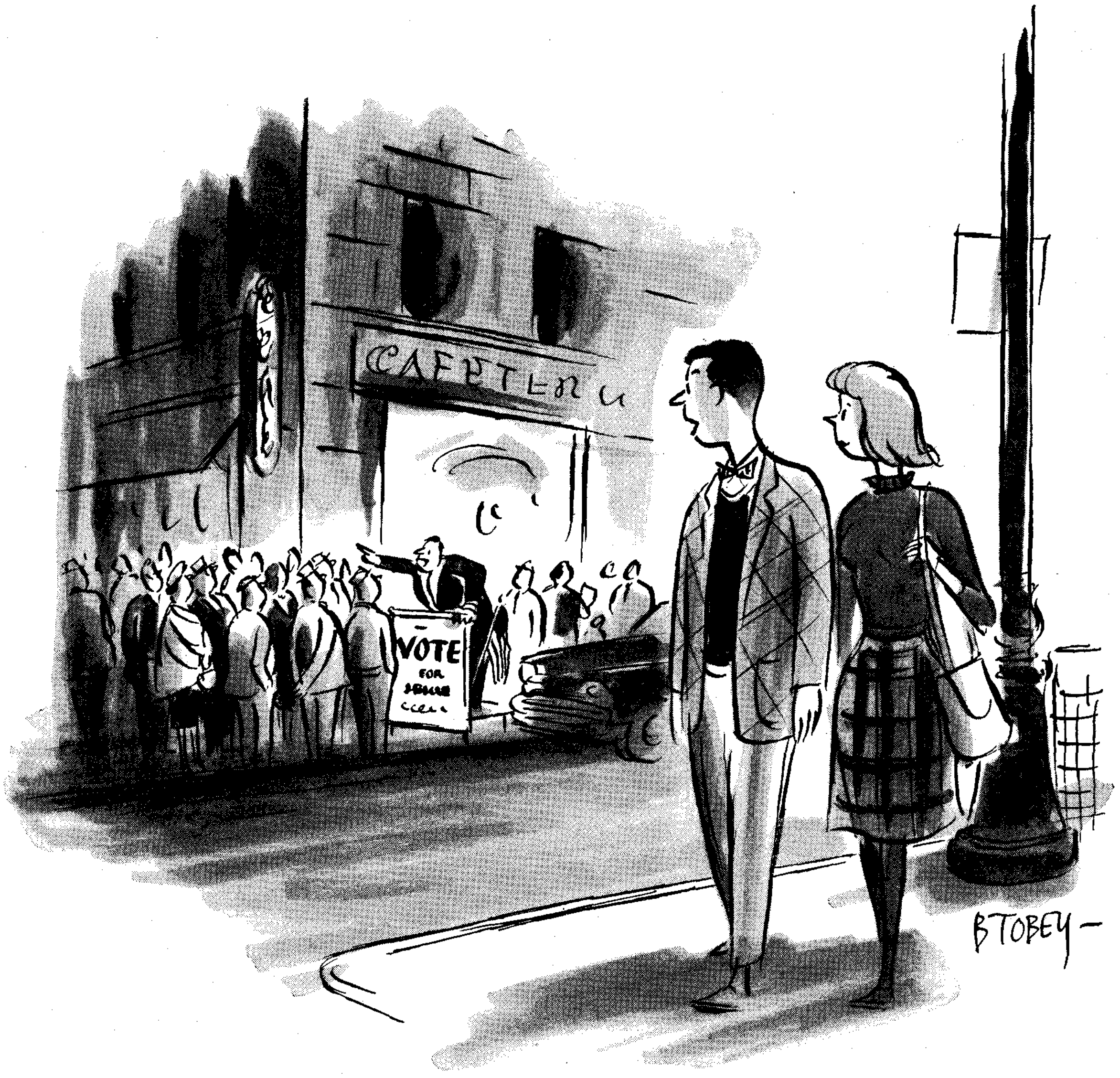


Abe H. Feder

THERE is a group of cultists in this country who are dedicated to the worship of light—artificial light, that is. On the mundane level, light is their business, and they are, of course, thoroughly acquainted with its technical aspects, but for them it is something more than a trade or a science; it is an art, a dream, a mythology. Generally speaking, these people are convinced that, for all our recent scientific advances, we are still living in an era of primitive artificial light, and they are entranced by the possibilities for the future—of someday enabling man to see the stretches of the spectrum that are now beyond his vision, for example, and of abolishing darkness altogether. More immediately, the cultists predict that our homes and offices and factories will be pervaded with an even, glowing illumination resembling daylight but more remarkable than daylight, in that its color and brightness will be adjusted for comfort and dramatization. On a hot summer day, for instance, the light may be blue and cold; in winter, it may be yellow and warm. At night, it may be lavender; in the daytime it may be pink. In any case, the new light will change the living and working habits of men, and, the cultists say, will make them happier.

As might be expected, the band of prophets is a small one. There are more than ten thousand engineers in the United States who specialize in artificial illumination, but the vast majority of them are too deeply engrossed in the mechanics of light to give much thought to its effect on people. Of the few who are obsessed with the new light, one of the most imaginative, and almost certainly the most vociferous, is a medium-sized man named Abe H. Feder, who calls himself a lighting designer and consultant, and who is recognized as a pioneer of the cult and, although he is only fifty-one, as its Grand Old Man. Physically, in spite of the fact that his hair is graying, he doesn't look like any cult's Grand Old Man. Strongly built and erect in bearing, he has alert brown eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses, a longish face, a bony nose, a rasping voice, and a prominent jaw that becomes more prominent when he talks about light, which is most of the time. He also writes about light, in articles for architectural and engineering magazines, and when he does, he italicizes the word and capitalizes the "L." When he is either writing or talking about light, his role is apt to shift rapidly from scientist to artist to businessman, but no matter what aspect of lighting he is concerned with, a visionary note will almost inevitably creep in—or muscle its way in. A religious man, Feder admires the Maker's lighting of the universe; in fact, the sight of the misty colors of dawn over the ocean will put him in a poetic mood, and he unhesitatingly admits that the effects of a tropical sunset are beyond anything he can hope to achieve. But if he has no intention of competing with the Almighty, there is plenty that he wants to do, and much of it is summed up in his favorite slogan "Push back the darkness!" The goal, he admits, is distant. "We haven't captured much of the light that fills the space around us," he may say to anyone who is willing to listen, and if pressed for an explanation, he will rush on, "I mean the light and the colors that lie beyond ultraviolet and infrared. At the moment, those are our twin barriers. Don't ask me how—I don't know yet—but eventually we are going to knock down those barriers. We are going to see images man has never seen before. And that's not all. Ever since Edison, man has bottled light up in bulbs and tubes. I want to take the light out of the bottle and put it everywhere. We must free light from its envelope. I have no patience with wires and fuse boxes and bulbs. Do you know that the conventional bulb gives ninety per cent heat and only ten per cent light? One day we are going to have a bulb that will give ninety per cent light and ten per cent heat—and eventually we'll get all the light we want by a sort of osmosis, without a bulb at all. Why can't we tune in light waves as we tune in sound waves? The awful truth is that we haven't even started to explore light. Lightwise, we have hardly passed the Dark Ages."

Cultist though he may be, Feder often abandons his lofty vision of what might be to achieve practical results with the light we have right now. In the past fifteen years, the firm that he heads—Lighting by Feder, with headquarters at 15 West Thirty-eighth Street—has lit the United Nations General Assembly Building; the Port Authority Bus Terminal; the Coliseum; the Central Terminal Plaza of New York International Airport; the Tishman Building, at 666 Fifth Avenue; the Kaufmann Auditorium of the Ninety-second Street Y.M.H.A.; the New York Aquarium, at Coney Island; the lion cages and the penguin house of the Bronx Zoo; several Manhattan branches of the Bankers Trust Company; the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the corset department of Gimbels; the appliance department of Hammacher, Schlemmer; the residences of Laurance S. Rockefeller, Arde Bulova, and William Rosenwald, among others; the *Times*' "Fashions of the Times" shows; Richard's Department Store, in North Miami, Florida; the Union Dome, in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, which is a gigantic repair shop for tank cars, topped by the world's largest geodesic dome; the Terrace Hilton Hotel, in Cincinnati; the Eden Roc, in Miami Beach; the Desert Inn, in Las Vegas; the Swedenborgian Cathedral, in Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania; the Temple Isaiah, in Forest Hills; the main altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral; and dozens of other churches, buildings, and areas. Nothing that needs light is too



"*Maybe I ought to listen. This is the year I start voting.*"

big or small to interest Feder, and his talents have also been applied to doughnut shops, gas stations, bowling alleys, and supermarkets, as well as to more than three hundred Broadway shows, including "My Fair Lady" and this season's "Camelot."

In all these ventures, Feder has used light as if it were a building material—plaster or concrete or wood. He picks up a light and places it elsewhere, or piles light beams on top of one another as if they were bricks. But if light is for him one of the plastic architectural elements, it is by far the worthiest of the lot. In an article in the magazine *Progressive Architecture*, he calls light the only material that "can fill space without actually filling it." A material that can do *that*, he believes, must rank ahead of plain terrestrial materials. This view does not always endear Feder to architects and contractors, who tend to regard lighting as a secondary consideration and are used to calling in a lighting man only after a building is designed and built. "If that is the way a builder goes about his work," Feder says, "the lighting sources are afterthoughts, and in that case no amount of ornamentation will hide the clutter." Afterthoughts repel Feder, and in his opinion the traditional approach to lighting not only is backward but misses the whole point of architecture. "A building is constructed in order to cut off a segment of outside light by bringing it inside," he says, and he claims that the lighting designer can make his greatest contribution right at the beginning. At that stage, ceilings can be planned with vaulted recesses to hold certain lamps, and provision can be made for fluorescent "troughs" and "coves" in the walls. For all his considerable powers of persuasion, however, Feder is not always able to convince an architect that the appropriate lighting mood should be the jumping-off point for the design. Once, when he was helping to design a restaurant, he uttered so many threats of using lights instead of bricks and translucent ceilings instead of wood that the architect withdrew, whereupon Feder designed the place himself, using a few bricks and a little wood.

Nothing irritates Feder more than the prevailing indifference toward light. Constitutionally, he is incapable of understanding this indifference; his nerves react to light as many people's nerves react to noise. When he stares into strong sunlight, he actually feels the pupils of his eyes contract, and upon being exposed to a "wrong" light he has been known to give a violent start. Sometimes he covers his eyes and says, "I cannot stand that light much longer." He has lost his appetite in more than one famous restaurant with a fine cuisine and poor lights; a perfect *coq au vin* was once spoiled for him by an ugly chandelier. When he travels, he is interested in seeing churches, museums, palaces, and so on not by day but by night. He has long been enthusiastic about the lighted Renaissance façades of Italy, the floodlit contours of Chenonceaux and Chambord, in the Loire Valley, and the lights of the Place de la Concorde. When it comes to such lights, he thinks that the earth-bound lighting engineer has at least one advantage over the Creator. "Lighting—especially lighting at night, which isolates and enhances an object—can make you see things you've never seen before," he has said. "Take the English. They became light-conscious only during the Coronation and the Festival of Britain. For the first time, their buildings were lit up at night, and many of them were startled to realize how beautiful those buildings were. I have great admiration for the lighting designers of Europe, especially in view of the Europeans' inability to produce much electric power. The depressing fact is they simply haven't got enough power to light up their beautiful cities, yet they accomplish wonders with what they do have. We Americans are lucky;

Royal Secret
BATH PERFUME

FOR THAT FEELING OF UTTER LUXURY

Start your day or evening with a bath that leaves your skin soft and sweetly scented. A few drops in your tub or on your skin perfume your bath — and you — with a fresh and heartlifting fragrance that clings for hours with sweet persistence.

Germaine Monteil

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

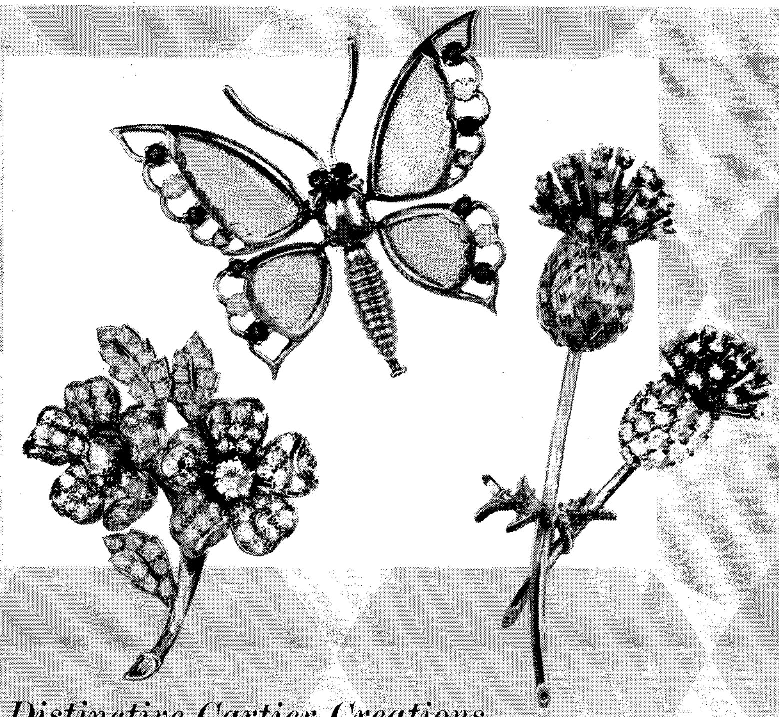
we are wallowing in electricity—and at last we have begun to use it! There is now more light in the Prometheus Fountain in Rockefeller Plaza than in a dozen fountains in Rome or Paris. In Venice, they once asked me to design better lighting for St. Mark's Square. I love lighting streets and parks—I've done some work here on the southeast corner of Central Park and I'm doing a street in Miami Beach—but I just couldn't handle St. Mark's. Not enough power, not enough equipment."

When Feder is in the grip of light—working with it, looking at it, or talking about it—he forgets to eat, forgets to sleep, and often has no idea what time of day it is. Sometimes he gambles absent-mindedly with his own safety, climbing tall ladders and venturing out on the slim girders of unfinished skyscrapers. Once, he cut himself badly by walking straight through a glass door, which he didn't notice because he was inspecting the light around it. Feder's thoughts are apt to race ahead of his words—so far ahead that instead of talking he will tear small slips of paper from a pad he keeps in his wallet and rapidly draw designs. After a conference, the floor around him may be littered with such slips. When Feder is forced to rely on words, he often speaks in abbreviations, skips half sentences, and uses his own colorful and cryptic argot. Light never just shines for him; it is "thrown," "targeted," "pinpointed," or "focussed," comes out in a "wash" or a "patina," forms a "pattern" or a "blanket." A dim light is a "mouse" or a "pimple." Objects are apt to be surrounded by "ambient luminescence," which simply means natural light and light from such general sources as street lamps, unless they are subjected to a "play of brilliants," which is another way of saying the pattern created by a battery of beams. During a recent chat with his associates at Lighting by Feder, the boss suddenly exclaimed, "Remember those two that were overheated?" His associates mentally traced the course of half a dozen jobs done in the past few years, and finally recalled a project that had been complicated by two overheated lamps. At such moments, Feder says admiringly, "You sure were born old." The opposite of being born old, strangely enough, is being "archaic." To Feder, it is the nastiest word in the language. "There is organized anarchy in Detroit," he says. "Look at all those fast cars, with their chromium plating, electric windows, air-conditioning, power brakes, and swivel chairs—and their *archaic* headlights! When you drive at night at fifty miles an

Feminine flattery of shirred silk chiffon topping a sheath of silk alpaca by Max Lawrence in ruby, sapphire or black, 8-20 sizes, 49.95

Doop's
East Orange, N.J.

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio



Distinctive Cartier Creations

Graceful butterfly brooch embellished with precious stones, $550. Paved diamond eglantine clip, $2,950. Unusual thistle brush brooch studded with diamonds, $1,950. (Also available in other stones as desired.)

Shown actual size. All in 18 kt. gold. Fed. tax incl.

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • PLaza 3-0111

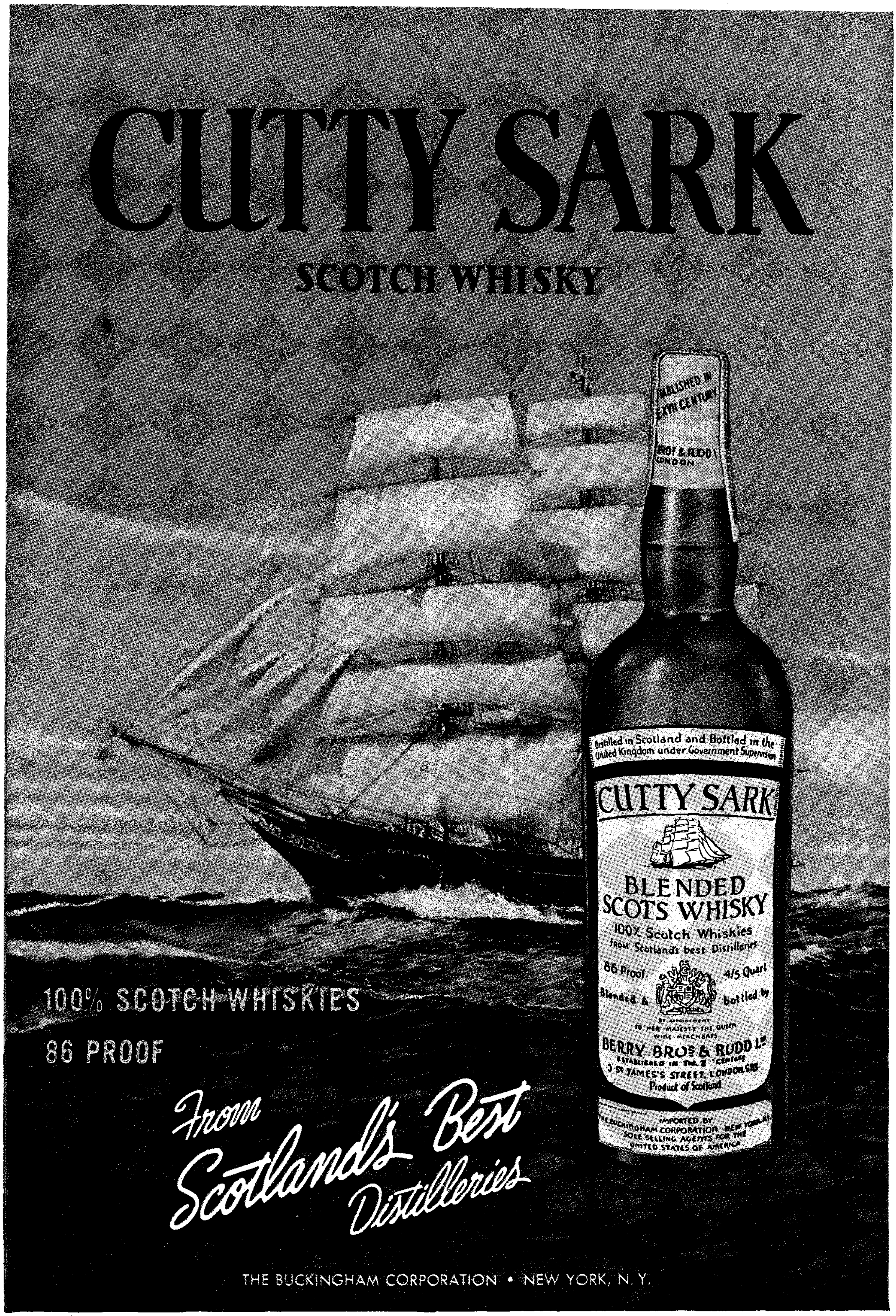
Your Great-Grandmother's were Wamsutta, too!

In so many fine homes, the Wamsutta linen tradition dates back to a great-grandmother. Many had Wamsutta sheets in their bridal hope chests a century ago. It's not surprising when you consider that Wamsutta has been making the finest sheets in the land since 1846. If you haven't *inherited* the Wamsutta habit, you ought to cultivate it. It costs just a little more...and it's vastly satisfying. Stroke Wamsutta SUPERCALE®. It's a petal caress. As smooth, as lustrous, *as silky as silk*. Sleeping on SUPERCALE is pure delight...the most pampered way you can sleep. Illustrated "Gloriette" pattern is from the Vienna Revival collection of sheets and coordinated Heritage towels. See SUPERCALE colors, stripes and prints at fine stores. Also DEBUCALE®, the Wamsutta luxury sheet priced for young home-makers.

WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Wamsutta®

Also look for WAMSUTTA Babycale® crib sheets, blankets, automatic blankets, mattress pads and covers, and fashion fabrics for men, women and children. • photo: DeEvia



CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

hour, you are always ahead of the beams of your headlights. When you see something on the road in front of you, it's too late to stop the car. The light beams run parallel to the road, and much light gets lost in the space above the road. Absolutely useless. What's needed is a powerful beam from a headlight mounted on top of the car. It would light up the road at a great distance. And the headlight ought to turn before the wheels turn—light up the curves. But no! Instead of that, we insist on keeping something archaic."

However strongly Feder feels about headlights, such matters are not his main interest, and he draws a sharp distinction between "lamps," a word that for him sums up the purely pragmatic and technological aspects of his business, and "light." When, for the moment, Feder can disregard lamps and concentrate on light, he becomes a psychologist—a manipulator of people's emotions. Light, he believes, can make people elated or despondent, bold or timid, vigorous or lethargic. A light beam may overwhelm them with terrific power or may soothe them with a gentle spray; it may change people's attitudes toward things—or even other people—by "gaily lighting" them or "harshly revealing" them. Usually, Feder believes, people want to be bathed in "warm light," and they feel uncomfortable in "cold light." Yet even that is not an immutable rule, for they will respond to the same light in different ways at different times, and they seem to absorb light physically as well as emotionally. A room full of people needs more light than the same room with only one or two people in it. "When you think of light in respect to its effects on people, it takes on a new dimension," Feder says. "You must ask yourself, 'What will this light be used for? How will people feel in it?' The right type of light must be chosen as carefully as the right type of room. I always ask myself, 'Will people work hard or seek relaxation in the light I'm going to install? Will they listen to music or turn out precision machinery? Will they read for pleasure or study for education?' A romantic glow might not be the thing for an assembly line, but too many bright lights? Also wrong. They'd make the workers feel uncomfortable. Theatrical lighting effects do not belong in a home. Theatrical lighting, boldly announcing that something larger than life is going to happen, is too oversized for normal living. You look *at* a stage but you live *in* a home. In the home or the office, our ideal

ALLIGATOR...the coat you'll live in **anywhere, any weather**

Wherever you find people, you'll find Alligator—America's most wanted coats! Alligator gives you the protection you need—the widest choice in fabric, fit and fashion you want. All wool worsted gabardines, smart fancy wools, colorful finest yarn-dyed cottons in plains and woven patterns, Kodel* polyester blends, Dacron† polyester blends—Dacron waterproofs, too. Unbeatable values, $11.95 to $70.75. At better stores.

Shown below: GALETONE® *Iridescent—a complete range of exclusive imported finest yarn-dyed cotton fabrics. Smart colors—plains and attractive woven patterns and models you like. Alligator's dependable, durable water repellent. $25.95. Plaid lined, $29.95.*

From the best name in all-weather coats and rainwear...

Alligator®
All-weather coats

***Eastman T.M.**
†Dupont T.M.

The Alligator Company St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

Americana, by JHC
produces the about-face
Tattersall vest.
One side checked,
the reverse plain.
Of Galey & Lord
Dacron* polyester and cotton.

*DUPONT TRADE MARK

Galey & Lord

Burlington
QUALITY
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N Y

Slender
Elegant
Self-Winding
the "SLIMATIC"

A true jeweler's watch
a man can be
proud to own. An
extraordinary timekeeper,
it is incredibly thin,
wonderfully elegant.
Fully automatic,
shock-resistant
21 jewel movement
with sweep second.
Enhanced by a fine
black lizard strap.

Stainless Steel $125 fti
18K Gold $225 fti
(Also available with calendar.)

Sold the world over at fine jewelers.

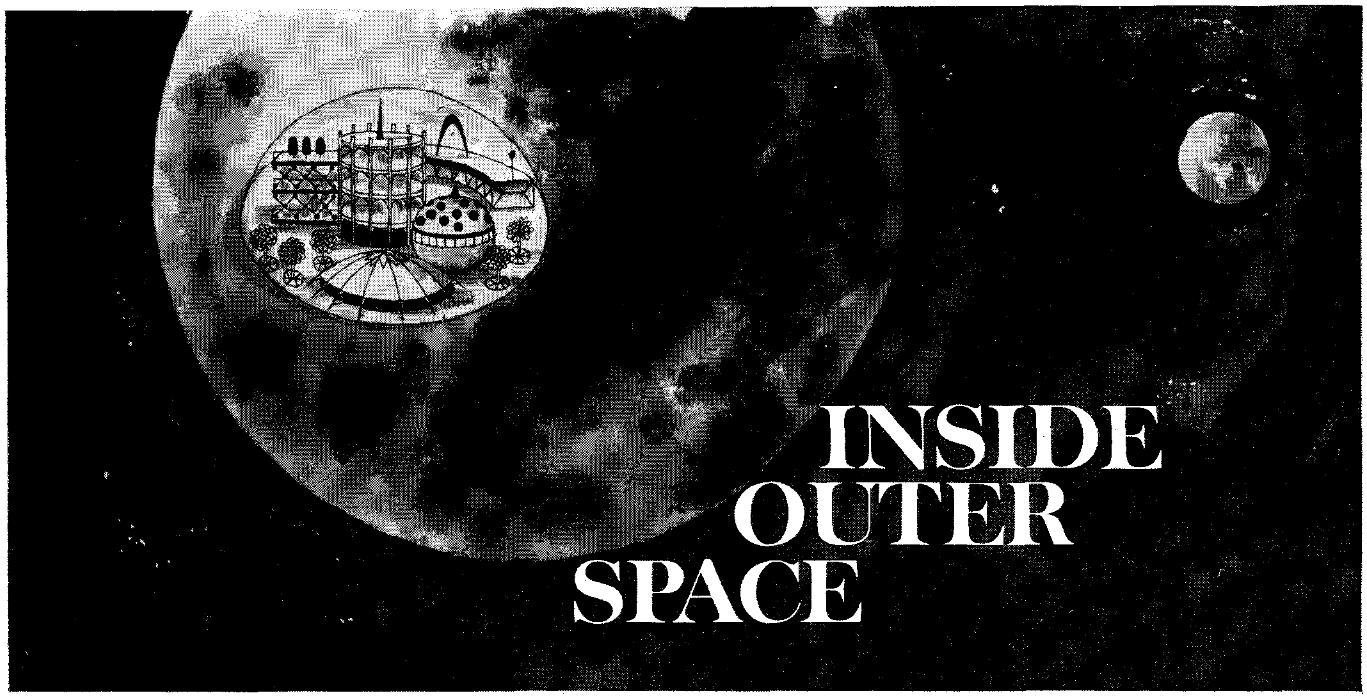
JUVENIA
Fabrique Juvenia
La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland
U. S. Agent: Juvenia Watch Distributors
580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

ACCURACY AND ELEGANCE
SINCE 1860

for good artificial lighting is daylight. When we set up standards of how objects should look in artificial light, we make unconscious comparisons with our mental picture of how they look in daylight. Of course, daylight is more intense than artificial light, but that isn't the whole story; we could increase intensity ad infinitum and still miss that perfect feeling of light. It's not the bright light we need but the right light."

WHILE waiting for new sources of light, Feder has proved himself a virtuoso in the use of the old ones, which fall into three major categories: the incandescent bulb, the fluorescent tube, and the mercury-vapor lamp. Each has its virtues and its defects. The incandescent bulb, which is the oldest and the most widely used of the three, produces a warm, soft, pleasant light that is kind to colors, keeping, say, a pink room pink. By means of reflectors and lenses, the light can be intensified, so that it travels farther, and the light beams can be made wide or narrow. On the other hand, most incandescent bulbs have a life span of only two thousand hours, and they give very little light relative to the power put into them. The fluorescent tube lasts four times as long, and its light is three times as bright as incandescent light of the same wattage. However, it is the least disciplined of all light sources; its light is shapeless and amorphous, spilling out all over, and not travelling very far. Furthermore, fluorescent light is cold and bluish. The mercury-vapor lamp has some of the advantages of both the incandescent bulb and the fluorescent tube; its brightness and life span are about the same as those of the fluorescent tube, and its light can be directed like the light from an incandescent lamp. But it isn't perfect, either. The smallest mercury-vapor lamp is as strong as a two-hundred-and-fifty-watt incandescent bulb—or much too strong for home use—and any mercury-vapor lamp tends to muddy colors, making orange appear brown, for instance, and red appear black.

In this country, manufacturers have turned out a total of more than seven thousand kinds of lamp based on these three sources of light, but when Feder starts analyzing a new project, he often discovers that not one of the seven thousand will exactly answer his needs, and then he winds up by designing an entirely new lamp and—since he is not interested in producing or selling lamps himself—asking a manufacturer to make it for him. Four years ago, for instance, he devised a way to overcome some of



What will happen when we finally conquer outer space? Will people start moving to the satellite "suburbs"? Will life on earth be radically changed?

In a recent issue of The Saturday Evening Post, John Campbell—editor of *Astounding Science, Fact and Fiction*—makes some fantastic predictions. (His record as a prophet is uncanny. Fifteen years ago he forecast the hydrogen bomb and how it would be fueled. Early in World War II he published a story predicting that "an atomic bomb would end the war." And a few years later he threw the Pentagon into a panic by describing the atomic bomb in detail—and how it might be disarmed. The Pentagon was sure the biggest secret of the war had leaked.)

What will life in outer space be like? According to Mr. Campbell, man will *not* colonize the planets. He'll prefer to live in the asteroid belt, where he can create his own world exactly the way he wants it. He'll simply carve a hole in an asteroid, then build a cozy city inside. Says Campbell, "There would be little basic difference between living in an asteroid and living in New York City."

Settling this brave new world will be the same kind of people who first settled America. The dreamers, the restless, the visionary. Life back on earth will sink more and more into "a kind of serfdom"—with the freer and more daring citizens moving into outer space.

"Unbelievable But True" by Roul Tunley is a very believable, very true example of the penetrating reading you find in the Post. Articles that pique the imagination and the intellect. Intriguing fiction by the world's finest writers. (A new novel by Margery Sharp—author of *The Nutmeg Tree* and *Cluny Brown*—is currently in the Post.) This exciting blend of fact and fiction is why readers come back again and again to the magazine—and to your ad page. Why The Saturday Evening Post is headed straight like a rocket for the biggest year in its history.

A CURTIS MAGAZINE
The Saturday Evening
POST
THE INFLUENTIALS' MAGAZINE

New Twists in Precious Gold

From Paris, new designs of traditional beauty . . . Classic lines of round diamonds in settings of twisted 18 kt. gold cord.

Clip, free-form fan . . . . $2900.
Earclips, precious leaves . . . . . . $1600.
Domed ring . . . . $1900.

Designs ©. Actual size. Prices incl. Fed. tax.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

World-Famous French Jewelers

744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Palm Beach · Paris · London · Monte Carlo · Cannes · Deauville · Caracas · Geneva

MOROCCAN ROSE
TUVACHE

MOROCCAN ROSE

Exotic fragrance
of the desert night

TUVACHE

730 FIFTH AVENUE

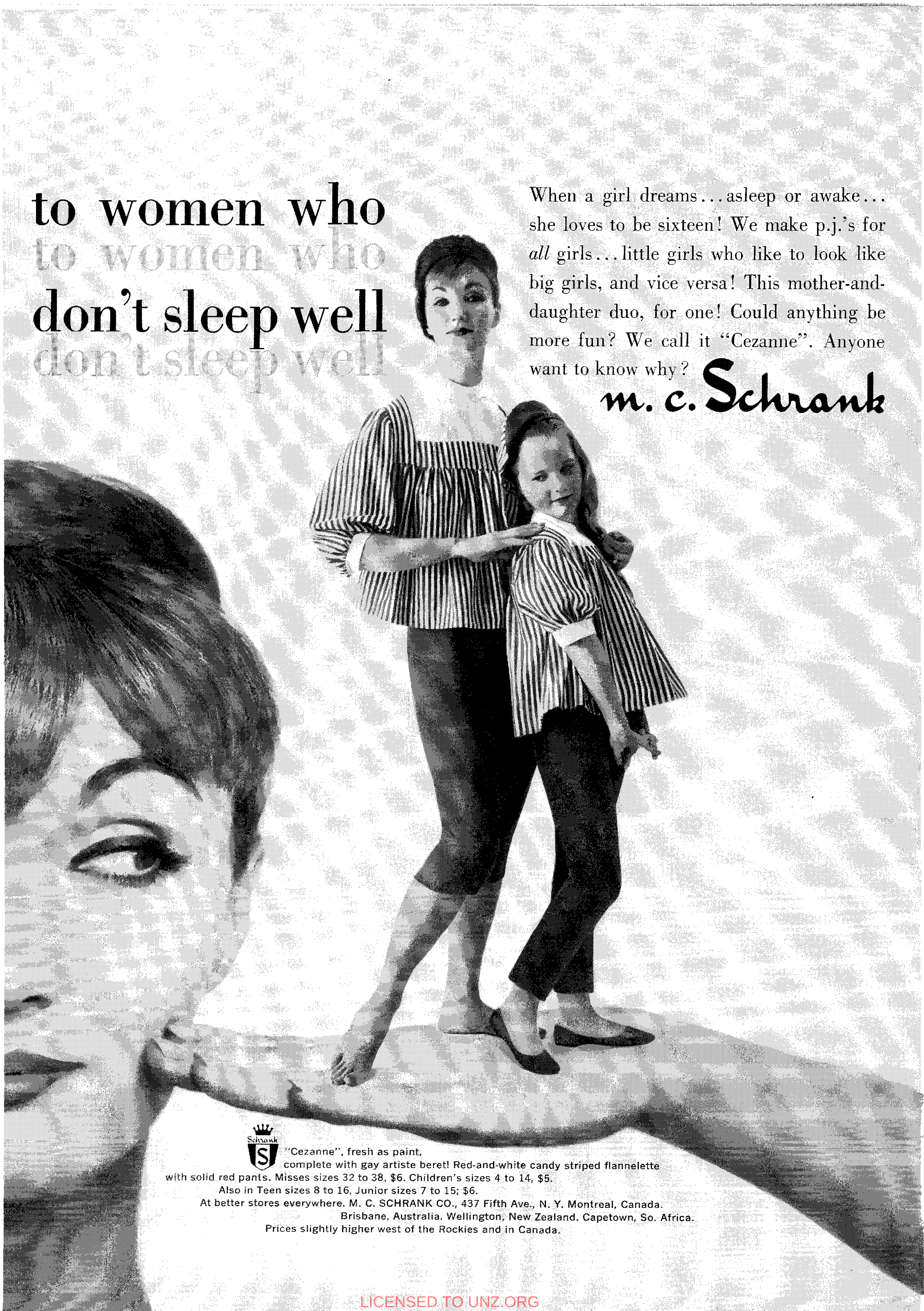
RARE PERFUMES

NEW YORK CITY

the bluishness of the fluorescent tube by changing the color components of the phosphorus particles used in the tube to accentuate red rather than blue; the device is now on the market as a "warm-white-de-luxe" fluorescent tube. "Lighting always comes down to a piece of equipment—to some piece of metal and a certain kind of wiring," Feder says. "The fixture must not be too big or too heavy, the lamps must not get too hot, and on and on. Maddening, really. Instead of thinking about light, you have to spend a lot of time thinking about appliances."

Feder's thinking about appliances, however he deprecates it, has had some impressive results. Some years ago, he was asked to work out a lighting approach for the present New York Aquarium, then in its planning stage, and, deciding that what he wanted was a three-dimensional effect, he developed some strong incandescent reflector lamps that would pour light down on the rear, the sides, and the front of the tanks. The only trouble was that the lights were so strong that their heat would have killed the fish. Feder found himself having to invent another new appliance—a set of separate glass containers, cooled by running water, in which the lamps could be installed. When he had finished his tinkering, and the water-cooled lamps were in place, people could see more in the Aquarium than they had ever seen before. Feder has also developed, or helped to develop, several major changes in the incandescent bulb. He perfected the first commercially usable bulb with a built-in reflector—a considerable improvement over the old reflector lamps, which had to be surrounded by large, clumsy metal shields. He conceived a small, sealed-beam theatre spotlight, which was introduced by the road company of "My Fair Lady," and which proved to travel much better than the big spotlights used in the Broadway production. In 1956, he came up with what was at the time the world's brightest floodlight—an improved type of mercury-vapor lamp. And he created a so-called focal lamp, now sold commercially as Focalite, which, by combining a strong reflector bulb, two ordinary bulbs, and a louvered top, spreads light all over a room instead of throwing it onto the floor or the ceiling. That particular effect Feder calls a "wash of light," or, more technically, "focal glow."

Given the chance, Feder plays with light as a composer plays with sound. One of his compositions—the one he likes best—is a dazzling display of quick-change lighting that is put on



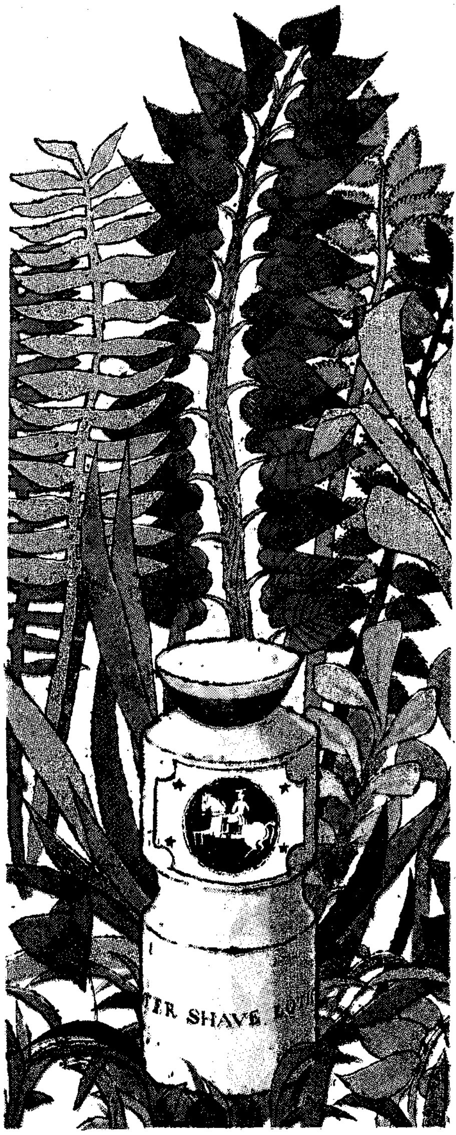
to women who
to women who
# don't sleep well
don't sleep well

When a girl dreams . . . asleep or awake . . . she loves to be sixteen! We make p.j.'s for *all* girls . . . little girls who like to look like big girls, and vice versa! This mother-and-daughter duo, for one! Could anything be more fun? We call it "Cezanne". Anyone want to know why?

m. c. Schrank

"Cezanne", fresh as paint,
complete with gay artiste beret! Red-and-white candy striped flannelette
with solid red pants. Misses sizes 32 to 38, $6. Children's sizes 4 to 14, $5.
Also in Teen sizes 8 to 16, Junior sizes 7 to 15; $6.
At better stores everywhere. M. C. SCHRANK CO., 437 Fifth Ave., N. Y. Montreal, Canada.
Brisbane, Australia. Wellington, New Zealand. Capetown, So. Africa.
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN



DEEP in primeval woods where mosses cool the earth, where roots and herbs tangle beneath a rich shelter of ferns are the wild gifts of the forest—sandalwood, vetiver, oak moss, orris—ever green and growing. And here is the origin of all the great Arden fragrances for men.

Eau de Cologne 3.00 and 5.00
Eau de Toilette 4.00 and 7.50
After Shave Lotion 3.50 and 6.50

©1960 ELIZABETH ARDEN prices plus tax

ARDEN FOR MEN

from 8:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. every night from April to October at the Prometheus Fountain, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. Every ten seconds, there is a change in the combination of colors flooding the jets, waterfalls, and pools of the fountain, and every six minutes the whole thing reaches a climax in a burst of brilliant lights of many colors that instantly combine to form an intensely white light, which invariably astonishes the audience. Feder, who doesn't in the least mind astonishing people, says feelingly of this show, "It was a dream assignment."

A couple of blocks north, at 666 Fifth Avenue, Feder turned the thirty-nine-story Tishman Building into what he calls "a tower of light." He was brought in as lighting consultant in September, 1956, before construction had started, and the three-hundred-and-sixty-three-foot embossed-aluminum tower that surmounts the tenth floor was designed partly with his requirements in mind. In other words, the lighting of the Tishman Building was anything but an afterthought, and Feder, for once, had no complaints. An associate recalls that when construction began, he took a long look at the unfinished building and proclaimed, "This will gleam by night with a burst of light sweeping upward from the tenth-floor parapet to a crown at the top." Like all true visionaries, Feder is blessed with total imagination, and he could see the Tishman Building where other people saw only a steel skeleton. "It was all there before his eyes," Rachel M. Meltzer, an earnest young lady with a great feeling for light, who serves as his lieutenant, said recently. "He crawled over the tenth-floor parapet with the sure footing of a veteran somnambulist, and we got dizzy just looking at him." To understand what Feder was up against, one must realize that a light beam consists of millions of rays, which tend to go off in all directions. In this instance, the light beams had to be targeted to hit only the aluminum walls; they could not be allowed to disperse into the darkness. The tower of light had, for dramatic purposes, to be surrounded by utter blackness. When Miss Meltzer reminded Feder that there existed neither sufficiently powerful lamps nor properly designed fixtures for the project, he said, "Of course they don't exist, Meltzer. We're going to create them." And that is precisely what he did. Since incandescent light could not travel far enough and fluorescent light could not be targeted, he devised a seven-hundred-watt mercury-vapor reflector bulb, whose

Southwick

DIRECTORY OF STORES

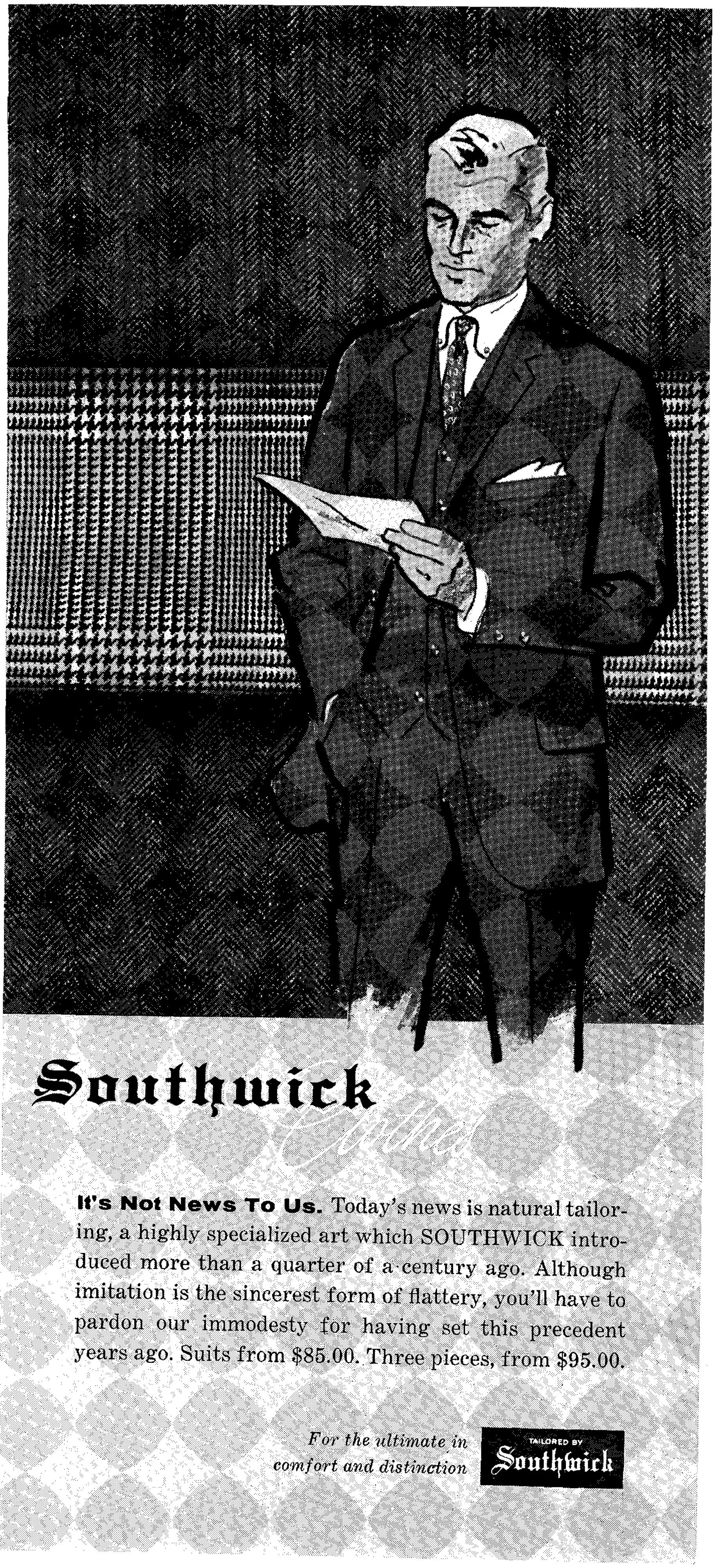
NEW YORK, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Albany, N. Y.	McManus & Riley
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Burlington, Vt.	Miles & Riley
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Cincinnati, Ohio	Vonder Brink & Baron
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, Ohio	The Union
Dayton, Ohio	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	The New Utica
East Orange, N. J.	Donald Bunce
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	*Younts-Deboe Co.*
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Hanover, N. H.	James Campion, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Honolulu, Hawaii	Andrade & Co., Ltd.
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Indianapolis, Ind.	*L. Strauss & Co.*
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
La Jolla, Cal.	Tweeds and Weeds
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Silverstone's
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Norfolk, Va.	Fishback & Lea, Ltd.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Burks, Inc.
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Phoenix, Ariz.	Hanny's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	Rosenfeld's
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Stevens-Shepherd Shop- Miller and Rhoads
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Antonio, Tex.	Pincus Company
San Diego, Cal.	The Oxford Shop
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Gene Ronald
Santa Barbara, Cal.	Tweeds and Weeds
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Pierone's Ivy Shop
Springfield, Ill.	Arch Wilson, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Toledo, Ohio	Pym's
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Andy Anderson, Ltd.
Tulsa, Okla.	McDonnell & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
Waterbury, Conn.	Minicucci & Schofield
Westfield, N.J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Westwood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write Southwick, 200 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

TAILORED BY Southwick

light was further targeted by a conical external reflector of highly polished aluminum, so constructed that no light would be wasted. Going on from there, Feder placed forty-eight luminaires—a luminaire is a lamp and the fixture that houses it—on the tenth-floor parapet and twenty-four more on another parapet on the fifteenth floor. The seventy-two lamps produce 11,900,000 foot-candles of light, and the Tishman Building stands out as dramatically as Feder could have wished against its surroundings. There are three trees in front of the building, and these are lighted by luminaires set under the sidewalk—the first such installations in Manhattan. The tower lights were scheduled to be turned on in April, 1958, but the Audubon Society asked for a postponement; April was the height of the bird-migration season, and the Society feared that birds in passage, drawn by the lights, would crash into the walls. So the lights were not turned on until June, and to this day the Tishman Building remains dark during the season of bird migration. No such allowance has been made for moths, and all summer long the creatures dash into the luminaires.

If Feder likes to light buildings from the outside, he also enjoys lighting certain types of buildings from the inside—among them department stores. These days, the average store has six times as much light as it had before the war, but that alone naturally doesn't satisfy Feder. A sea of light on the selling floor, he feels, merely produces monotony, and he prefers to build "islands of light" in which merchandise can be strategically placed. He thinks this is not only good lighting but good business, particularly since a fourth of all department-store transactions are said to be "impulse sales." The shopper's eyes, Feder believes, are automatically drawn to his islands of light, and from then on the shopper's movements are controlled by a sort of magnetism. In lighting Richard's Department Store, a two-story building in Miami, Feder was up against a powerful enemy—the glaring Florida sunlight. He could either try to light up the interior brightly enough to compete with the Maker—a contest he had no hope of winning—or devise some sort of lighting that, while comparatively dim, would not give shoppers the impression of stepping into a dark cave. He therefore used a translucent ceiling—a skylight, as it were—to create "an atmosphere of moderate brightness" in much of the store, installing really bright lights only here and



Southwick Clothes

It's Not News To Us. Today's news is natural tailoring, a highly specialized art which SOUTHWICK introduced more than a quarter of a century ago. Although imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, you'll have to pardon our immodesty for having set this precedent years ago. Suits from $85.00. Three pieces, from $95.00.

For the ultimate in comfort and distinction

TAILORED BY Southwick

BRASS BAND . . . *striking a perfect note with today's elegantly simple fashions! Impeccably crafted in mellow grained leather with burnished brass bands. Bag: Large (14" long) 22.95*; Small (11" long) 18.95*. Matching belt (sizes 24-32) 5.00. In black, antique natural, antique brown, or antique jade. At* ***Bergdorf Goodman,*** *New York •* ***Marshall Field,*** *Chicago •* ***Bullocks*** *(all stores)* ***H. Liebes,*** *San Francisco •* ***Frederick & Nelson,*** *Seattle, and other fine stores across the country. Calderon, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.* *Plus tax. Slightly higher in the West.

Lord & Taylor

Newton Elkin's latticework

softens the throatline of his beautiful pump—to wear from noon until dawn. Black suede or kidskin, lustrous beige kid, 28.95 Fourth Floor designer collections, Lord & Taylor

there, "to recall the feel of sunshine out-of-doors." In certain spots, the effect is very striking. The furniture department, for instance, has translucent walls, with incandescent spotlights dramatizing prominent objects, and the women's fashion department is lit with a warm, tranquil pink glow.

One of the most comprehensive answers to the question Feder keeps asking himself—"How will this light make people feel?"—is to be found in the lighting he did for the Moore-McCormack liner Brasil, which was designed by Raymond Loewy, with Feder's requirements in mind. (Feder did the lighting for the Brasil's sister ship, the Argentina, as well.) As a microcosm, complete with restaurants, bars, lounges, beauty parlors, shops, a hospital, play areas, a swimming pool, lobbies, corridors, stairways, elevators, and just plain open space, a ship offered a real challenge to Feder—a challenge heightened by the fact that the power a vessel can generate is limited. As far as light is concerned, ships are not very promising structures. The long, low corridors can give rise to claustrophobia, and the lounges and halls tend to be badly lit and cavernous. The Brasil demanded what Feder calls "forward light thinking." Light, he said, would weld the various elements of the ship into a "self-sufficient integrated mechanism." The vessel would have a little of everything—the warmth of a home, the glamour of a night club, the spaciousness of a boardwalk, the comfort of a restaurant, the relaxation of a playground. Having been called in at the very beginning, he says, he was able to "build" the staterooms, setting coves into the walls that throw a wash of light up toward the ceiling. (A well-lit ceiling appears higher to the eye than an unlit one, and Feder is often an advocate of what he calls "raising the roof with light.") Then he designed new miniature reflector lamps, which, installed in recesses just above the beds, give a lot of light without glare. In the public rooms, he used fluorescent lamps, with color-correcting reflectors intended to make the food look appetizing, the women lovely, and the men healthy. During the day, the main lounge seems sun-splashed; at night its ceiling is studded with twinkling pink and blue stars. In the corridors he installed translucent ceilings and lamps that throw out beams for eighty feet. The decks are illuminated by gay reflector lights, which, Feder says, produce "a Mardi Gras feeling," and the superstructure is bathed in floodlights. When everything was installed, Feder looked over the Brasil

Kodak Sound 8 Projector comes with microphone for recording your own commentary . . . less than $346. See your dealer.

NOW! ADD SOUND TO YOUR 8mm MOVIES!

New projector by Kodak lets you add family voices, music, sound effects

Now—from Kodak comes an 8mm movie projector that lets you add sound to every scene you take. Think how wonderful it will be to have your own children's voices on the films you make of them . . . to be able to add background music that sets off your pictures . . . to have your own recorded commentary as your movie goes from scene to scene!

You can take all your 8mm "silent films," old or new, and turn them into "talking pictures" with the new Kodak Sound 8 Projector.

You just have your films magnetically "striped" for sound, project them onto your screen, and start recording right on the film. It's as simple as that! If you make a mistake, just reverse the film and re-record the way you want.

And because this projector is made by Kodak, you know it will show your movies at their best and give you faithful sound—hour after hour, year after year.

See the Kodak Sound 8 Projector demonstrated at your Kodak dealer's. Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down.

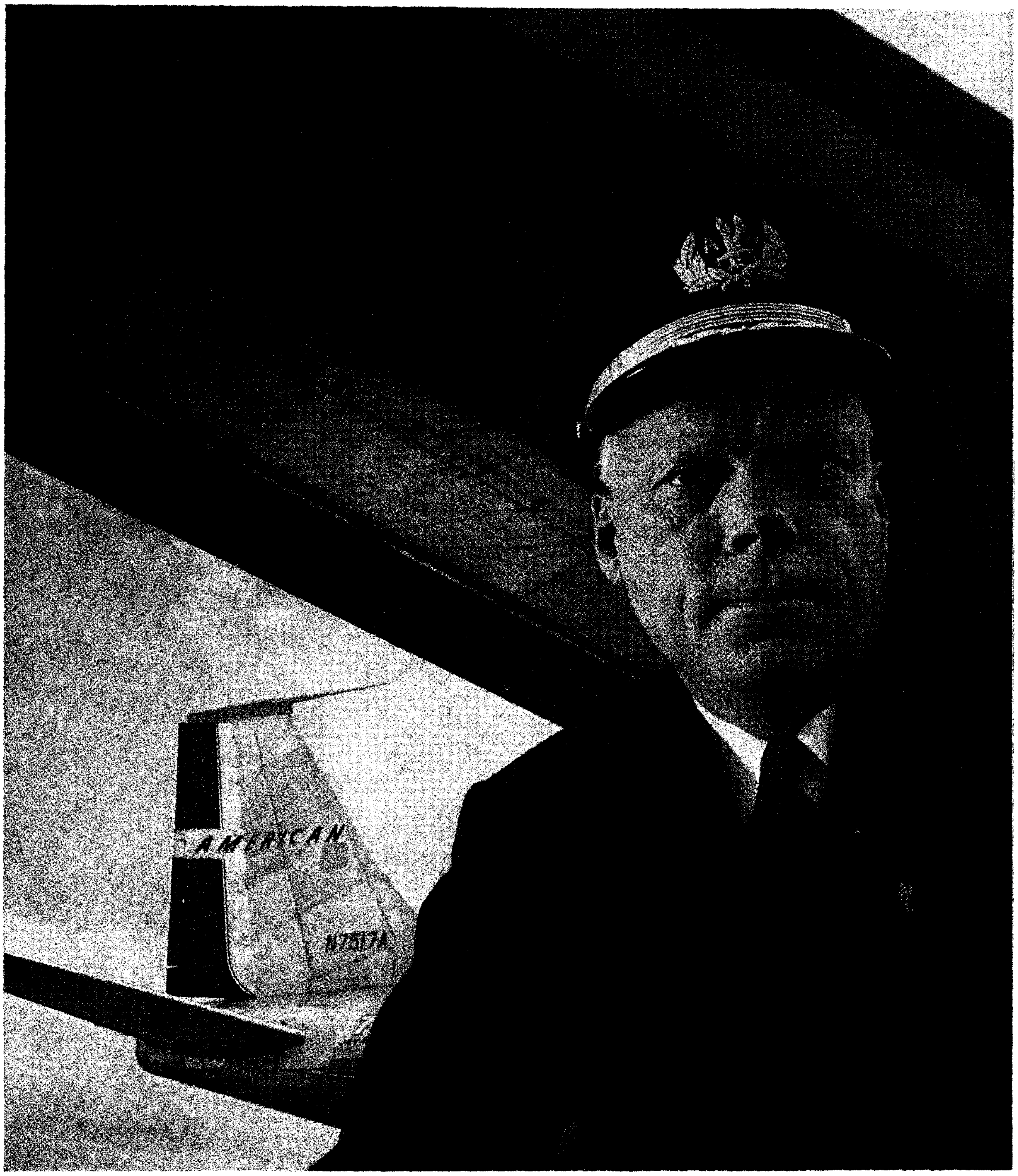
Price is subject to change without notice.

Add music or other sound effects as you project the film, using your record player or tape recorder. Commentary can be recorded at the same time.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

SEE KODAK'S "THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW" AND "OZZIE AND HARRIET"

Kodak
TRADEMARK



Dear American Airlines:
I am the store coordinator for a nationwide
chain. Name the airline and I've flown
it. For courtesy, service and expert
pilot ability my hat's off to your line,
the number one airline in my book
Harry Hillard

Unsolicited in-flight letter from Mr. H. Hillard, National Store Coordinator, Rayco Auto Seat Cover Co., Paramus, New Jersey.

Our Pilots, Mr. Hillard, are another of the reasons why American Airlines is first choice of experienced travelers. There are 1,750 of them; many are 15 and 20-year veterans—multi-million-mile Captains. Each follows a rigid apprenticeship with continuing company and government examinations. They are the elite of the Jet Age.

AMERICAN AIRLINES
America's Leading Airline

and felt that he had met the challenge she offered. "She is a luminous inspiration," he has said, with undisguised pride. "She has her own glow and catches the shimmer of the ocean besides."

OF all Feder's jobs, the one that caused him the most trouble and brought him the sweetest victory was the lighting of the Terminal City at Idlewild International Airport. It was in the spring of 1955 that the Port of New York Authority began to plan the Terminal City, and in December of that year Feder was called in as lighting consultant. He at once began to consult with Wallace Harrison, the consulting architect; with the Port Authority's Aviation Planning Division and Engineering Department; and with the Large Lamp Division of General Electric. The problem was staggering: to floodlight the Central Terminal Plaza, an oval of a hundred and sixty acres that would be surrounded by ten buildings (among them the International Arrival Building, which was to be eleven city blocks long, and the control tower, which was to be eleven stories tall) and that would contain parking lots and a botanical garden.

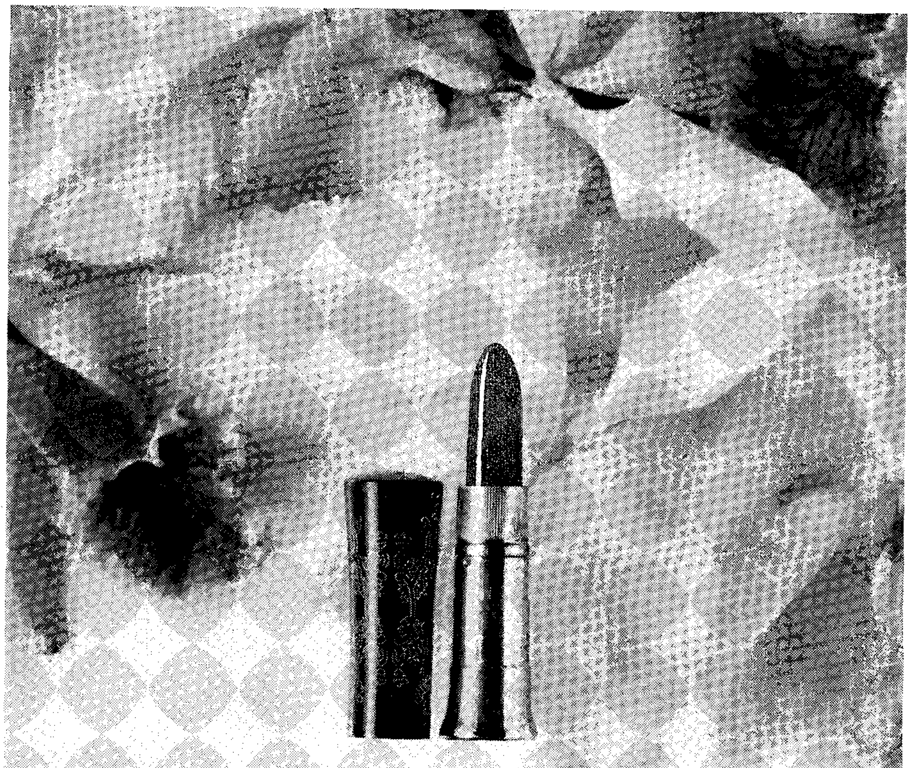
One cold, rainy night that December, Feder drove out to the site. His wife was with him. She sat in the car and shivered uncomfortably while her husband, pacing about in the rain, was warm with excitement and pleasure. Before his eyes there appeared the familiar vision of never-ending daylight—a vision of powerful lamps that would push back the darkness. In his office the next day, Feder evolved his basic plan quickly, but he knew that he would have a lot of convincing to do. Unfortunately, projects like this one cannot be adequately shown on a blueprint or in small-scale mockups. One can easily visualize a great ship, an airplane, a bridge, or a building by looking at a model, but a mockup of a powerful lamp will always be a tiny lamp, incapable of conveying any idea of the big lamp's brightness. It takes the finished project, with the switches flipped on, to vindicate Feder. He promised his colleagues a "blanket of light," with stress on focal points and with a minimum of glare for motorists, pedestrians, the people in the control tower, and the pilots bringing in their aircraft, and he further promised that the project would be economical, with minimal maintenance costs and a lighting design that would not be outdated in the near future. The crux of his scheme was to put up about

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®

Martini Men
appreciate the
identifiable
excellence
of imported
BEEFEATER GIN

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

UNEQUALLED SINCE 1820 • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



Prettiest lip reading...nina Fuchsia

Perfect lipstick color to complement the smart purple and lavender tones fashion-destined for your wardrobe this winter. Every Nina lipstick is formulated with essence of Organique for smooth application and a lustrous look. Elegant tracery-designed case in red or blue. See all the beautiful Nina lipstick shades at selected stores. $3.50* Nina, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

* plus tax

the magnificent
Magnavox

The Imperial Classic—Stereophonic high fidelity phonograph with superb FM/AM radio.

Thrill to the world's finest stereophonic high fidelity—for music becomes magic when Magnavox sets it free. New Magnavox developments enable you to enjoy incredible fidelity and sound "separation." Each instrument stands out with brilliant clarity . . . you can literally "see" its location in the orchestra. And now, with the Imperial Record Player, your records last a lifetime. In your choice of fine woods—$650.

The Magnavox Company, precision electronic equipment for industry and defense, Fort Wayne, Indiana

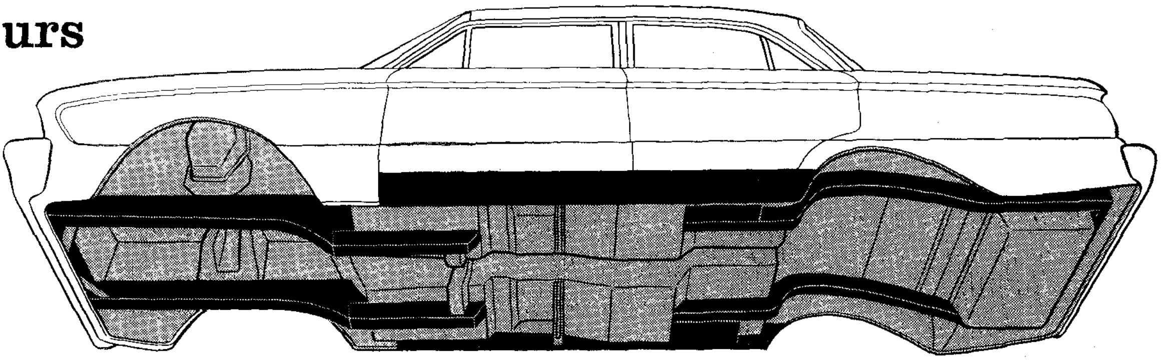
forty steel towers seventy-five or eighty feet high, with clusters of lamps on top. The experts were skeptical. They pointed out, perhaps not without some justification, that light projected from seventy-five or eighty feet would disperse long before it reached the ground. There just were no lamps powerful enough, they said; they proposed instead a grid of about two hundred and seventy-five poles, each twenty-nine feet high—a sensible height. Feder argued back that hundreds of poles would clutter up the area; why not use a few high poles instead of so many low ones? He would see to it that the lamps would be powerful enough, he said, and he clinched the argument by pointing up at the sun and adding, "After all, Nature does a pretty good job. When you think of it, she lights the whole solar system with one big bulb."

As always, Feder started out by deciding on his objective and then went in search of the means to achieve it. In determining the optimum height for the towers, he says, he did not climb up from the ground but, so to speak, stepped down from the sky. In this particular case, he would have preferred not to step down quite so far, but even he could not figure out a way to have the towers any higher than seventy-five feet. At that height they could be three hundred and twenty-five feet apart, which struck him as somewhat bunched up but not too bunched up. There remained the major problem of creating a strong enough lamp, and Feder suggested that General Electric produce a fifteen-hundred-watt quartz mercury-vapor tube. To General Electric, an empire with vast research facilities, this was as if a street fiddler had tried to tell Jascha Heifetz how to play the violin. G.E. replied calmly that at the moment it happened to be experimenting with a far stronger lamp—a three-thousand-watt quartz mercury-vapor tube. This, however, proved to be fifty-five inches long, and would require an impossibly heavy luminaire. The fifteen-hundred-watt lamp that Feder asked for would be only nineteen inches long, and the luminaire would be manageable. General Electric was won over, and soon work began on the lamps, the fixtures, and the towers. Nobody knew whether the lamps would do what Feder had promised, and tension mounted at Feder's office, at General Electric, and at the Port Authority. Finally, in the spring of 1957, one tower was finished and a fifteen-hundred-watt lamp was installed on it. At eleven o'clock one night in mid-March, the first test was

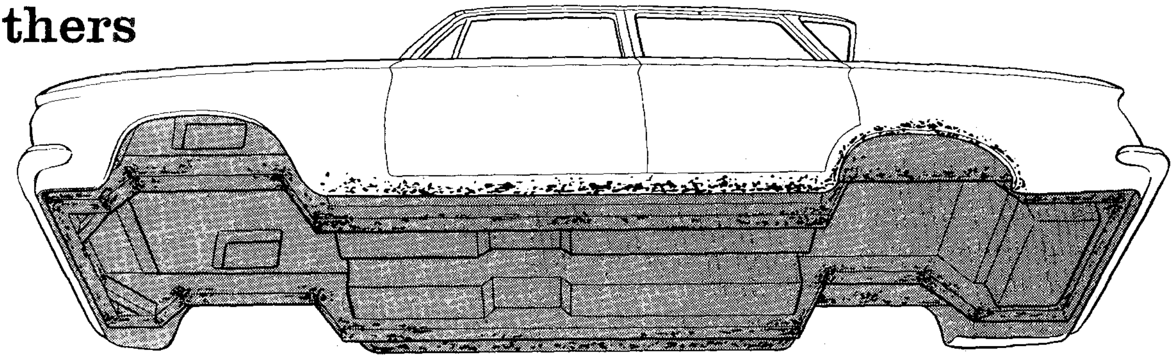
Ford Motor Company builds better bodies

Which car is more rust resistant?

Ours



Others



Special zinc coating protects body parts against corrosion in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

The underside of a car body has exposed parts that are especially vulnerable now that so many chemical compounds are used to keep roads clean and dry. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, the most vulnerable body parts are galvanized, zinc-coated to protect them against rust and corrosion.

* * *

If you compare door latches, you will see that in our cars they are bigger and heavier than door latches in other cars. This makes for a tighter, stronger grip which reduces the possibility of doors springing open under impact. Statistics show that passengers who remain inside the car in an accident are twice as safe.

Our car hoods have an advantage over most others. They are narrower in design. And not only are they made with double walls, but these walls are thicker. The result is extra rigidity that eliminates the fluttering that is so disconcerting at highway speeds.

Also, our car hoods are insulated. Many others are not. That's one reason there is less noise in the Ford Family of Fine Cars.

* * *

Doors in the Ford Family of Fine Cars are stronger. They are braced with steel ribs. This means they are more rigid and therefore close tighter and quieter, reducing the likelihood of developing squeaks and rattles.

Rubber body mounts are used to seal out road and engine noise. They help prevent it from being transmitted into the car. The more rubber body mounts there are, the more effective the sound barrier becomes. In the Ford Family of Fine Cars, with more insulating body mounts, you get a remarkably quiet ride.

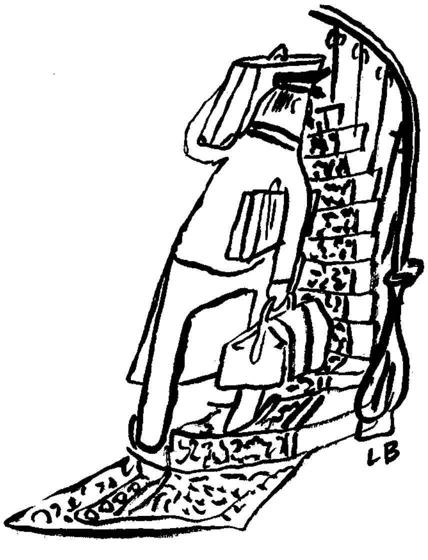
* * *

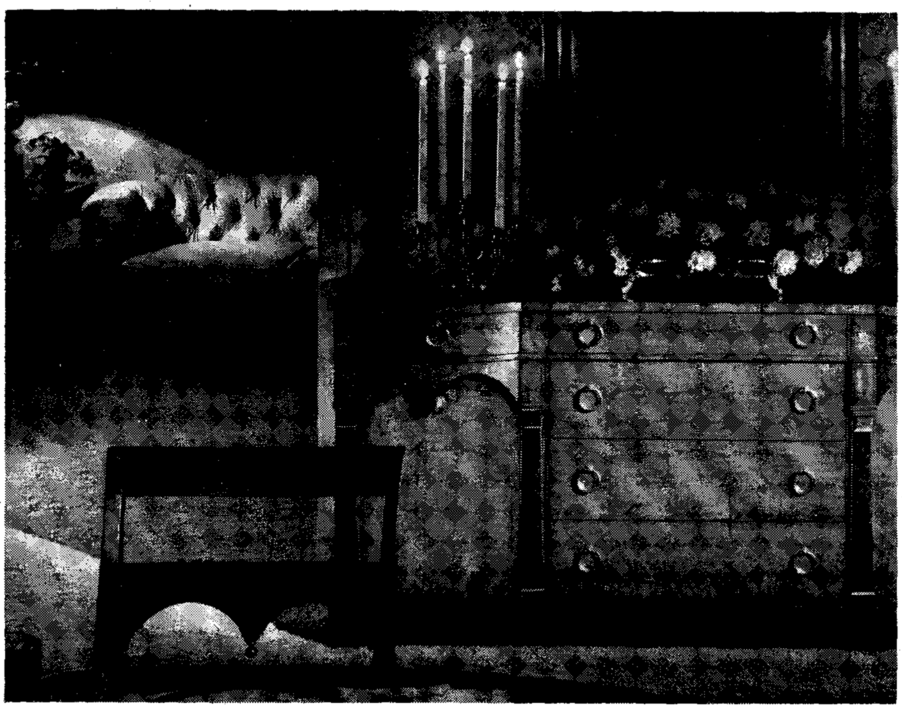
You have now read five of the many reasons why we think you will find (upon comparing our cars with the others) that *Ford Motor Company builds better bodies.*

Ford Motor Company
American Road, Dearborn, Michigan

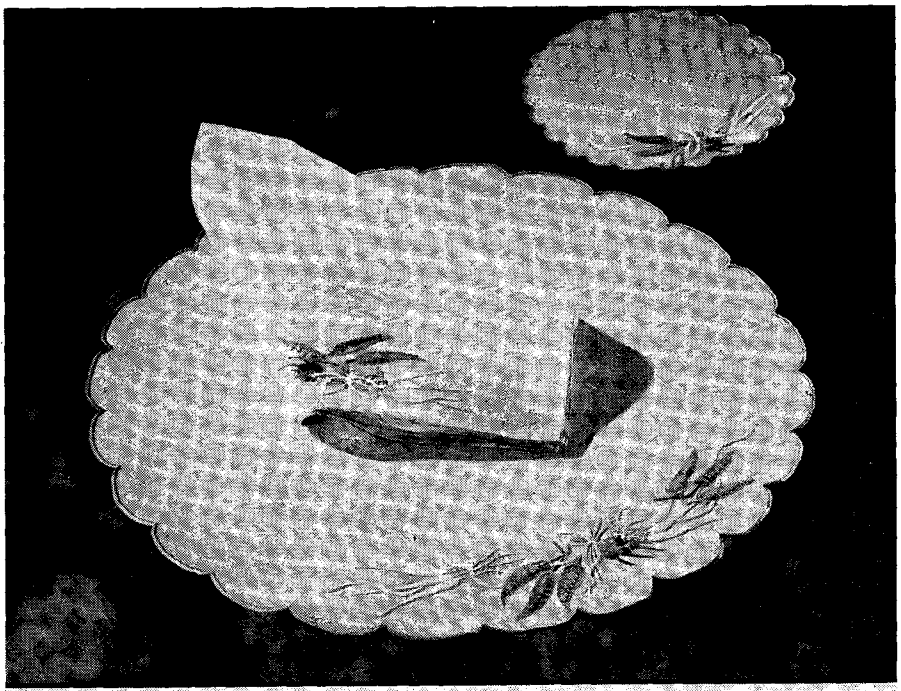
FORD • FALCON • THUNDERBIRD • COMET • MERCURY • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL held. Feder and his staff, the big brass from General Electric, and the Port Authority chiefs were all there. Feder will not soon forget that night. "It was murder," he says, with feeling. "Everybody was staring up into the darkness, expecting a sun to appear. Then the power was turned on, and instead of a sun there appeared, high above and far away, a mousy little light that looked like a twenty-five-watt bulb. A pimple. It was disastrous. The Port Authority had shelled out a fortune, and General Electric another fortune. No one so much as looked at me. I went home in silence and defeat. It was the worst flop of my life, and I've had some pretty bad ones." Feder, however, wasted no time in being sorry for himself; he promptly set out to find the cause of the trouble. After all, the lamp had been extensively tested in General Electric's laboratories. Within two weeks, he was able to show that someone had made a mathematical error involving the amount of voltage the lamp would require, and he asked for another test. This time, everybody said the lamp did indeed look like a sun.

It is now generally agreed that Feder achieved his objective. At night, the Central Terminal Plaza is literally bathed in light. There are clusters of from six to twelve luminaires on each tower, so arranged that the light patterns overlap and people move in a field of even brightness. There is practically no shadow, and a minimum of glare. Pilots can see the layout from far away, and the ground is clearly visible to technicians in the control tower. The Terminal City, says an article in the *American City*, "could hold every baseball park in both major leagues, United Nations Headquarters, Madison Square Garden, the Pentagon, New York's Grand Central and Penn-




Heritage furniture, a living tradition in America's homes, interprets the best of the past for now and the future. For booklet—living, dining, bedroom collections—send fifty cents to Heritage Furniture, Inc., Dept.NY-10, High Point, N. C.

HERITAGE
DESIGN ✱ CRAFTSMANSHIP


Carrots and Peas by Marghab
Sophistication in miniature. Colored vegetables on natural linen.
Service for 4, $57.50; Service for 8, $115.
Mail orders invited. Write for 1960 Christmas Catalog.
667 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y. WILMOT RIDGE, SCARSDALE, N.Y.
GEORG JENSEN INC

Who buys all the groceries?

HARD PEOPLE, SOFT PEOPLE OR REAL PEOPLE?

There aren't any hard or soft people in supermarkets, are there? Only in our funny picture, and in trade talk—where a man who specializes in waffle mixes, for example, is called a "soft goods man." And a man who specializes in waffle *irons* is called a "hard goods man." Now, we know that people who make things have to specialize somewhat. After all, we couldn't have blueberry irons and steel waffles.

But people who buy things don't specialize. They buy both waffle mixes and waffle irons. And what's more, they read ads and watch commercials about both. We know, because we make advertising. We don't make products. We make products *interesting*.

And yet, we're occasionally asked whether we're hard or soft. Or how many "peanut butter people" we have. Well, we have lots of "peanut butter people," but right now they're working as "truck tire people" and "transoceanic travel people." So you see? We only have people—700 of them. And the only thing they specialize in is advertising—whatever you specialize in making.

What *do* you specialize in making? We can be reached by writing President's Office over our Detroit address.

CAMPBELL-EWALD ADVERTISING

DETROIT 2, MICH. · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES · HOLLYWOOD · SAN FRANCISCO · WASHINGTON · DENVER · ATLANTA · DALLAS · KANSAS CITY · CINCINNATI

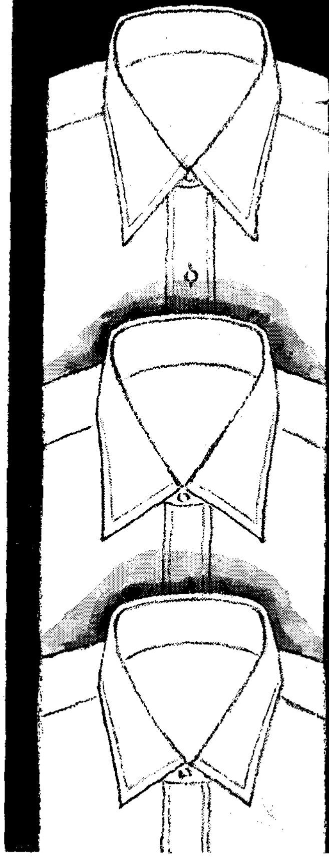
ANOTHER QUESTION: Would you say that a man who can sell head lettuce to head-hunters has to know more about head lettuce, or more about head-hunters?

IF TODAY IS YOUR BIRTHDAY AND NO ONE REMEMBERED

BUY YOURSELF A $14.50 SHIRT AT SULKA

(if you'd just as soon they forget . . . buy two!)

A. Sulka & Company
New York, 405 Park Avenue at 54 Street.
Chicago, 6 S. Michigan Ave.
San Francisco, 278 Post Street.



Fine English Poplin in Three Superb Collar Styles
Traditional Collar
Pointed Spread Collar
Short Points, Modified Spread

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

With you in mind . . .
from fabric to authentic styling,
the Kuppenheimer outercoat
is "personally yours". . .
designed and handcrafted
with you in mind.
The dressy coat: richly lined,
luxuriously detailed.
from $95 to $200

Kuppenheimer Clothes

KUPPENHEIMER CLOTHES • AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

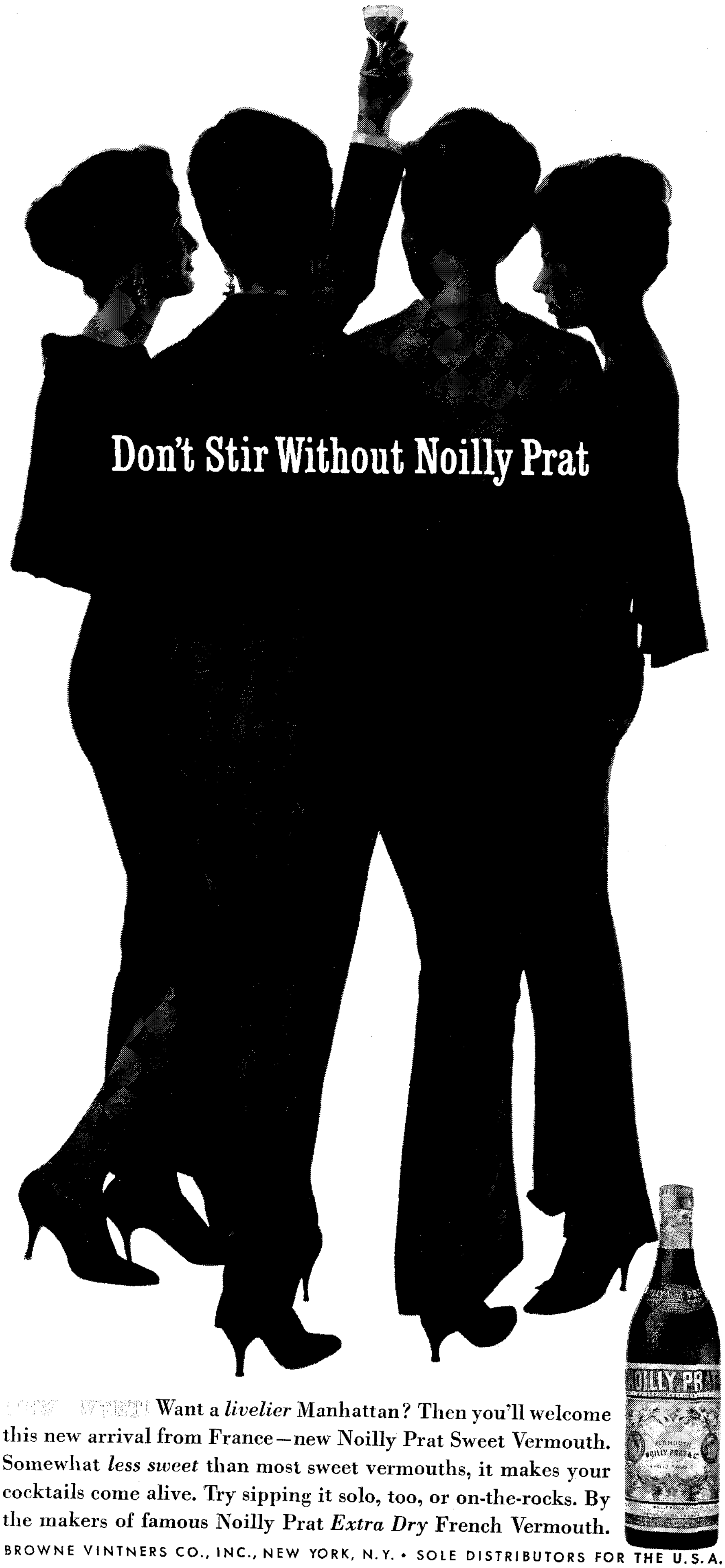
sylvania Stations, Rockefeller Center, Jefferson Memorial, Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, the New York Coliseum, the Washington Capitol, and the White House." Feder is naturally pleased with the realization of the vision he saw on that rainy December night. "Considering that approximately six million nine hundred thousand square feet have been illuminated to an average level of three to eight foot-candles by means of only forty-three towers and three hundred thirty-eight luminaires," he has written in *Illuminating Engineering*, "it is difficult to believe that this design does not belong to the future already."

FEDER was born in Milwaukee on June 27, 1909. His father operated a restaurant, and Feder's first job, as a small boy, was to deliver coffee and sandwiches. When he was fourteen, he blew his first fuse while trying to dim the lights for a high-school play, and that same year he and an older sister went to see the famous magician known as the Great Thurston at a local theatre. "The experience is as vivid to me now as it was then," he says. "My sister and I sat in the balcony watching Thurston make people appear and disappear with the help of black curtains, but what really fascinated me was the lights. Colored, dazzling lights all over the stage! I went home in a dream. I couldn't sleep for two nights; I saw the lights whenever I closed my eyes. I have been obsessed with light ever since. Other boys played with footballs and postage stamps. I played with light."

In the fall of 1926, Feder went to the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburgh, preceded by a letter of recommendation from his high-school principal that described him as "a kid with a passion for lighting." Much of his time at Carnegie Tech was spent in lighting the shows of the Drama Department, and he desecrated the campus theatre by sawing and boring holes around the stage to accommodate special lights. For a while, he studied architecture, as the closest thing to lighting he could find, but he was disappointed when his teachers refused to recognize light as a separate architectural element, and at the end of his sophomore year he left college to devote himself solely to lighting. At the time, he recalls that one of his teachers told him, "Abe, you're walking down a road that's never been walked before."

Toward the end of 1928, Feder got himself a job as lighting designer with the Goodman Theatre, a professional repertory group in Chicago. He considered—and still considers—the stage the perfect place for trying out his ideas. "Everybody can see the difference between a well-lit and a badly lit play," he says. "In a play, the slightest mistake shows up, and the whole character of the show may be changed by the lights. Stage lighting is a mixture of science and art. Scene follows scene. You must rely on speed, flexibility, and a minimum of machinery. I learned to discipline myself in the theatre. Simplicity of impression is important, and then there is always the safety factor—the danger of people getting hurt by pieces of machinery. Yes, the theatre taught me a lot of things. I can still see Lynn Fontanne during a rehearsal of the S. N. Behrman play 'The Pirate.' Suddenly she stopped in the middle of the stage and said to me, 'There's a shadow, Abe. A light has to come down.' Fontanne is conscious of light because she knows the art of illusion. She knows that light is a tricky thing. It can be a blessing if you know how to tame it and a monster if you let it get out of hand."

In 1930, Feder came to New York, where he lighted the Yiddish theatre productions at the America Theatre in the Bronx. At twenty-one, he was the youngest lighting expert in the business, but he was already well known for his fanaticism. During the thirties, he took jobs where he could find them—at the Manhattan Y.M.H.A., in Woodstock, in the Catskills, on Broadway, and with the Federal Theatre. It was a busy time—a dramatic show one night, an opera or a ballet the next. Feder was happy; the Federal Theatre put over a million dollars' worth of equipment at his disposal, and soon he enjoyed a great success—the lighting of Orson Welles' 1937 production of Christopher Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." "Dr. Faustus," dealing, as it does, with a good many disembodied characters, presented some unusual problems, and Feder's solution of them is now considered a milestone in the history of theatrical lighting. Welles and Feder decided to do the play without the conventional trapdoors and other gimmicks, and to rely entirely on lighting for sets and atmosphere. Feder created three-dimensional effects with light, producing pools of light, curtains of light, and walls of light, and by his use of light and darkness he made people appear and disappear every bit as skillfully as the Great Thurston had by his methods. The critics were overwhelmed. George Jean


Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat
OILLY PR

NEW SWEET! Want a *livelier* Manhattan? Then you'll welcome this new arrival from France—new Noilly Prat Sweet Vermouth. Somewhat *less sweet* than most sweet vermouths, it makes your cocktails come alive. Try sipping it solo, too, or on-the-rocks. By the makers of famous Noilly Prat *Extra Dry* French Vermouth.

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

Nathan called Feder "a genius with light."

That same year, Feder was faring less well on Broadway. For the production of "I'd Rather Be Right," starring George M. Cohan, he devised an intricate system of atmospheric lighting effects. At the first rehearsal, Cohan asked to be hit with an old-fashioned spotlight as he came onstage. Feder, back in the orchestra, explained over the intercom to George S. Kaufman, the director, that such spotlights were not used any more and that Mr. Cohan could be seen well from every seat in the house. Kaufman passed the message on to Cohan, who replied that he wanted a spotlight. His father had had a spotlight, his mother had had a spotlight, and he wanted a spotlight. Kaufman relayed the message to Feder, who answered, "Tell Mr. Cohan that his father came to the theatre in a buggy." A few seconds later, Kaufman's voice came over the intercom saying, "Mr. Cohan says you are fired."

Since those days, Feder has lit about three hundred shows (he is not quite certain of the actual number), among them "A Passenger to Bali," "Angel Street," "Out of This World," "A Sleep of Prisoners," "Three Wishes for Jamie," "The Flowering Peach," "The Wisteria Trees," "Inherit the Wind," "Visit to a Small Planet," "Orpheus Descending," and "Time Remembered," but he is undoubtedly best known for his lighting of "My Fair Lady"—perhaps because everybody connected with "My Fair Lady" is best known for it, regardless of his other achievements. He has never ceased to experiment in the theatre, and this fall, typically, he has evolved something new for "Camelot," a show that has so many different sets that there is scarcely room for lights. Confronted by this problem, Feder designed a new thousand-watt bulb—the standard wattage used in the theatre—that is fifty per cent smaller than the usual variety. The smaller light has made it possible to use more and taller scenery, and the *Herald Tribune* has commented, "Technological improvements in the theatre come but rarely; Feder apparently has made one."

In September, 1943, Feder joined the Army Air Forces, and for the next couple of years he found himself doing a variety of chores, including the lighting for the A.A.F. production of "Winged Victory." He was discharged on October 25, 1945, and that very day was invited to undertake the lighting of the new Terrace Plaza Hotel (now the Terrace Hilton), in Cincinnati. In

Cables Front Our Sweater Scene

Imported from Scotland

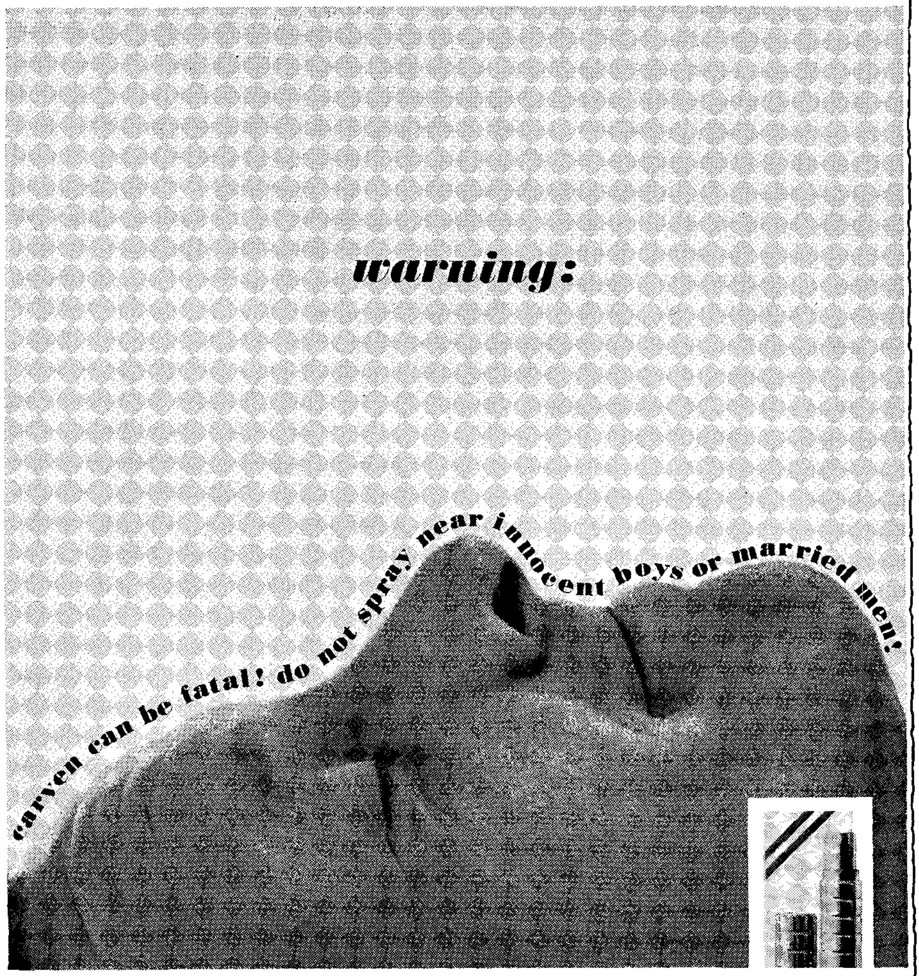
Knitted in Scotland of warm shetland wool exclusively for us, this good-looking cable stitch pullover offers a new leisure-time fashion for Fall weekends. You'll like the new rich shades of blue burgundy, grey olive, grey gold, old gold and rust lovat. Sizes 38-46 . . . $20.

Mail Orders Invited

Rogers Peet company
NEW YORK BOSTON

In New York:
Fifth Avenue *at* 48th Street
Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
Broadway *at* Warren St.

In Boston:
Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

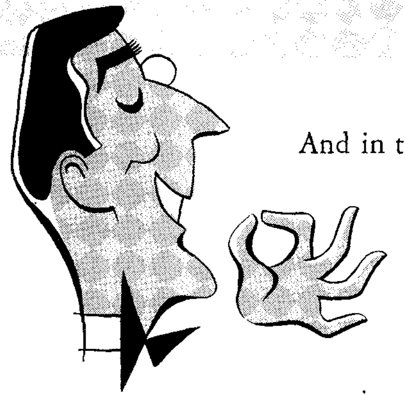

warning:
carven can be fatal! do not spray near innocent boys or married men!

carven-parfums mis-s-s-st-i-fier • ma griffe • robe d'un soir • vert et blanc from $5.00 (plus fed. tax)

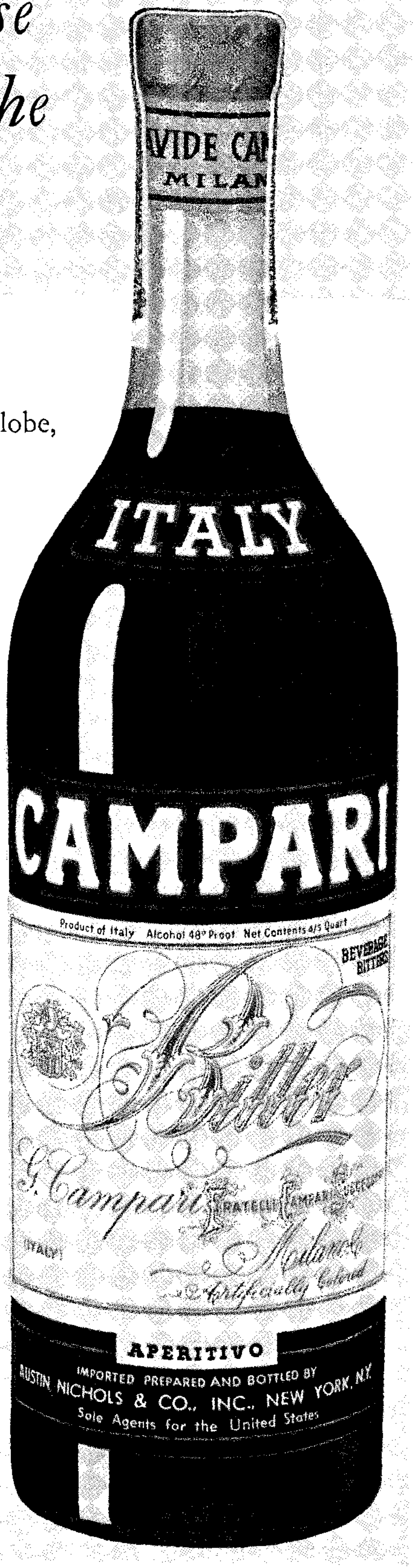
ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD--AND STILL A CHAMPION

BITTER CAMPARI

The hundred year old House of Campari Salutes the Olympic Winners!



And in these days when smart Italian styling is exerting influence throughout the globe, Italian *Bitter Campari* is attracting a host of new friends wherever fine food and drink are appreciated. Served in a wide variety of long and short drinks, delightful alone, this favorite international *Aperitivo* is an adventure worth trying.


DAVIDE CAMPARI
MILANO
ITALY
CAMPARI
Product of Italy Alcohol 48° Proof Net Contents 4/5 Quart
BEVERAGE BITTERS
Bitter
G. Campari
FRATELLI CAMPARI
Milano
ITALY
Artificially Colored
APERITIVO
IMPORTED PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
AUSTIN NICHOLS & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sole Agents for the United States

TEAR OUT—TO REMEMBER

AMERICANO

½ Jigger Bitter Campari, ½ Jigger Italian Vermouth, squeeze of lemon rind, cracked ice. Serve with or without sparkling water. (*This is a very popular drink on the French Riviera*).

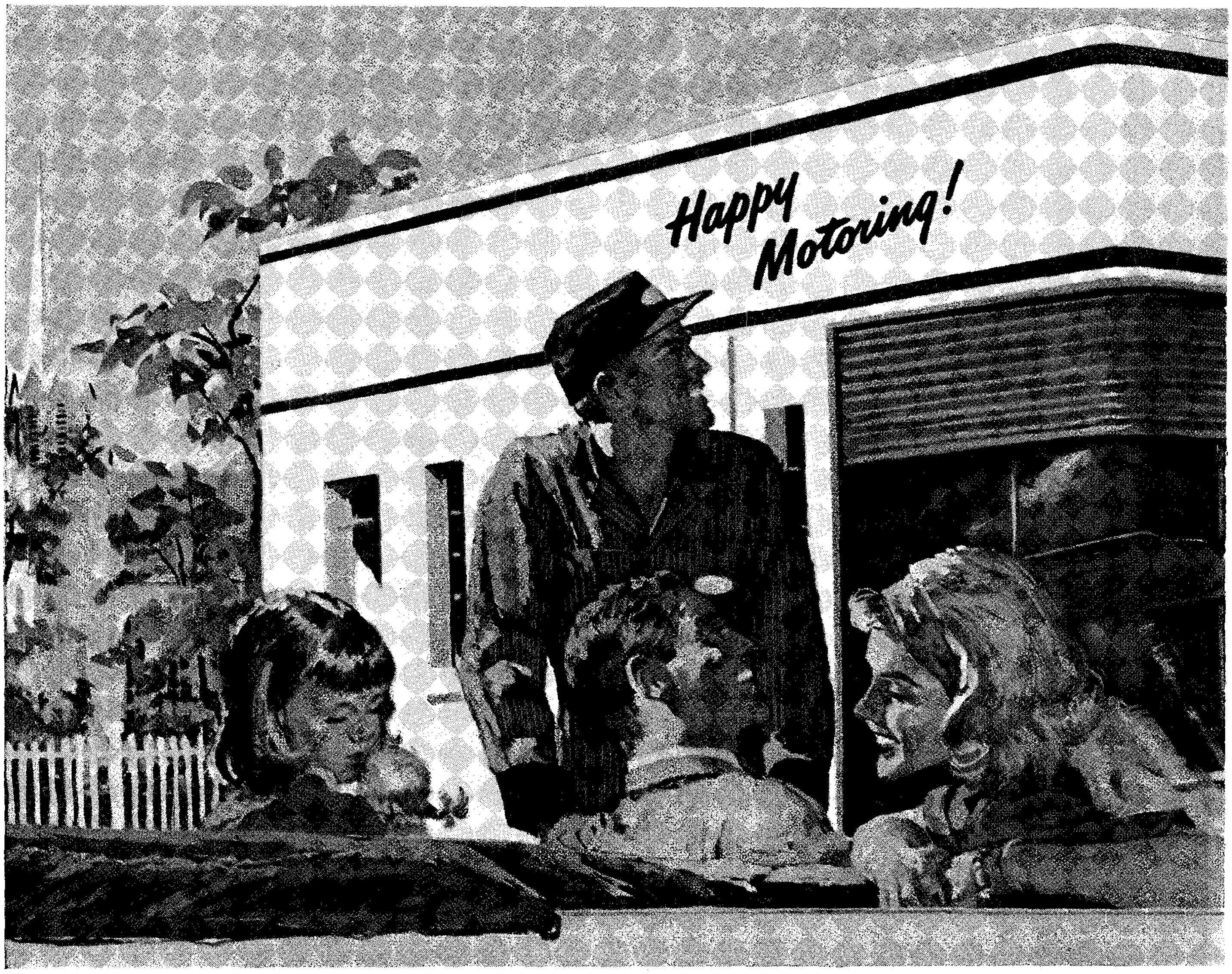
NEGRONI COCKTAIL

(Also called the CAMPARI COCKTAIL)
⅓ Bitter Campari, ⅓ Gin, ⅓ Italian Vermouth, cracked ice. Shake well and strain into a cocktail glass. (*Also frequently served as a long drink by adding sparkling water.*)

IMPORTED, PREPARED & BOTTLED FOR UNITED STATES BY

Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK

48 Proof


Happy Motoring!

5 LEADING REGIONAL OIL AMERICA'S LEADING

To serve you better coast-to-coast, 5 leading regional oil companies have joined hands to form a new Humble Oil & Refining Company. The name comes from an oil field and a town near Houston, which was the origin of Humble Oil Company almost 50 years ago.

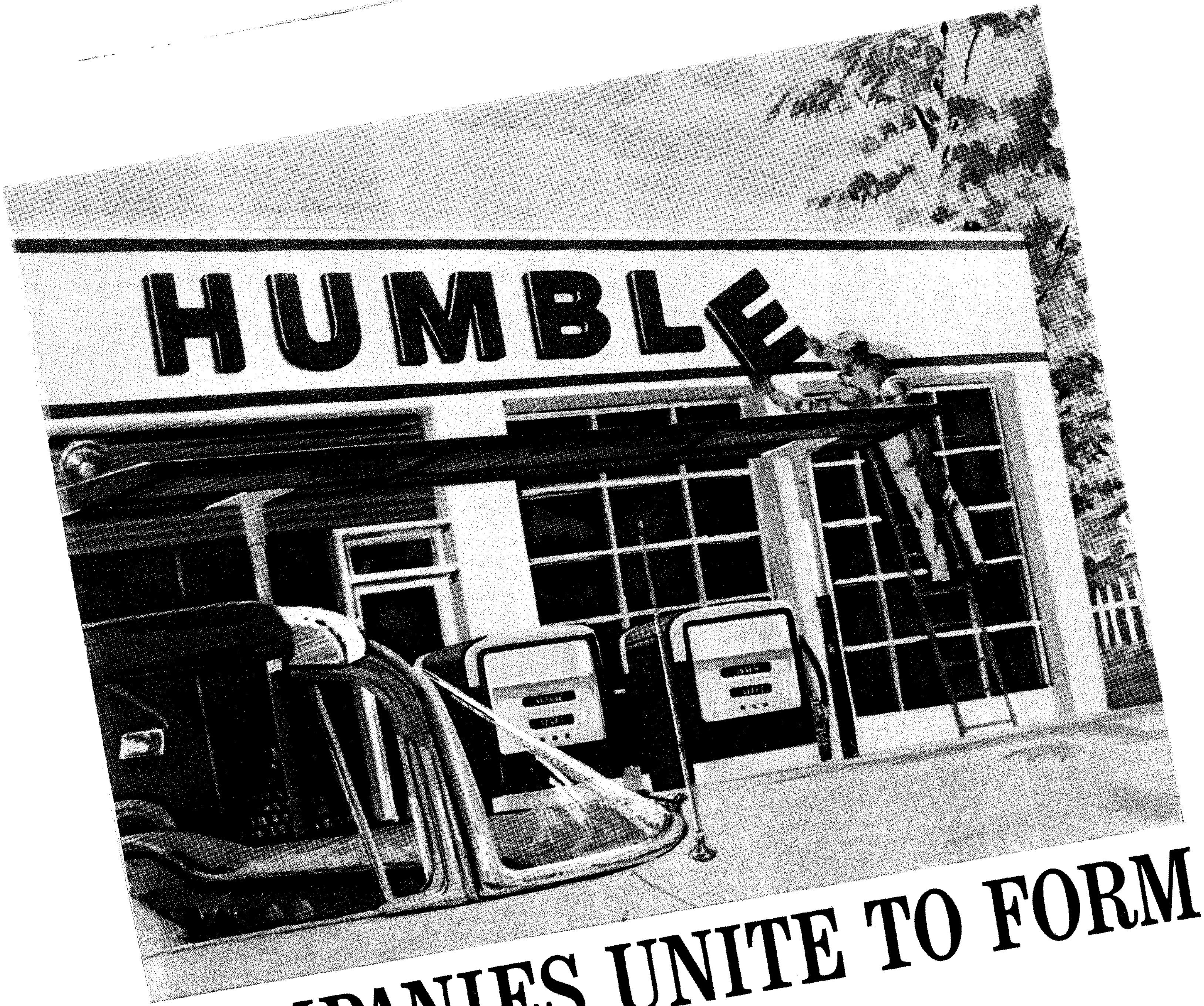
In the fast developing Age of Energy, this is an important move. It joins the skills and resources of all these companies into a single closely-knit organization that now markets products coast-to-coast.

The new Humble is America's Leading Energy Company. It finds, refines, distributes, and markets more natural gas, oil and petroleum products for America's growing needs, than any other domestic oil operation. It is backed by the leading petroleum research laboratories in the nation . . . with more oil and petrochemical advances to their credit than any other U.S. Research group. This new organization under Humble Management offers opportunities for greater efficiencies in oil exploration, drilling, production, transportation and marketing.

The new Humble Oil & Refining Company looks forward to expansion in two important areas.

Geographical expansion – as a marketer with more than 30,000 service stations, now enabled through this move to operate in all 50 states.

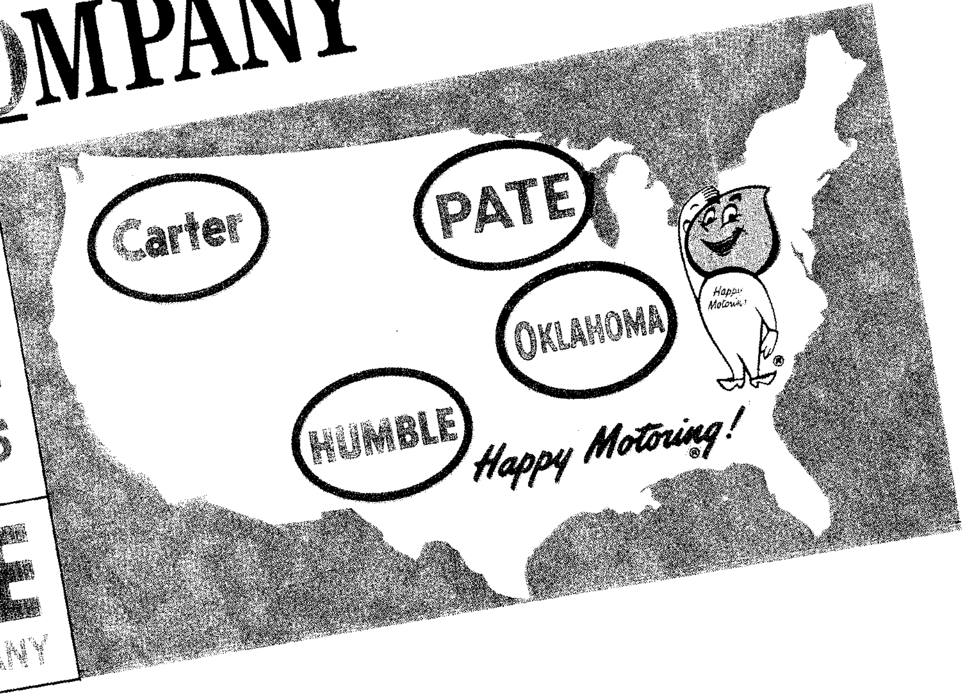
New product expansion – not only in improved fuels and lubricants, like the remarkable new Uniflo Motor Oil, but also in the exciting new field of petro-chemistry where hundreds of new and useful products have been improved or developed because of Humble research.

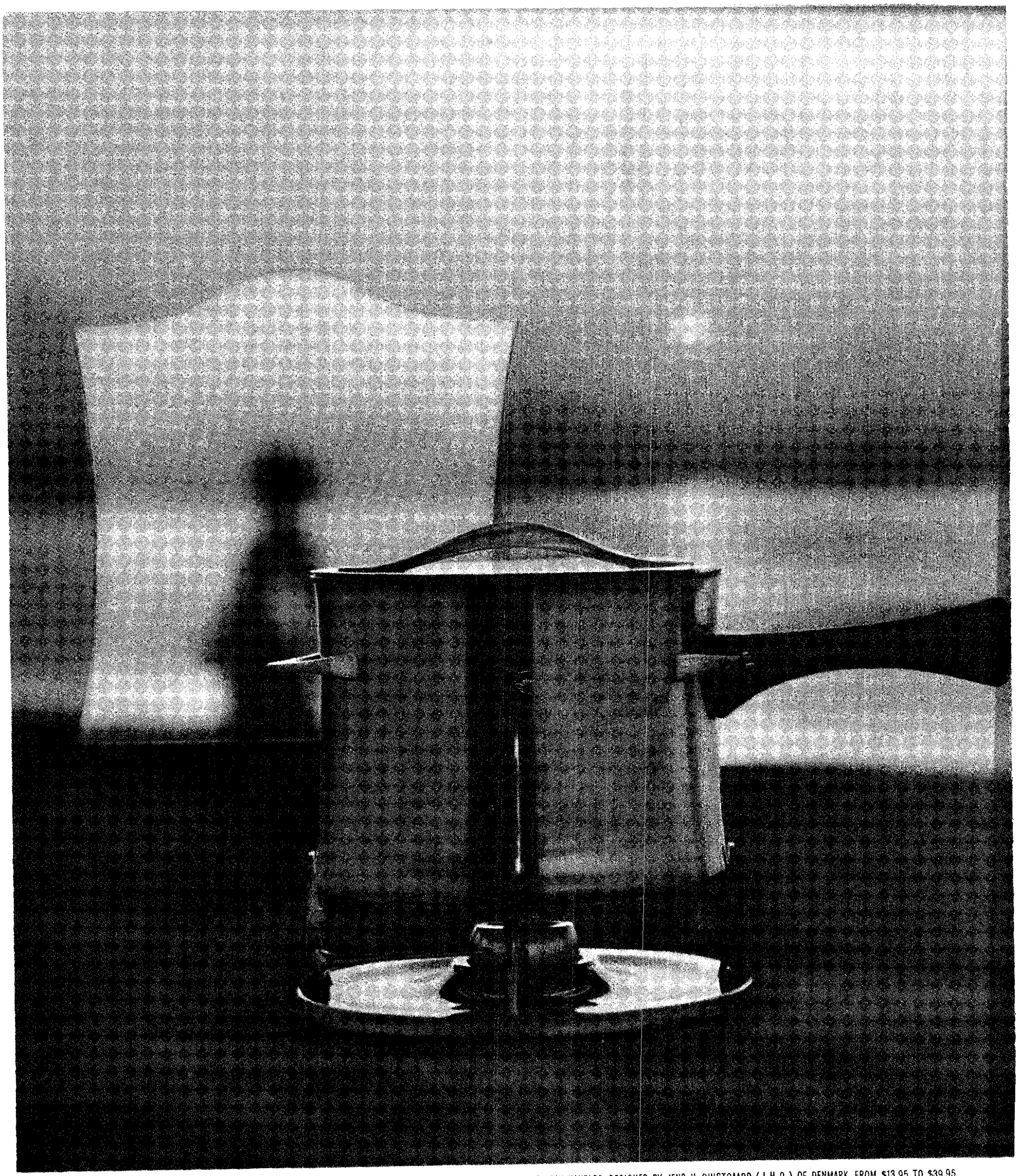


COMPANIES UNITE TO FORM ENERGY COMPANY

RECOGNIZE US
COAST-TO-COAST
BY THESE FINE
TRADE MARKS

HUMBLE
OIL & REFINING COMPANY


Carter
PATE
OKLAHOMA
HUMBLE
Happy Motoring!
Happy Motoring!



HAND CRAFTED 2 TO 7 QUART CASSEROLES WITH PORCELAIN INSERTS, SAUCEPANS, CHAFING DISH, DETACHABLE TEAK HANDLES. DESIGNED BY JENS H. QUISTGAARD (J. H. Q.) OF DENMARK. FROM $13.95 TO $39.95.

This is what happens
when Dansk works gleaming copper.
We call it 'Quistgaard's Copper.'

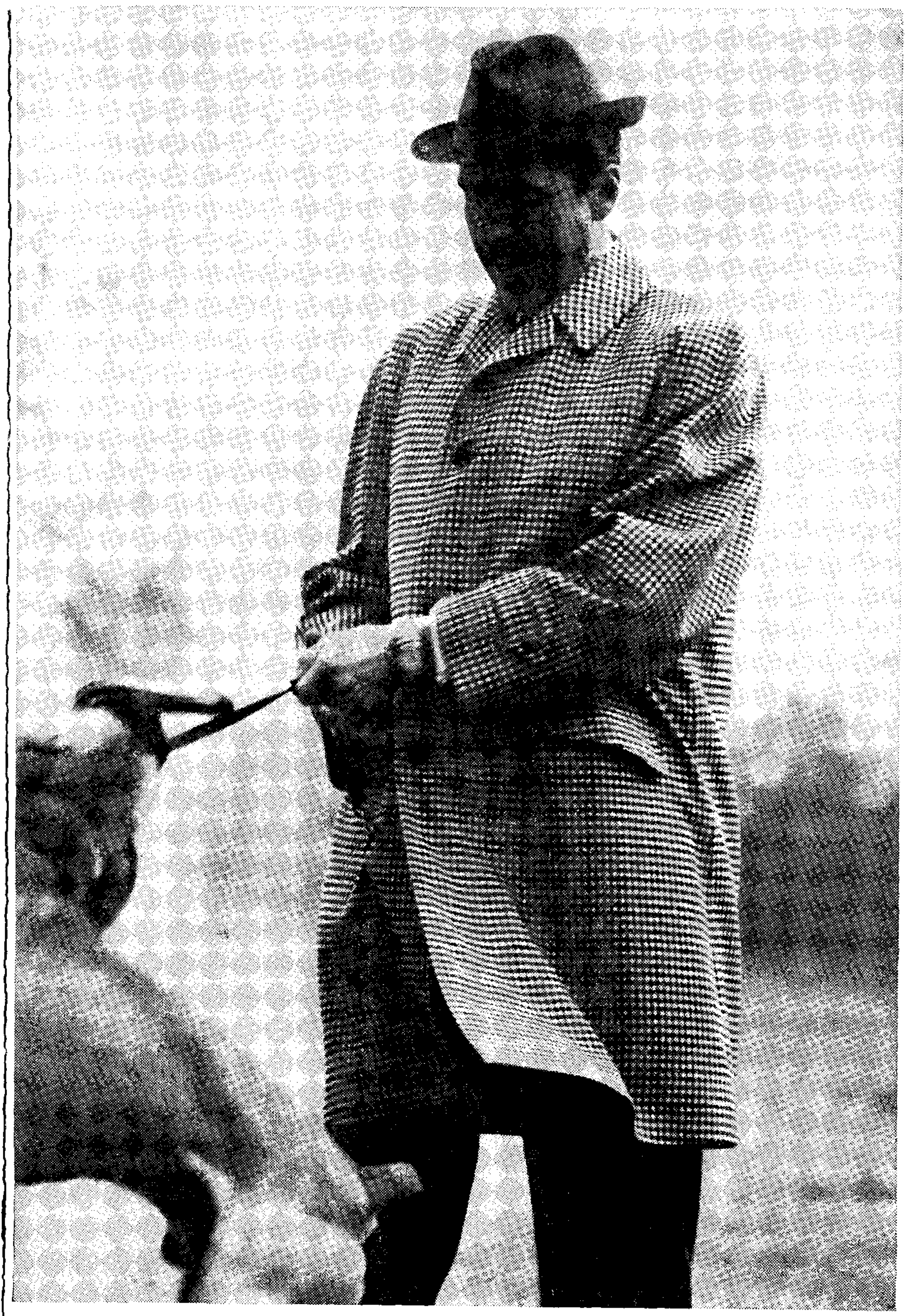
DANSK®

FOR BROCHURES OF OUR COLLECTIONS, WRITE DANSK DESIGNS, INC., DEPT. Y1022, GREAT NECK, N.

the years since, although he has done an occasional show, he has been mostly absorbed by the possibilities of what he calls "the larger stage of life." The Terrace Plaza occupied the upper eleven floors of a twenty-one-story business building, and Feder's job was to dramatize those eleven floors. Using his now familiar techniques of floodlighting, installing translucent ceilings (for the first time in history), and audaciously contriving optical illusions to create certain psychological effects, he brought off the job at a cost of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. He is sentimental about the hotel—his first important commercial job—and often talks about it. Since its completion, he has never been without more work than he can handle conveniently.

THE headquarters of Lighting by Feder is a suite of offices in a drab West Thirty-eighth Street loft building that could use some lighting by Feder. There is no "forward light thinking" in Feder's office, but his home, a five-room apartment on East Seventy-ninth Street, is a different story, for it is there that he has tried out many of his major bulb advances. In the living room, a Focalite throws out a "wash" of light, and on a quiet evening Feder may be found playing canasta with his wife in this wash, or reading—probably history or biography—under a special reflector lamp installed in the ceiling. (He invented this type of lamp in the course of lighting the branches of the Bankers Trust Company.) On some evenings, though, he is more likely to be found in his office. The job of a lighting designer is essentially a lonely one, and it is made more lonely by the fact that much of it must be done at night. Darkness is necessary for anyone experimenting with light, and Feder has often spent the small hours targeting powerful beams against the empty skyscrapers and department stores near his office—sometimes calling on one or another of his associates to help him. These associates are few. Besides Rachel Meltzer, two engineers, two draftsmen, and two secretaries share his offices. In spite of the growing volume of work, he does not want Lighting by Feder to become a large enterprise, for he feels that he must give each job his personal attention.

One afternoon not long ago, I went to see Feder at his office. When I arrived, he was talking on the phone and making small sketches on bits of paper, which he handed, one by one, to Miss Meltzer. As he carried on a technical discussion about a new sealed-beam



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS

Aquascutum
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE PRINCE OF WALES
1930 - 1936
WATERPROOFERS

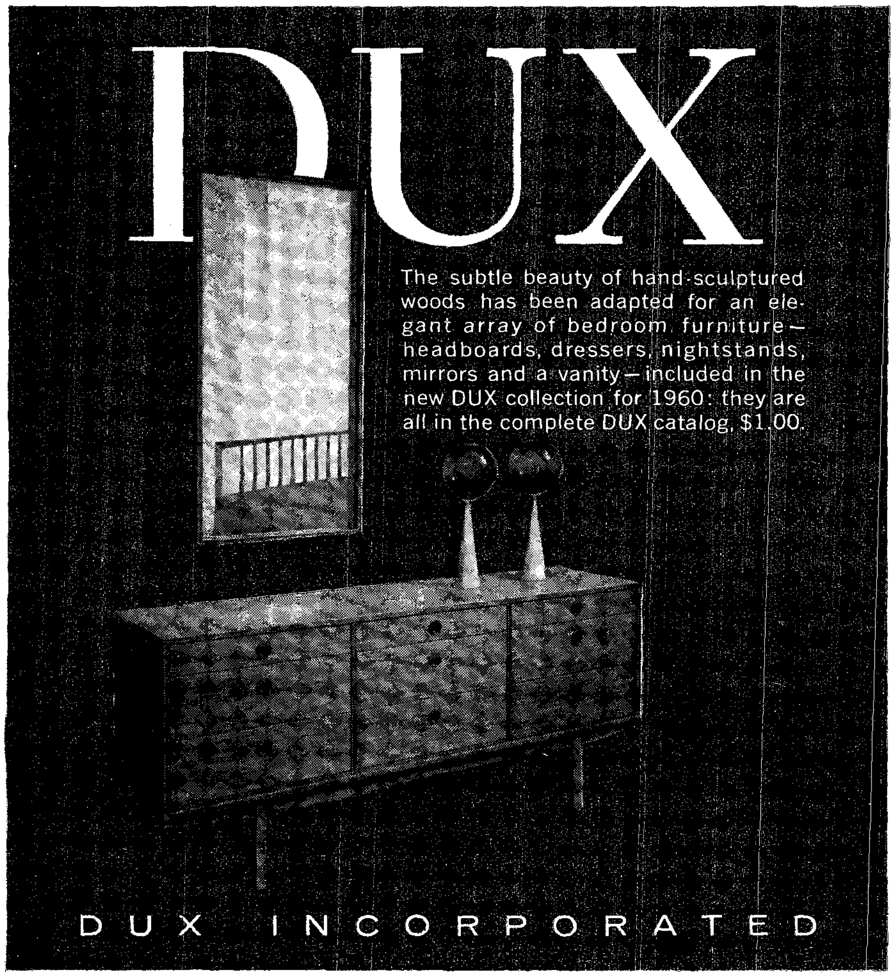
Presents the new wool Scutum coats that fool the weather

Woven in a special way from the very finest wool, Scutum Cloths give you coats of superb quality. These British woollens show their pedigree even after years of wear. Exclusively Aquascutum, they come in a unique variety of patterns and in weights that are perfect for the American climate. Warm or cold — wet or dry, in a Scutum coat you're set to face the weather — and the world — in impeccable comfort.

Aquascutum, makers of fine clothes since 1851, offers you Scutum coats at fine shops everywhere. From about $85.00 - $125.00.

AQUASCUTUM CO. LTD., 2 East 37 Street, New York 16, New York

BRITISH MENSWEAR GUILD THE BEST FROM BRITAIN



The subtle beauty of hand-sculptured woods has been adapted for an elegant array of bedroom furniture—headboards, dressers, nightstands, mirrors and a vanity—included in the new DUX collection for 1960: they are all in the complete DUX catalog, $1.00.

DUX INCORPORATED

New York / Chicago / Dallas / Los Angeles / San Francisco / Malmo, Sweden

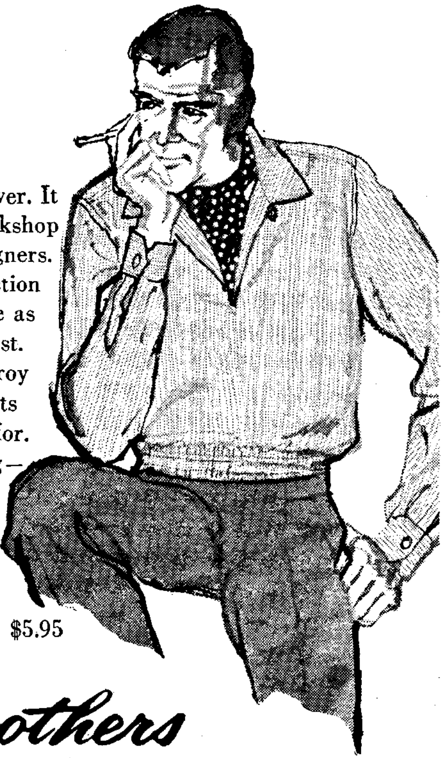
• FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS •

Fenn-Feinstein OF NEW HAVEN

NEW FASHION ARRIVAL FROM ITALY!

It's a shirt. It's a jacket. It's a pullover. It was made for us alone—in the workshop of one of Italy's most daring designers. The tailoring: a deft alliance of function and fashion that makes you feel free as you please . . . look neat at the waist. The fabric: a new 100% cotton corduroy in a new weight. So advanced in its styling. So soft. So easy to care for. It's nice to do everything—or nothing—in this exclusive versatile import! In fashion's lighter colors. Tan. Olive. Charcoal. $21.50.

To be worn with an ascot, of course! Imported silk. Solids, stripes, prints. $5.95



Frank Brothers
OUTFITTERS TO THE COMPLETE GENTLEMAN
9 East 57th Street, New York • 633 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
264 York Street, New Haven • Worth Avenue and County Road, Palm Beach

FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS • FRANK BROTHERS •

lamp, his voice was intense and high-pitched. At one point, he covered the mouthpiece with his hand and said, "Meltzer, where is that thing?" Miss Meltzer, without asking a question, went out of the room and came back with a color filter. Feder turned it over in his hand and surveyed it thoughtfully as he talked on. When the phone conversation was finished, he shook hands with me, lighted a cigar, and leaned back, permitting himself the luxury of a moment's exhaustion. Then he jutted his jaw and bounced upright in his chair, looking as energetic and dynamic as ever.

"I got only this one show this season," he said. "I love the stage, but right now we're so busy here that it's hard for me to do much theatre. We're doing the lighting scheme for the Assembly Hall of the University of Illinois. It's a huge dome that can be used as a basketball court or as an auditorium. We are lighting an eight-block-long section of Lincoln Road in Miami Beach. It'll be a pedestrian mall. No cars. The light will come from sixty-foot-high Maypoles. We are working on the lighting for the new Huntington Hartford Museum, which is going up on that little island in Columbus Circle. And we're doing the El Paso Museum of Art. Lighting paintings is a little like lighting a dramatic show. For a long time, museum practice has been to light the ceilings and walls with fluorescent channels and throw spotlights on the paintings. The character and colors of the individual paintings weren't taken into consideration. Financially, museum work is uninteresting for us, but a few years ago I became curious about it and began talking to artists and restorers. The restorer holds a painting so that the light falls across it, and looks at the brush strokes with a magnifying glass. That really started me thinking. I went to the Metropolitan Museum and measured some of the paintings with a light meter. There were considerable differences, of course—bright colors reflect more light than dark ones—but all the paintings were lit by similar lights, and the result was that the colors of some paintings were muddied. We began to play around with lighting paintings here in the office, and we first tried a combination of fluorescent and incandescent lights. The mixture—cold with warm—gave a nice patina of light, but the colors were still distorted. Then we installed red-tinted reflector lamps, and all of a sudden the colors of the paintings jumped right out at us."

Miss Meltzer reminded Feder that

Dreaming to Europe high above the clouds

You nestle snugly in rich glove leather....sip rare vintage wines....relax to continental melodies

Later, served by a charming Italian stewardess, you feast superbly as Italian hospitality.... Italian warmth and care bring you...

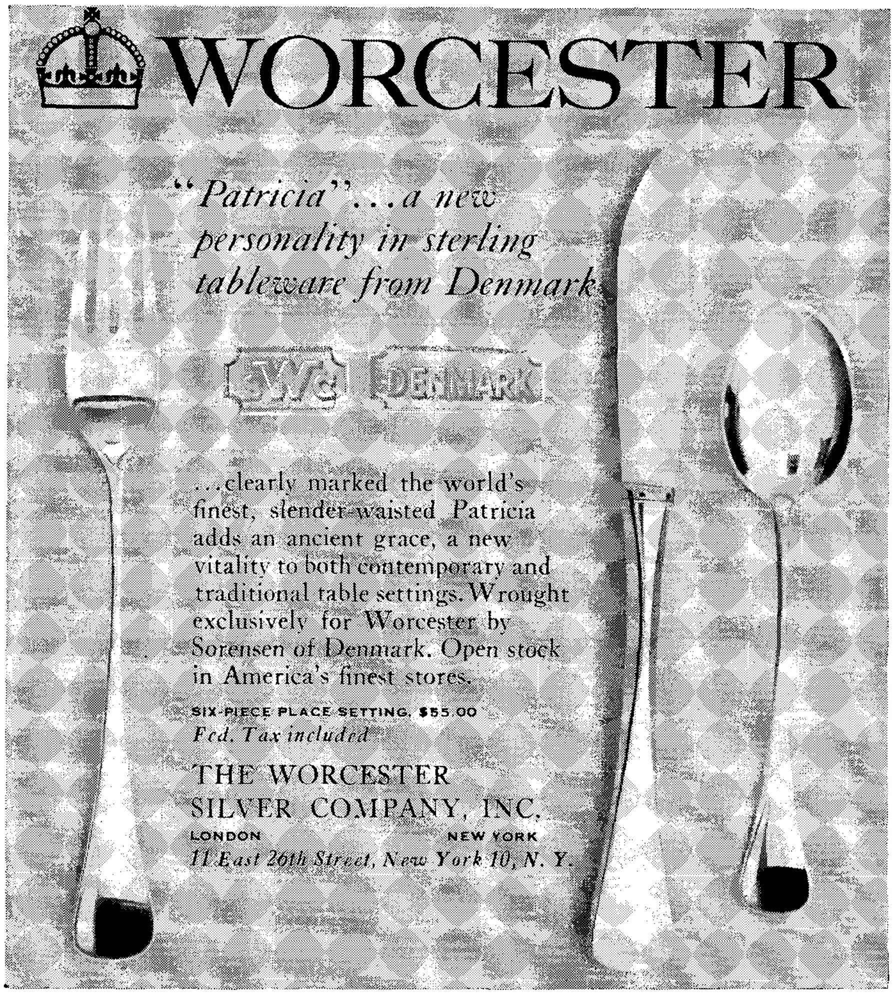
A new concept of elegant international Jet travel

Your plane: the spacious Super DC-8 — **your power:** Rolls Royce Jets, mightiest in the air — **your crew:** Italy's elite pilots . . . stewards from Europe's finest hotels.

ALITALIA

WINGED ARROW SERVICE~
Jet speed....Alitalia elegance

To Europe, Africa, Middle and
Far East via London, Milan, Rome
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



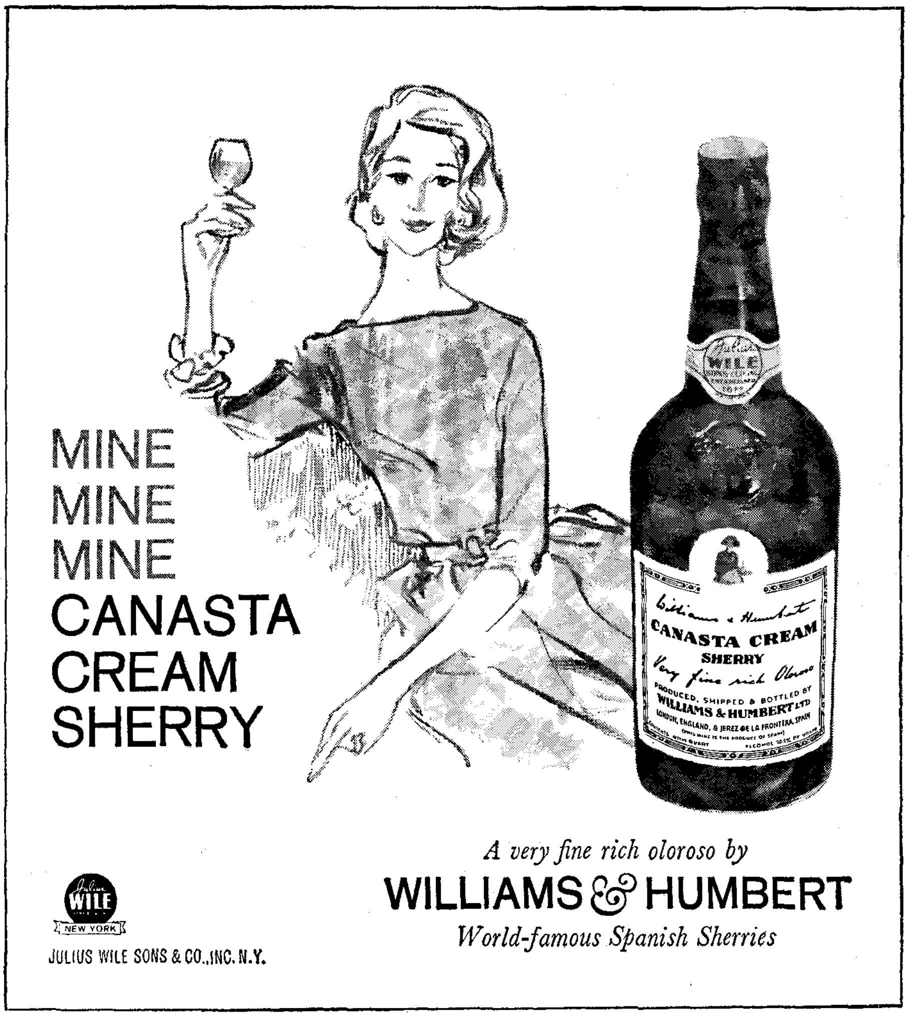
WORCESTER

"Patricia"... a new personality in sterling tableware from Denmark

...clearly marked the world's finest, slender-waisted Patricia adds an ancient grace, a new vitality to both contemporary and traditional table settings. Wrought exclusively for Worcester by Sorensen of Denmark. Open stock in America's finest stores.

SIX-PIECE PLACE SETTING, $55.00
Fed. Tax included

THE WORCESTER
SILVER COMPANY, INC.
LONDON NEW YORK
11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.



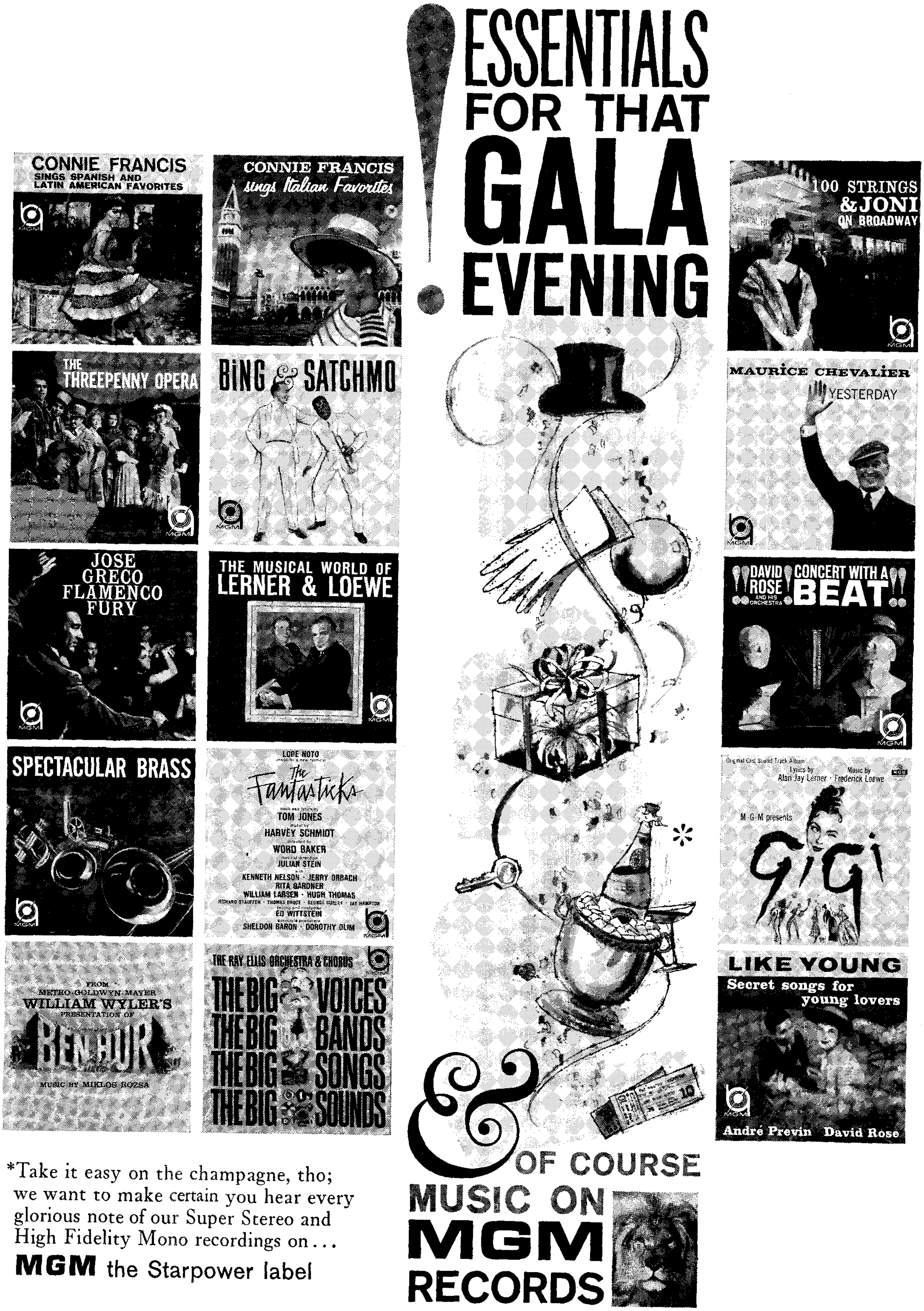
MINE
MINE
MINE
CANASTA
CREAM
SHERRY

A very fine rich oloroso by
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
World-famous Spanish Sherries

Julius WILE NEW YORK
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC. N.Y.

he had an appointment uptown. He nodded, but his mind was plainly elsewhere. "Museums, theatres, and churches pose similar basic problems," he said. "You've got to get people interested—you want to make an audience of them. What some architects still don't seem to realize, though, is that in a church there must always be enough light so that people can read their prayer books. Furthermore, all embellishments take on the character of religious symbols, so the visible luminaires must be ornamental. When we did the lighting for the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish chapels on the campus of Brandeis University, we tried to establish a solemn, meditative mood. We lit the benches with strong concealed-reflector lamps, installed twenty-five feet up. They give a diffused light, in which people can read their prayer books. To dramatize the true symbols—the altar, the priest, and so on—we targeted spotlights. When the priest addresses the congregation, it is possible to dim everything but one spotlight shining down on him."

Feder put out his cigar and leaned forward. "Now take an entirely different problem—the lighting of the Coliseum, here in New York," he said. "This was a matter of lighting a very large area—four stories, with a total floor space of nine acres. Besides the vast exhibition area—capable of accommodating four shows at once—there are lobbies, box offices, and corridors. In an exhibition hall, the goods displayed should look their best and people should have an expansive feeling. The emphasis must always be on the goods; they must look precisely what they are, and they, not the people, must be the center of attraction. We installed both fluorescent and incandescent light sources. The fluorescent tubes were enclosed in plastic-covered squares in the ceilings, so as not to distract people's attention from the displays. The incandescent lights were added, on the sides of the Coliseum's three-story well, to give a subtle pink glow and to make people look good. In such places, luminaires should always be inconspicuous, almost monotonous. In a different situation, you may want to go to the other extreme, and make the luminaire the center of attraction. A crystal chandelier in a large dining room may become a conversation piece. You have to have light there, so why not make a thing of it? Of course, the conversation piece must be planned as part of the architecture, not merely of the décor; otherwise it becomes an after-


! ESSENTIALS FOR THAT GALA EVENING
CONNIE FRANCIS SINGS SPANISH AND LATIN AMERICAN FAVORITES
CONNIE FRANCIS sings Italian Favorites
THE THREEPENNY OPERA
BING & SATCHMO
JOSE GRECO FLAMENCO FURY
THE MUSICAL WORLD OF LERNER & LOEWE
SPECTACULAR BRASS
LORE NOTO presents a new musical
The Fantasticks
TOM JONES
HARVEY SCHMIDT
WORD BAKER
JULIAN STEIN
KENNETH NELSON · JERRY ORBACH
RITA GARDNER
WILLIAM LARSEN · HUGH THOMAS
RICHARD STAUFFER · THOMAS BRUCE · GEORGE CURLEY · JAY HAMPTON
ED WITTSTEIN
SHELDON BARON · DOROTHY OLIM
FROM METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER WILLIAM WYLER'S PRESENTATION OF BEN-HUR
MUSIC BY MIKLOS ROZSA
THE RAY ELLIS ORCHESTRA & CHORUS
THE BIG VOICES
THE BIG BANDS
THE BIG SONGS
THE BIG SOUNDS
100 STRINGS & JONI ON BROADWAY
MAURICE CHEVALIER
YESTERDAY
DAVID ROSE AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CONCERT WITH A BEAT!!
Original Cast Sound Track Album
Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner · Music by Frederick Loewe
M-G-M presents
Gigi
LIKE YOUNG
Secret songs for young lovers
André Previn David Rose
MGM
*
& OF COURSE MUSIC ON MGM RECORDS

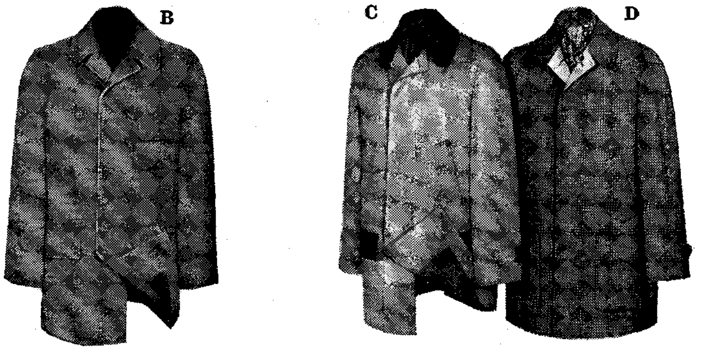
*Take it easy on the champagne, tho; we want to make certain you hear every glorious note of our Super Stereo and High Fidelity Mono recordings on . . .

MGM the Starpower label

thought. Again an entirely different problem—a night club. There we make each table a lighted island, separated from the others by pools of darkness. Darkness itself becomes part of the lighting design. The lights are relaxed and glamorous to make everybody feel relaxed and glamorous. People are aware that the mood is artificially created by means of lighting, but they don't mind, because a night club is a world of make-believe to begin with."

Feder fixed me with a piercing gaze and said, "Have you ever noticed that people in a city are instinctively drawn toward places with comfortable lights? A city like New York offers so much to do, so many places to see, that it becomes a matter of survival for a place to have the kind of lighting that will make people look attractive and feel happy. That goes for stores and banks as well as night clubs. Now, what should light do to people in a bank? It should give the customers a feeling of security and the employees a feeling of energy. At the Thirty-ninth Street branch of the Bankers Trust Company, we were confronted with limited space in a remodelled building, a ceiling that varied in height, and some ugly pillars that could not be removed. Light was the only material that could be brought into these rooms. Light doesn't clutter things up, and people can walk through light. What we had to do was create forms of light. We played up the central pillar by making a star of fluorescent tubes recessed into the ceiling radiate from its top. That pillar was no longer ugly but became a focal point of interest—an eye catcher, a conversation piece. Also embedded in the ceiling were small stars that furnished downlight. One section of the ceiling was only seven feet high, but we pushed it up with light. The whole place consisted of a single large room, but we managed to give the illusion of different areas simply by using different lighting patterns. We—"

Miss Meltzer said that he simply had to leave, and I said I did, too. Since we were going in the same direction, we agreed to share a cab. Feder gave Miss Meltzer a couple of last-second instructions and grabbed his briefcase, and we rushed out. It was a misty evening, and the city looked dark and sad. After we caught a cab and headed up Fifth Avenue, Feder said, "The streets are badly lit, and that makes them dangerous. Some streets are garishly overlit, like Broadway, and some of the side streets are hardly lit at all. I love New York, and it depresses me to hear people say that it's a cold city, full of unfriendly



J. PRESS INC.
WEATHERPROOF ENGLISH FIELD COATS

An outstanding variety of the popular English knee-length country raglans imported exclusively by J. PRESS:—

A. Burberrys proofed Egyptian Cotton Gabardine, styled with thrust and flapped frame pockets. Iridescent Olive with Forest Green wool lining. (not illus.) $50

B. Outer shell of water-repellent fine cotton Moleskin with colorful fleece linings; Light Olive with Hunting Scarlet; Dark Olive with Hunting Yellow. $55

C. Silicon proofed Egyptian Cotton Gabardine with water-repellent Moleskin collar and pocket flaps. Natural Tan with Gold or Iridescent Olive with Scarlet wool linings. $55

D. Reversible model with striking Country Tweeds in predominantly Gray or Tan richly decorated Glen Checks. $75

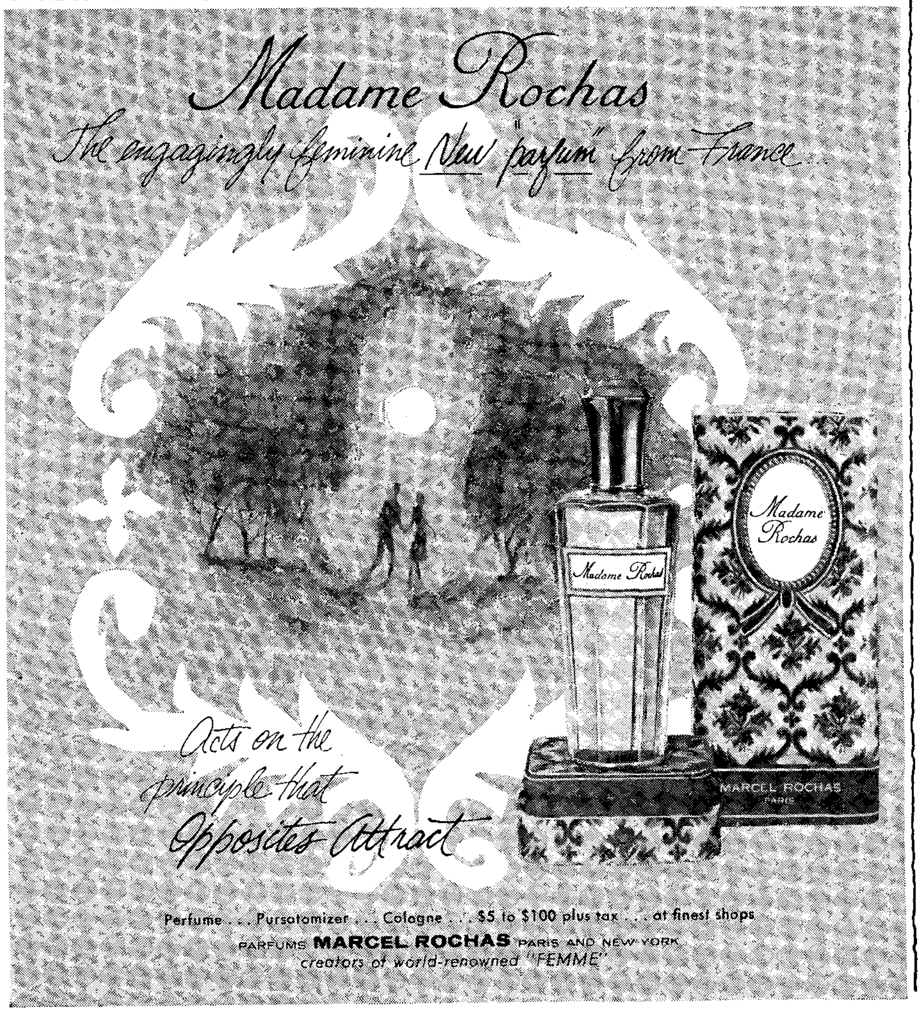
Mail Orders Filled.
New Color Brochure on Request.

Since 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J. PRESS INC.
262 York St. New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. New York
Coast to Coast Travel Exhibits

CURRENT EXHIBITS

Atlanta
Dinkler-Plaza Hotel
October 24th & 25th
Birmingham
Dinkler-Tutwiler Hotel
October 31st, November 1st
Cleveland
Statler Hotel
October 24th & 25th
Memphis
Peabody Hotel
November 4th & 5th
Nashville
Dinkler-Andrew Jackson
November 2nd & 3rd
New Orleans
Roosevelt Hotel
October 27th & 28th
Pittsburgh
Penn-Sheraton Hotel
October 26th, 27th & 28th

Exhibit Dates for 31 Other Cities on Request.



Madame Rochas
The engagingly feminine New parfum from France
Acts on the principle that Opposites Attract
Madame Rochas
Madame Rochas
MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS
Perfume . . . Pursatomizer . . . Cologne . . . $5 to $100 plus tax . . . at finest shops
PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS AND NEW YORK
creators of world-renowned "FEMME"

people. It's all the fault of bad lighting. A better-lit city would make people understand each other much better. People are naturally more expansive in the evening, but here their spirits are dampened by badly lit streets and dim rooms. Suppose people could be out-of-doors at night in well-lit parks and bright squares. If all of Central Park were bathed in never-ending daylight, people wouldn't be afraid of going there at night. They could enjoy themselves, meet other people, become friendly."

Coming to Fifty-ninth Street, we saw the corner of the Park that Feder has lit up. A hundred feet inside the Park, there are mercury-vapor reflector lamps mounted on nine-foot poles camouflaged as tree trunks, and other lights are mounted on the walls alongside the street. The effect is that of twilight, which seemed welcoming in contrast to the darkness of the Park's interior. "A start," Feder said as we passed Sixty-ninth Street, where his lighting ends, "but nowhere near enough." And he began talking about the subject that is always in his mind—the light of the future. He said his vision of a brighter, happier city was not merely utopian. He knew he could make a big city luminous; it was just a question of money now. "But we won't get good light in our streets by means of conventional poles, twenty or thirty feet high, spaced a hundred feet apart," he said. "That's old hat, like the stage limelight of our childhood. I'll use the sort of floodlighting that we installed at Idlewild. We'll put up a ninety-foot tower at every street corner, with strong luminaires spreading pools of light below. There will be no glare in people's windows; we'll target the light. Because there will be no patches of darkness between the pools, people won't even be aware of the artificial light. They'll take it for granted, like daylight; they'll be surrounded by it. The light will be bright enough to read by. Traffic intersections and highway exits will be not only flooded with light but spotlighted by strong beams, so that motorists will be able to see danger areas from a long distance. The city will be brighter, safer, happier—*and* better looking. The towers will be designed to blend with the surrounding architecture in the daytime, and at night they will put extra suns, moons, and stars in the sky."

As we crossed a murky intersection, Feder went on with his dream of the future. The entrance to a well-lit home will be filled with moderate brightness, he said, to let the people who come in

Your Martinis are dry-er with Pot Still Milshire

Squire Milshire

Milshire Gin is distilled slowly by the old-world Pot Still method—like fine Scotch Whisky. Made in small batches, it is delightfully dry and gentle in flavor. That's why it makes your Martini or Collins a triumph. Try a bottle. You'll soon buy a case.

Milshire®
THE POT STILL GIN

H
Milshire
Milshire
THE POT STILL GIN
Distilled London Dry Gin
H

MILSHIRE DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

At fine stores and accredited decorators

for more than a century
john Widdicomb
makers of fine furniture in traditional and modern idiom

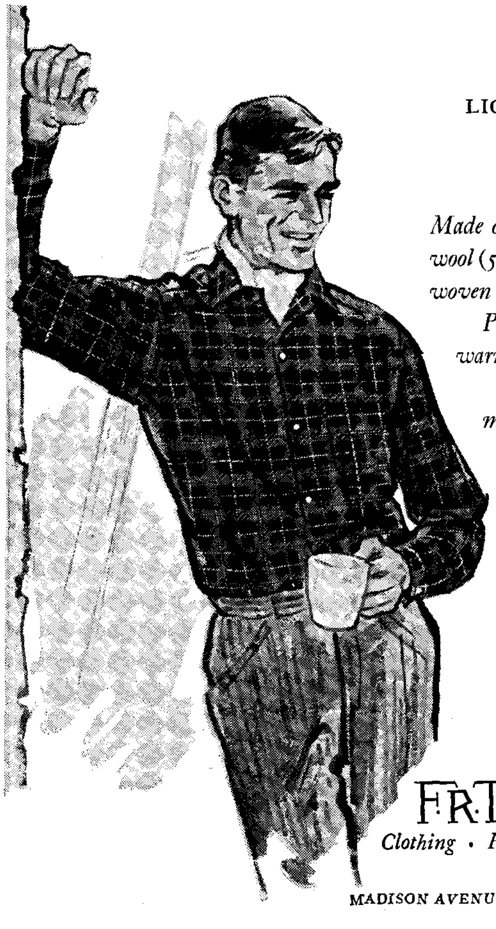
NEW YORK
ONE PARK AVE.

PHILADELPHIA
2301 CHESTNUT ST.

GRAND RAPIDS
EXHIBITORS BLDG.

Chicago · Cincinnati · Cleveland · Dallas · Denver · Indianapolis · Minneapolis · Pittsburgh · St. Louis · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Toronto

Write for the Book of John Widdicomb Furniture 64 pages (24 in full color) One Dollar



LIGHTWEIGHT FLANNEL

Sport Shirts

Made of Lanella, a blend of Australian wool (50%) and long staple cotton (50%) woven in Switzerland

Provides ample protection and warmth without weight

The brilliant colorings and soft muted tones are entirely colorfast

Authentic Scottish tartans: Ancient MacDonald; Ancient MacPherson; Ancient Hunting MacRae; Dress MacPherson

Sizes: S.M.L.EXL

$18.95

Kent Scarf, matching tartan, or contrasting plain colors, $5

May be ordered by mail

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK 17

adapt their eyes to the brightly lit interior. All stairways will be lit from both sides, and this will mean far fewer accidents. The kitchen will be a fluorescent paradise, with concealed tubes in all storage cabinets similar to those already installed in refrigerators. The bathrooms will have the appearance of theatrical dressing rooms, with the mirrors lit like those of actresses' dressing tables, and warm-white-de-luxe lights making every woman look like an actress. For people who like to read in the bath, a reading light will be set in the tiles over the tub. In the bedroom, concealed lights will create separate areas of light and darkness. In the dining room, the table will be lighted by reflector lamps recessed in the ceiling. Trough and cove lighting will give the living room a diffused, even glow, and luminescent glass panels will be used to build softly glowing walls. Small reflector lights behind pinhole openings in the actual walls and in the ceiling will illuminate armchairs, corners, the piano. Paintings will be lighted by specially curved frames containing concealed lights. . . .

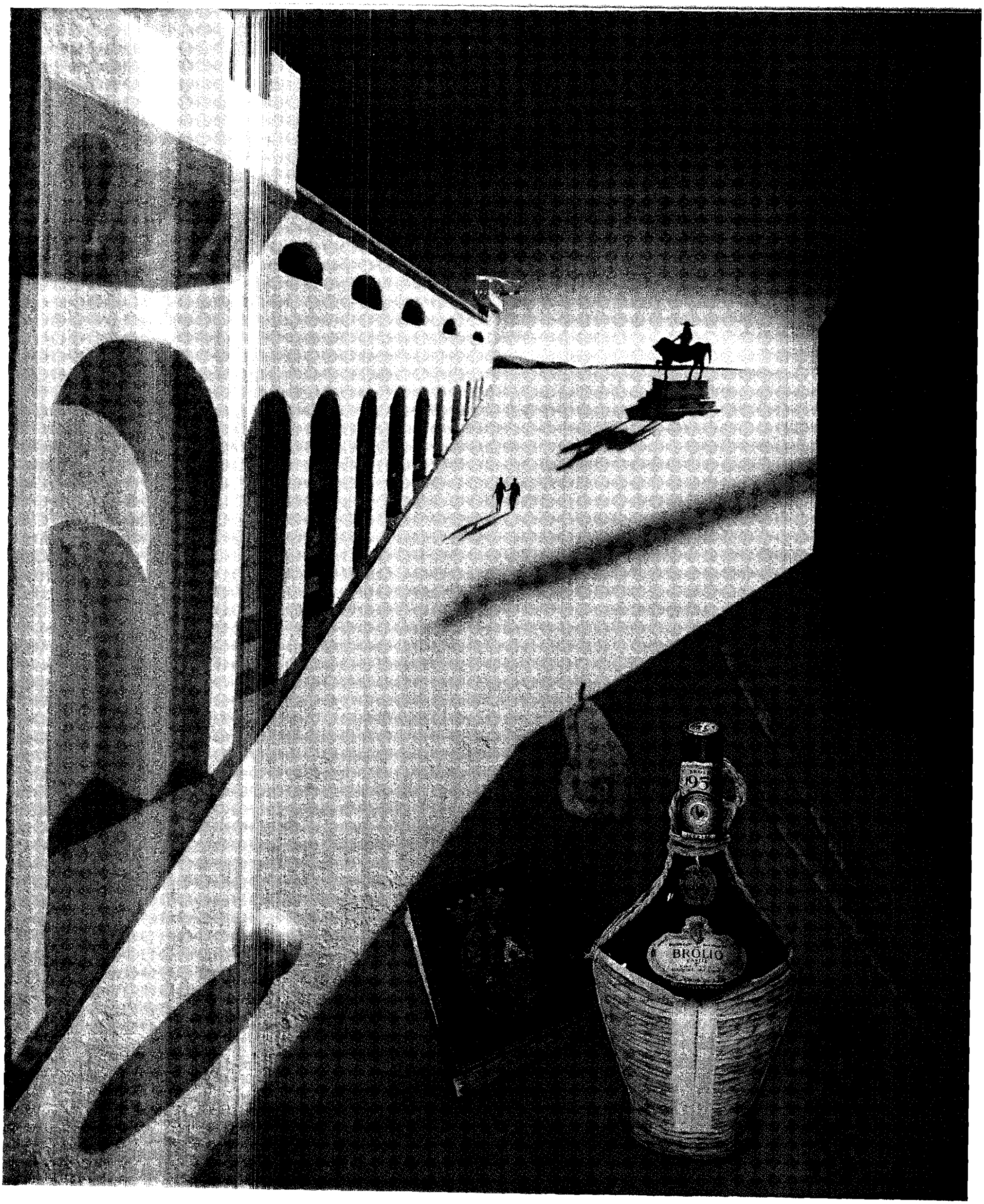
We had reached Feder's destination. As he got out of the taxi, he looked up at the dark sky. "And that isn't the end," he said. "Electronics is just beginning. Eventually, all lights will be operated by beams from a concealed electronic apparatus. No lamps, no tubes, no wires, no plugs. You'll flip a switch and the air around you will start to glow. You'll be able to choose your color and your brightness. We're still in the ice age of light. Think of all the light around us that we cannot yet see with the naked eye—infrared, ultraviolet, X-ray. We've got to open the closed doors and find this hidden treasure."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

> More than 1,200 pastors, educational directors, and Sunday School workers are expected to attend the Baptist State Sunday School Convention, Sept. 12-14, at the Forest Hills Baptist Church here.
>
> Among those to appear upon the program are Dr. Ernest Ligon, Schenectady, N. Y.; Dr. Wayne Dehoney, Jackson, Tenn.; Dr. Sydnor Stealey, Wake Forest; Dr. J. P. Edmunds, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. C. C. Warren, Charlotte; and
>
> If only a few webs are involved, however, then homeowners may prefer to remove the tents containing the pests and burn them,
>
> —*Raleigh (N. C.) News & Observer.*

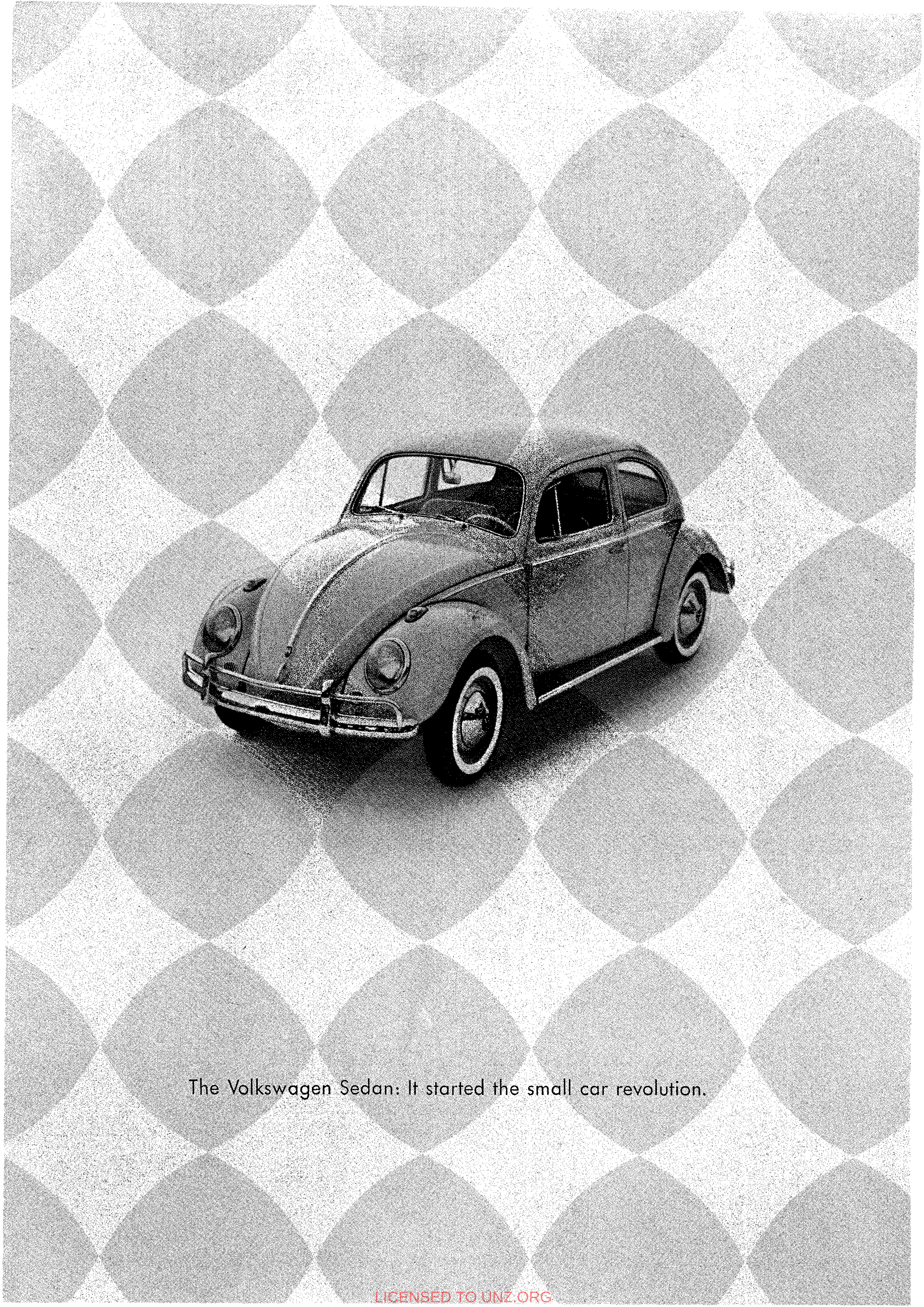
Baptists make hundreds of webs. Burning is no solution.



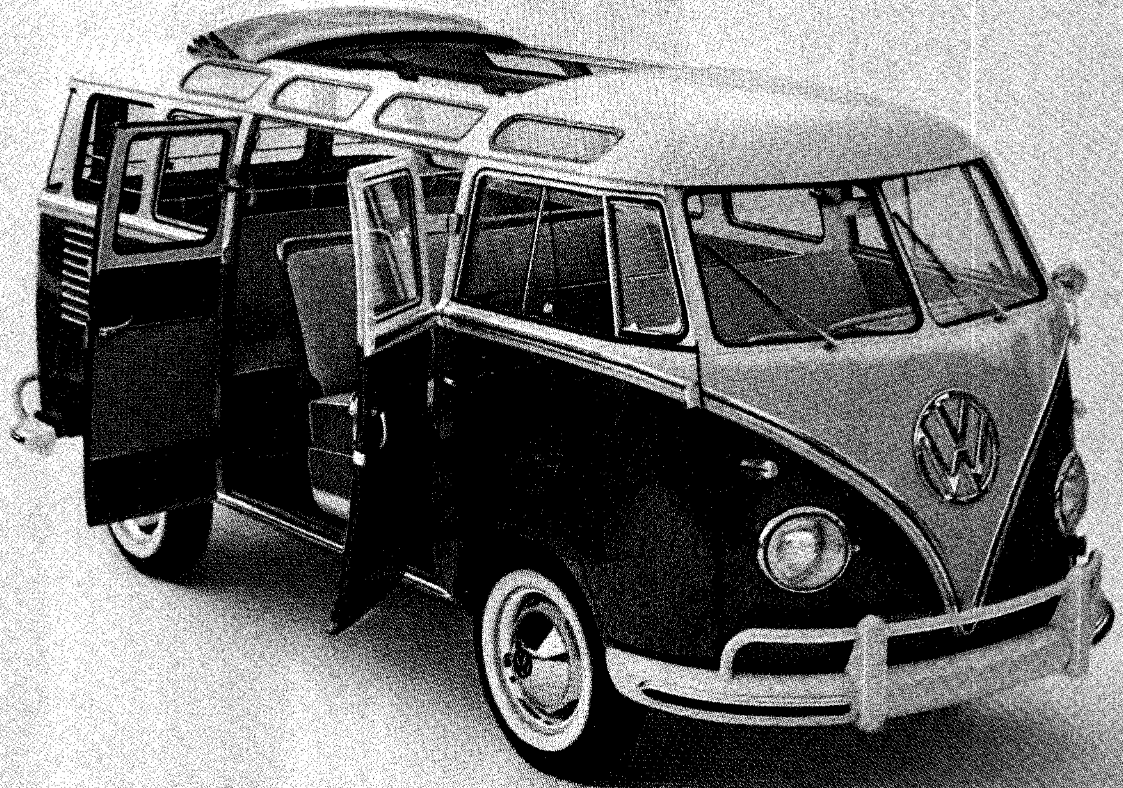
BARON RICASOLI'S ITALIAN CLASSIC....BROLIO

People who know [illegible] It's the classic Chianti ranked first by wine experts—from Tuscany to Texas. This smooth, rich, generous Italian wine is produced by the Baron Ricasoli at ancient Castle Brolio, near Florence—from the very same vineyards that filled his ancestors' wine casks, more than 800 years ago. Delicious with Italian specialties, Brolio is equally rewarding with American dishes or French *haute cuisine.* When you dine out, ask for Brolio. And keep a bottle at home.

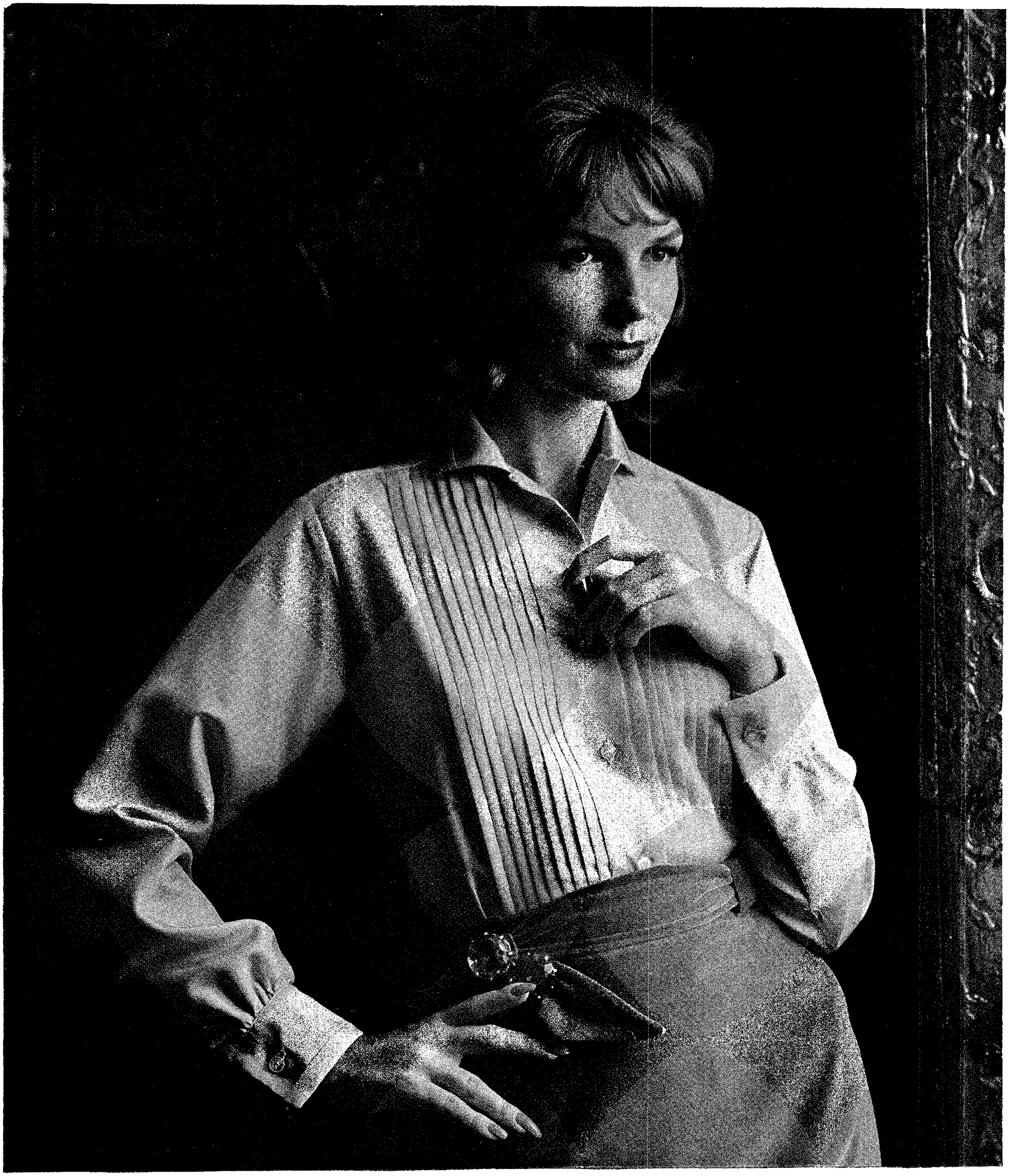
NOTE the black rooster on the Brolio seal—*the mark of a 'Chianti Classico',* a true Chianti from the de-limited district of that name. Note, too, this seal's *golden border—inscribed 'Chianti Superiore'.* This is your gilt-edged assurance that Brolio has been granted the very highest quality grading. BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y. Sole Distributors for the U.S.A


The Volkswagen Sedan: It started the small car revolution.

©1960 BY VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.



The Volkswagen Station Wagon: Will history repeat itself?



WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL,

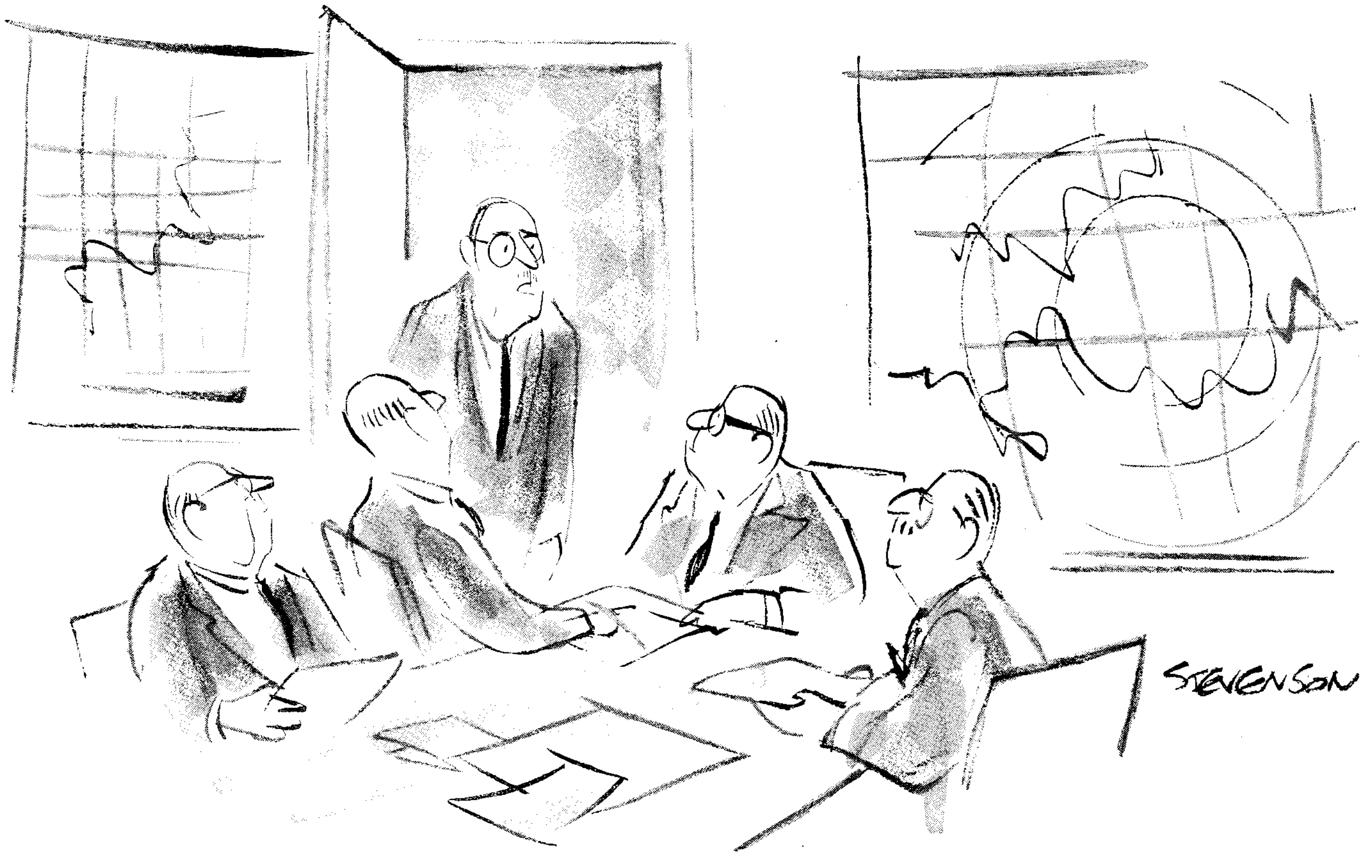
Lady Manhattan® The look that says a thousand nice things about you. One wonderful shirt...100% pure silk with a fashionable facade of tucks and such niceties as extra-long shirt tails that stay put, about $15.00. One wonderful skirt... slim, side-sashed 100% cotton velveteen, about $13.00. Put them together for one wonderful look... the Lady Manhattan look! In new tones, sizes 10 to 18. Prices slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan®, a division of The Manhattan Shirt Co., 1407 Broadway, N. Y. 18.

BONWIT TELLER NEW YORK; **MARSHALL FIELD** CHICAGO; **HALLE'S** CLEVELAND; **WOODWARD & LOTHROP** WASHINGTON, D. C.; **JORDAN MARSH** BOSTON; **FAMOUS-BARR** ST. LOUIS

THE THEATRE

MORE SHADOW THAN SUBSTANCE

NATURE, Oscar Wilde observed in the dear dead days of Victoria, imitates art. At the time, he had a point. But a half century later a rebuttal of his notion was provided by the ingenious Nazi pack, which tried to convince us that Nature was going to stand up and say to all the world, "These are the *Übermenschen.*" There is surely nothing in the entire history of art that can match their nightmare inventions. Perhaps Hieronymus Bosch came nearest to foreshadowing them and the hell for humanity that they devised. But the stark, shambling, idiotic, murderous horror that was their stock in trade is practically impossible to convey in a theatre. Nevertheless, that is what Millard Lampell has attempted to do at the Billy Rose, basing his drama on John Hersey's novel "The Wall." There are, as you may know, enormous emotional potentialities in the Hersey material, and, indeed, Mr. Lampell occasionally takes advantage of them. But, after all, Mr. Hersey had six hundred and ninety-two pages in which to introduce his innumerable characters, while Mr. Lampell has only a couple of hours in which to try and interest us in the throng that populates his play, also called "The Wall." Mr. Lampell never quite succeeds in enabling us to identify ourselves either with the characters onstage or with their tragic circumstances. They are, one and all, residents of the Warsaw ghetto, cut off from the outside world by a wall the Nazis have forced them to erect. In their dismal and claustrophobic surroundings, they attempt to live some kind of life while the Germans pick them off, one by one, as candidates for extinction at Auschwitz. The settings of "The Wall," by Howard Bay, are impressive, and the direction, by Morton DaCosta, is capable. As a matter of fact, what Mr. Bay has wrought to represent the Warsaw ghetto is such a towering and involved affair that Mr. DaCosta must be commended for keeping all the actors out of embarrassing collisions as they move intricately about. Among the actors, and there are many of them, George C. Scott and Yvonne Mitchell command our immediate attention. These are the lovers of the play—one a wastrel married to an invalid (Marian Seldes) and the other a jeweller's daughter who keeps exhorting her people to die on their feet instead of on their knees. Mr. Scott seems uneasy in his role, and substitutes a great deal of eyeball rolling for real conviction; Miss Mitchell, however, is authoritative and persuasive, even when the lines Mr. Lampell has provided are too literary to be entirely plausible. Of the others in the cast, Joseph Buloff, who portrays a crippled peddler, is the most outstanding, and every now and then—for instance, when he pretends to be a rabbi in order to save a real one from death, and does a demented dance under the gun of a German officer—he comes close to the kind of pathos a drama of this kind must have. There is also an effective scene between the rabbi (Muni Seroff) and his son (Robert Drivas), in the course of which the latter, a member of the Jewish constabulary that the Germans have organized in the ghetto, pleads with his father to go to the railway terminal where the Jews are being dispatched to Auschwitz, so that the son can make his quota of four Jews a day. This, of course, is shock-



"Bad news. Now they want us to apologize for the U-2 and David Susskind."

ing, but as I watched "The Wall," the awful, unbelievable reality of the historical circumstances on which it is based kept intruding upon my mind, and the whole enterprise became factitious. Flawed though it may be, however, "The Wall" adds up to an evening at the theatre that is worth contemplation.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY, a delightful and determined English performer, essayed a one-man show (assisted by a quartet of musicians) at the Ethel Barrymore last week. Maybe Mr. Holloway's material was better suited to London's Palladium than to Broadway. Anyhow, the show closed after seven performances. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Turtle Soup

PERHAPS the only way to stage a largely unmanageable rhapsody like Sean O'Casey's third autobiographical novel, "Drums Under the Windows," is simply to place a sluice between book and stage, raise the sluice gate at judicious intervals until enough material has been released to fill a couple of hours, hire a narrator and some actors who can handle the burning monotone of O'Casey's prose without becoming overheated, and let 'em go. At any rate, that's pretty much what Paul Shyre has done with his version of the book, which is at the Cherry Lane under the same title, and which represents his third go-around—he is also the director this time—with O'Casey's novels. The results, inevitably, are not a play but a curious hybrid composed of dramatic recitations (the actors) alternated with dramatic readings (the narrator) and arranged in a cinematic flow of vignettes two dozen or so strong, some of which are seconds in length and some ten or more minutes long. This procedure is carried out against a single set—a glowering, bony affair consisting of three bare brick walls and a cobblestone paving broken by iron railings—meant to suggest, most of the time, a Dublin street early in the century. The narrator, who is stationed in a small nook equipped with a chair, a desk, and a reading lamp, and who is got up strikingly as O'Casey himself, reads, then gives way to the actors (four men and two women), there is a movie-type dissolve, the narrator returns, there's another dissolve, and so forth. In no time at all, the theatre begins to fill with O'Casey's prose, which laps at the audience's ankles, covers its knees, reaches its chest, and then, with barely a ripple, submerges it. One has the

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Rare Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

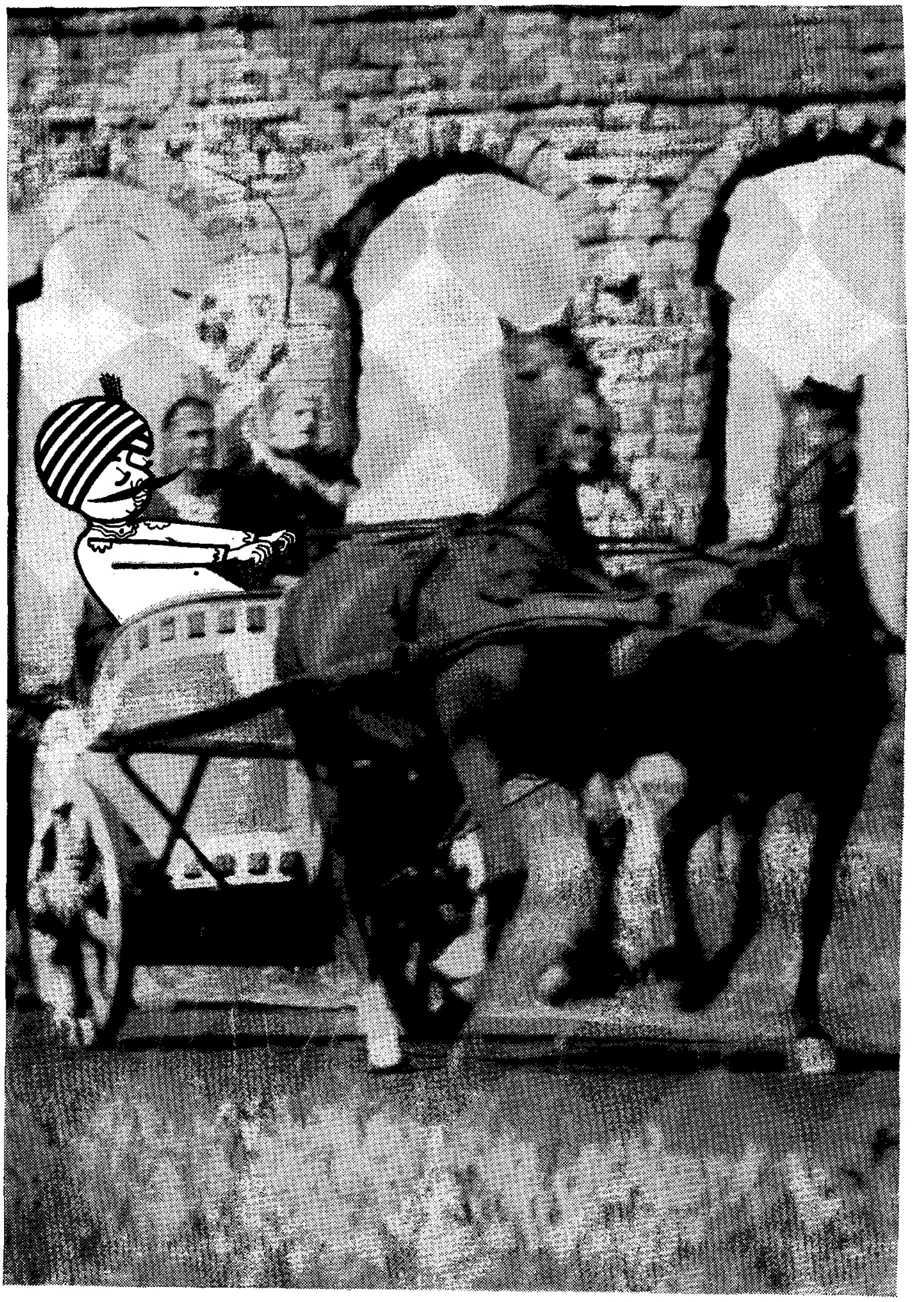
Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

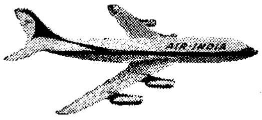
J&B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY
"World's Finest" 86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Imported by
THE PADDINGTON CORP.,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York 20

toujours moi?
oui
the world's most lasting parfum
toujours moi
(ALWAYS ME)
de
CORDAY Paris
created, bottled and sealed in France

feeling not of drowning but of merely swimming endlessly and languorously through warm, murky turtle soup, past blurred running legs, shouting faces, waving arms, and floating hands. Consequently, sorting out what went on in the depths when one surfaces at the evening's close is difficult. There are several street scenes, involving rioting and pillaging. There is an episode in the Garden of Eden, in which Adam and Eve, G. K. Chesterton, and Father Brown discuss the past and the future while dinosaurs tussle in the background. There are scenes in which Sean, the play's hero, learns about life from Mild Millie, a prostitute, and from Mrs. Ballynoy, a neighbor whose husband is away. There is a scene at an insane asylum and a scene in Sean's bedroom, when he is ill. There is talk about Shaw and Yeats and Lady Gregory and Synge, the Gaelic League, and the Republican Party. There is martial music. There are winter descriptions ("the naked tremble of a leafless tree") and summer descriptions. But there are an equal number of passages and episodes that grow smaller and smaller when one pokes at them, like threatened caterpillars. Nonetheless, one over-all thought shapes up gradually and incontestably: Here is Sean O'Casey, in his sixties, trying to recall with barrels of words how it felt to be a young, very poor aspiring intellectual—to whom words were still strange and dear—in an Ireland cracked by dissension and brooded over by Shaw and Yeats and Synge. The thought shapes up chiefly because of the cast, which is remarkably dexterous. All but two of its members slip in and out of half a dozen or more roles, which include an old blowhard, O'Casey's mother, a British soldier, ditchdiggers, a doctor, and so on. The performers in this charade who sink fastest and deepest into their tasks are William Windom,





The noblest Roman

"... Not that we love Caesar less, but that we love *you* more ..." We confess it openly. AIR-INDIA to Rome will pamper you like a patrician plenipotentiary. Incredible that 17-day excursion fares can offer such comforts ... countless warm touches of Eastern hospitality ... service refined to a discreet art. Plus—the swift comfort of Boeing 707 Intercontinental Rolls-Royce Jets. Weekend departures at 9:30 P.M. *See your noble travel agent.*

AIR-INDIA TO ROME

The airline that treats you like a maharajah

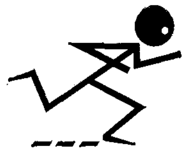
565 Fifth Ave., N.Y., PL 1-6200
37 So. Wabash Ave., Chi., ST 2-8540
543 So. Olive St., L.A., MA 6-6834

STYLE 540 $33.95

STYLE 526 $31.95

Mail orders promptly filled; please specify size, style number and color desired. No charge for mailing.

JACK HENRY
COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA
KANSAS CITY,



THERE'S A GLOVE BEHIND ALL THIS

A real, traditional glove stitch forms a hand-sewn wing for a new Nettleton Running Mate; an unusual vamp seam on another Continental idea! Only true needle craftsmen, like Nettleton's could handle it... and they make Running Mates *feel* like gloves, too, with the unique Tread Right Shank. Buoys the foot firmly, yet gently, serenely! In Olive Green, Black or Dark Brown.

Write for free style folder.

TORINO

You'll appreciate the alert and distinctive style of this smart Borsalino hat, masterfully hand-crafted throughout. With hand-felted edge and infinite attention to detail, the Torino is your assured investment in good grooming. $20

Borsalino
IMPORTED FROM ITALY

at Better Men's Stores or write Bill & Caldwell, Inc., Importers, 745 Broadway, N. Y.

who handles a madman, Adam, a walnut-faced cabby, and a Cockney cop with an immediate, penetrating ease, and Pauline Flanagan, who is the prostitute and the seductive neighbor and who has a wide, quicksilver mouth. George Brenlin—nervous, ferret-faced, and akimbo—is the young O'Casey the evening long, and Martyn Green the placid, pipe-smoking elder O'Casey. With the occasional exception of Mr. Green, who bobbled his lines when the current was at its strongest, both are a match for their colleagues.

ALTHOUGH Sacco and Vanzetti passed into the limbo of American folklore in record time after their execution, in 1927—within just eight years they had been celebrated in short poems, long poems, songs, a novel, and a play—it is unlikely that their spirits have had to contend with anything quite like "The Shoemaker and the Peddler," which is at the East Seventy-fourth Street Theatre. This omnibus creation is at once a soap opera, a real opera, a modern ballet, and a verse drama. It covers the last five hours in the lives of the two men, allowing ample space for flashbacks to their happy radical-pamphlet-distributing days, their family life, the murder of the paymaster, their arrest, police brutality, and their trial and seven-year imprisonment. The book and lyrics, by Armand Aulicino, are based on the assumption that the two men were not guilty, which is fine and probably true. The trouble, though, is the hand-wringing way in which this assumption is treated. The six dancers (three females, three males) ba-boom dolorously about, hands caressing the heavens and feet hitting the stage as if it were steadily rising to meet them. Bart (Vanzetti) and Nick (Sacco) sit morosely in their cells and fashion laments, which are swelled by visiting female relatives full of self-pity. Now and then, all break into aching arias. In between, the cast converses in the sort of couplets of which Dr. Seuss is a master, and reaches a pinnacle of emotion with this sentiment from the warden, who hovers like a sighing wind around Bart and Nick all evening:

> Be brave, Nick, be brave, Bart.
> I'm truly sorry with all my heart.

James Bosotina, as Nick, and José Duval, as Bart, have respectable voices, but Elinor Miller, as a relative, tends to scrape along on the undersides of her notes. Frank Fields' music, by and large, is overstuffed Gershwin. However, the set, like so many in current off-Broadway enterprises, can be savored at length. Designed by David Ballou, it is a deep two-story construction, in which the cross-section of a shabby frame house is separated by a broad, climbing street from a complex incorporating the prison, a shoe store, and a front porch. It is full of stairways, vanishing passages, and doors, and would be a paradise for hide-and-seek.

"KITTIWAKE ISLAND," an ornithological paper written by Arnold Sundgaard and set to music by Alec Wilder, dealt with a supposedly semi-mythical bird, the smew, which isn't, and fifteen avian-humans named Orlando Puffin, Lydia Sparrow, Dr. Hobie Merganser, Kestrel Grebe, Keith Brant, and so forth. Assembled on uninhabited Kittiwake ("Any of several gulls, having the hind toe short or rudimentary."—Webster) Island, all these figures, the smew excepted, were engaged in typical birdlike pursuits. Puffin, an ornithologist from Southern State University, was after the smew; Miss Sparrow, an English teacher from the same institution, was after Puffin; Merganser, an oceanographer from ditto, was after Miss Sparrow; and Miss Sparrow's six female students and Dr. Merganser's six male students were after each other. Barring Dr. Merganser, they captured their prey while fluting such ornithic melodies as "Were This to Prove a Feather in My Hat," "The Smew Song," "If Love's Like a Lark," and "When a Robin Leaves Chicago." But the hero of the show was the smew itself, which was wisely neither seen nor heard onstage—onstage being at the Martinique, a theatre-in-the-round so intimate that its patrons could inhale only when the cast exhaled.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

"Send it back to Loch Ness," was the old Navy salt's reaction the first time we saw the monster roaring about on the Pentagon's lagoon. It was a calm, clear morning and our heads were, too.

"Send it back to Loch Ness," was the old Navy salt's reaction the first time we saw the monster roaring about on the Pentagon's lagoon. It was a calm, clear morning and our heads were, too.—*The News.*

That's not the impression you give.

•

Bert White was MC of the novelty program which was a flashback of the year's program. At the close of the program the committee was cremated and the ashes presented to the incoming president.

—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal.*

A good evening's work for Bert.

INTERNATIONALLY, The Famous English Slacks

DAKS®

A veteran traveller recently observed: "When you reach the place where Daks trousers are not worn you have left civilization behind." ● True. The world over, correctly dressed men who know the quality of British woolens and the fit of London tailoring wear Daks trousers (or walking shorts). Daks are imitated but can not be equalled. ● Become a Daks collector (Daks jackets, too). At fine stores from coast to coast or write Simpson Imports, Inc. 9 East 37th Street, New York 16, Dept. NP.

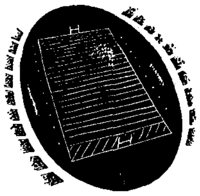
Tailored by S. Simpson, Ltd., London, England

Founder Member British Men's Wear Guild

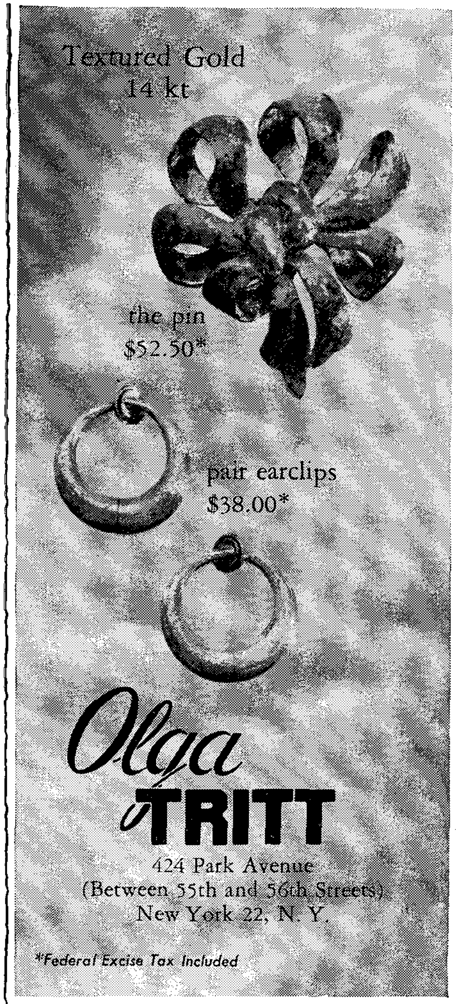
MEET
MR. MORT
ABOUT $35, MISS BERGDORF

FOOTBALL

War and Peace



ANYONE seeking surcease from the wars last weekend—from such holocausts, for instance, as Syracuse 21, Penn State 15; Navy 35, Air Force 3; Pennsylvania 36, Brown 7; Rutgers 23, Bucknell 19; and Princeton 36, Colgate 26—should have joined up with the twenty-two thousand sunbathers who, on the grassy banks of the Harlem Ship Canal and in dog-days heat, picnicked under the trees or lunched on green tablecloths alongside the old oaken grandstands of Baker Field. In the course of this mass hobnob, and not terribly long after the announced hour of one-thirty, the two bodies of men who this year are representing Columbia and Harvard on the football field began their ancient ritual, and the guests, at leisure, took their places in the stadium for a glimpse of what their representatives were up to. The whole proceeding was so informal that someone managed to get a full-rigged, suspension-sprung baby carriage (occupancy unknown) into the Harvard stand, though how this vehicle passed muster with the ticket-takers was not explained. The informality persisted, and until well along in the second half it appeared improbable that either team would coagulate long enough to acquire a touchdown. But at last Columbia, by dint of Vasell, who is apt to pass the ball nine times out of ten, pegged it across the Harvard goal to a waiting comrade, and Columbia, after the ensuing try for point, was ahead, 7–0. Vasell went on throwing the ball—Columbia hasn't the strength to set up a real running attack—and the law of diminishing returns set in: a Harvard man latched on to one of his tosses, and, coördinated at last, Harvard skipped downfield to a touchdown. Then came the one moment of drama in a midsummer afternoon's dream—should Harvard kick the point after touchdown and be content with a 7–7 tie, or should it go all-or-nothing and run with the ball? Nelson the Harvard back (not to be confused with Nelson the Harvard lineman) had made the touchdown by sliding to his left through a cranny where he was least expected by Columbia; now, without hesitating, he slid across the Columbia goal again, and Harvard went back to Boston with an 8–7 triumph in its kit bag.

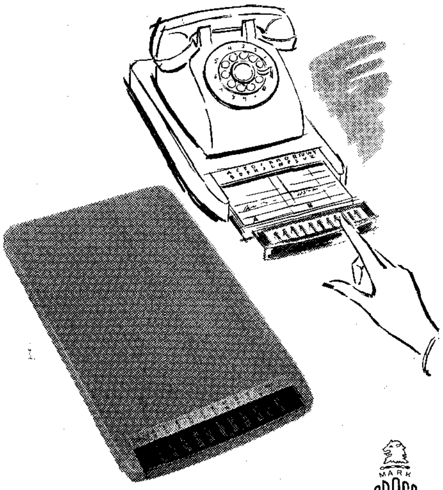


Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included

REST-ADDRESS

Handsome telephone base has its own alphabetized recorder that eliminates an extra phone and address book. Plastic keys control the removable information cards so that the correct number is instantly at hand. Walnut or teak wood stand, rubber footed. 10 x 6½". **11.95**
Mail, phone SU 7-4000
Add 50¢ beyond our delivery area



MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22
and at the Waldorf-Astoria

Write for our new 64 page Christmas Catalog

Columbia, as has been (I *think*) made clear, needs a running attack. Harvard needs not only Ravenel, the quarterback who didn't appear against Columbia, but a passing attack, a passing defense, a punter, some downfield blocking, a cure for the fumbles, and a refresher course on the book of regulations.

THE affair in Baltimore, which is to say the first time ever between Navy and Air Force, was to have been what the industry terms a duel, in this case involving Navy's runner Joe Bellino and Air Force's passer Richie Mayo. There is a house rule in the sport that requires six duels, or (among the cautious) "expected duels," every weekend, and there's a corollary rule that the duels shall turn out to be nothing of the sort. The match between Bellino and Mayo, as the score of the game explains, honored both rules in the observance. This was Mayo's final appearance in these parts, but Bellino will be visible to the naked eye as far north as Philadelphia this Saturday, when Pennsylvania will need lots of luck to do any better against his team than Air Force did, and there again at the end of next month, against Army. Observers who make a habit of Navy think that the squad has not shown a single moment of really-truly weakness this fall, and that Bellino is still as terrifying as he looked against Army a year ago. There's no rest for the weary Navy team in the fall, though, for it takes to the road as regularly as Army, and travel is not always as broadening as we have been led to think. —J. W. L.

•

Mrs. Jones, whose husband works with the Port of London Authority, received a bruised left ankle. Tony, who will be a year old next week, had a slight bump on the head.

Mrs. Rosemary Parsley, aged 43, of Stanley-road, Mitcham, whose right foot was hurt, said "I was terrified when the crash came. But I heard a woman shout, 'Don't panic' and that helped a lot."

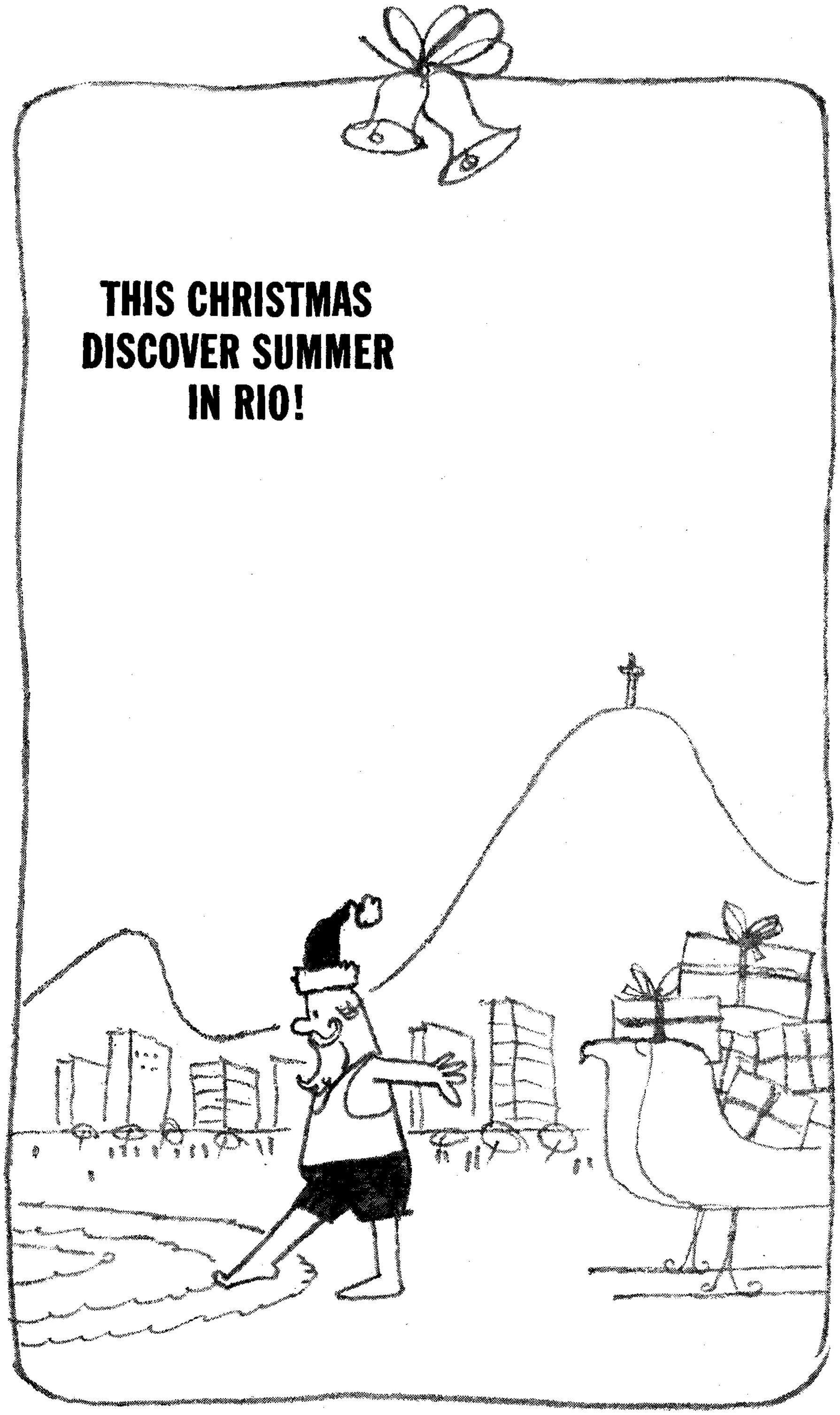
By that stage, the Soviet leader would have shown all his cards and there would be an imperative need for a Western statesman to reply in detail. This is a prospect which, it is said, appeals strongly to Mr. Macmillan.—*London Evening News.*

Let's get back to Mrs. Parsley.

•

"*Vous parlais français?*" Mr. C. asked us. We offered to try. . . . —*The New Yorker.*

Next time just parley the Queen's *anglais.*

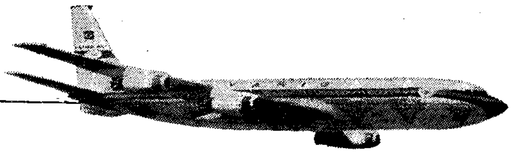


FLY VARIG, FASTEST and ONLY NON-STOP JETS to RIO

Come where Papai Noel and summer join joyous hands! Swim at golden Copacabana Beach. Thrill to exotic fiestas. Splurge on bargains. Dine on filet mignon at 95c. It's all yours in only 9 non-stop hours, New York to Rio, on a Rolls-Royce powered BOEING 707 Intercontinental of Varig. The comfort is *magnífico*, the cuisine spectacular. And you save 30% with Varig's 45-day excursion fare—only $542.70* or $54 down. Add Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Lima and Caracas for little more. See your travel agent.

***Plus jet surcharge.*

VARIG
Airlines
Since 1927



634 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK

the Ninth of a series

Jack Wolfgang Beck

Scolaro, Meeker & Scott: Chicago ST 2-4107, Detroit TR 2-7810, Philadelphia LO 3-5491 • Doyle & Hawley: Los Angeles DU 8-2328, San

Who-wise...

...New York is it!...home of the who's who in business. Of the 500 largest U. S. corporations, 135—each with assets topping $20,000,000—have made New York their nesting grounds. Who else? Forty-eight of the nation's top 100 advertisers have come to roost here, spending 1¼ billion dollars a year in advertising. Add New York's manufacturers (in industrial production, New York is 50 per cent ahead of any other city in America). And the bankers (they handle one-fifth of the assets of all continental U. S. banks). Conclusion: New York, of all American cities, has more of the who, the what and the wherewithal... business-wise.

And advertisers with a keen marketing eye know that the best entree to this wise, wonderful, well-heeled market is the Herald Tribune. Among New York papers, it has the greatest concentration of affluence—reader families with incomes of $7,000 and better. The Trib is "the market without waste," its readers those people who occupy the better jobs, shop the better stores, prefer the better goods. As a result of their influence, it's hardly surprising that the Trib carries the fourth largest volume of general advertising in the country.

You're missing plenty, if you don't use the New York **Herald Tribune**

sco GA 1-7437 • McAskill, Herman & Daley, Inc.: Miami Beach JE 2-1715 • Allin Associates: Toronto EM 4-2269, Montreal VI 5-6898

WEAR IT...
AND HE'LL SAY

Oh la la

PARIS IN A PERFUME
...TOO WONDERFUL
FOR WORDS!

Oh la la
Ciro
CIRO
Oh la la
Imported from France

OH LA LA Perfume, $40.00 to $7.00
Perfume Mist, Eau de Parfum,
Eau de Parfum Mist Concentré,
Bath Powder, each $5.00, plus tax.

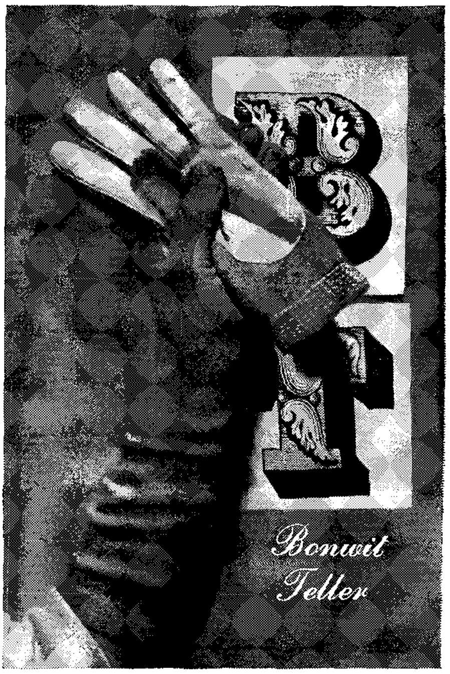
PARFUMS
CIRO

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Talkers

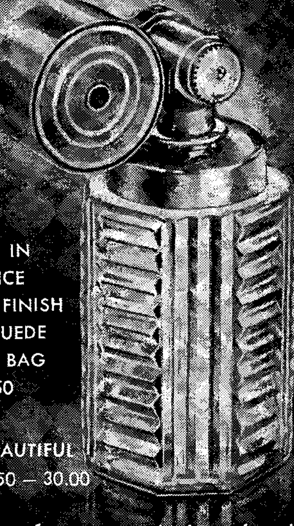
"INHERIT THE WIND" is a big, strident, broadly acted, fitfully entertaining, and nearly always irritating circus of a picture—a circus in which, alas, all the animals are human and not very friendly, and all the acrobatics mental and not very skillful, consisting of simple somersaults and back flips executed, in perfect safety, an inch or so above the ground. The chief source of my irritation is that the picture, like the play from which it was taken, tries to be two radically different things at once and, of course, succeeds in being neither. It would like to be considered a valid account of something that actually took place, and it would like to be considered a valid work of artistic creation, and it fails on both counts. The hard truth of the matter is that art and real life have practically nothing to do with each other; if you attempt to heighten the force of your fiction by incessant hints to the effect that, after all, this *happened,* you render us unable to believe in the fiction and doubtful indeed of the facts.

This little lecture on "Pitfalls in Writing" is by way of explaining the crucial defect of "Inherit the Wind," in which, to begin with, every effort is made to engage our interest by identifying its action and characters with the events and personages of the famous Scopes "monkey" trial, held in Tennessee in the nineteen-twenties and long a staple item of American social history; that goal accomplished, every effort is then made to hold our interest by acts of melodramatic license that flagrantly alter the nature of those events and personages. From one moment to the next, we can never be sure whether we are in history or out of it, and our impatience is increased by a fairly crude stacking of the cards of dialectic in favor of good people (people who believe in the inviolable freedom of men's minds) and against bad people (puppets who don't believe in, and so on, and so forth). In real life, the two great figures of the



MADAME CHAUFFEUR...
our famous driving glove of washable
lamb's wool, raccoon and nylon,
with leather palms. By Superb
in charcoal green, white, old gold,
oxford gray, fawn beige, brown, black.
12-button length, 6.00; Shortie, 4.50
S, M, L sizes. Mail and phone orders.
At all Bonwit stores.

Marcel Franck
THE FINEST ATOMIZERS IN THE WORLD


MADE IN
FRANCE
CHROME FINISH
WITH SUEDE
TRAVEL BAG
12.50

OTHER BEAUTIFUL
STYLES 7.50 – 30.00

Fine perfumes are designed to be sprayed. Dabbing on a drop at a time only wastes them. A leak-proof and evaporation-proof Marcel Franck atomizer helps your perfume make you more lovely.

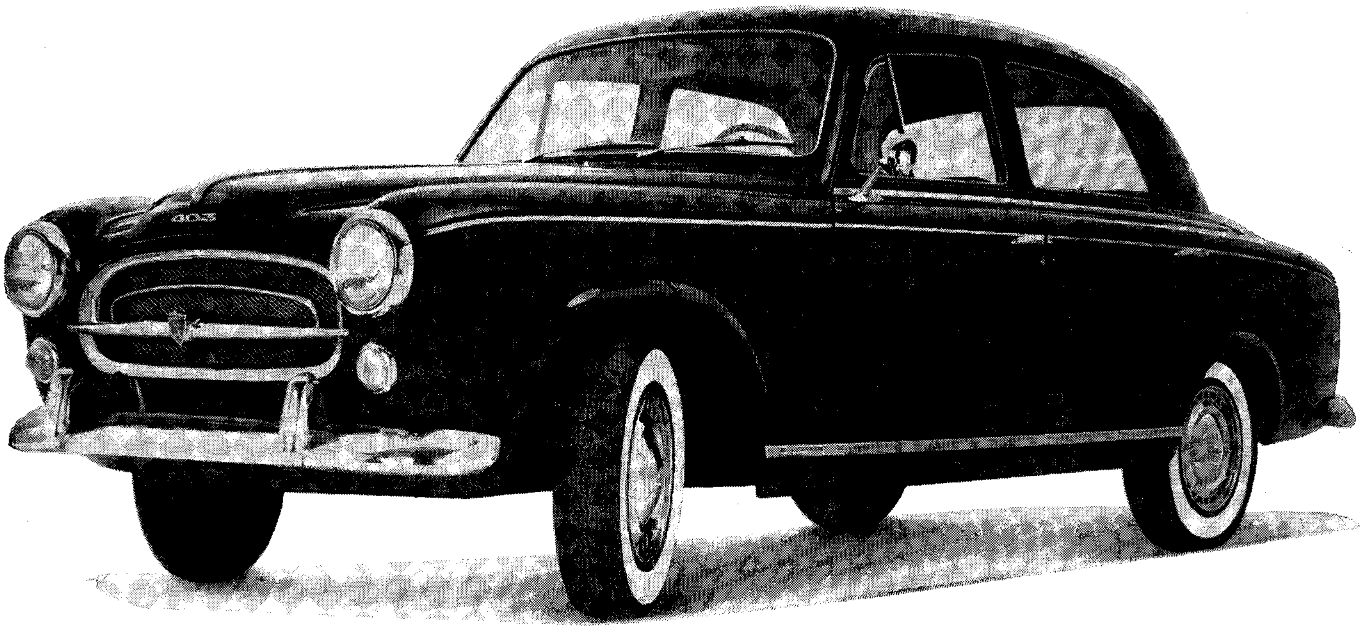
FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

$365 worth of standard equipment

There are no "optional extras" on a Peugeot 403. The following accessories—shown with their conservatively estimated values—are installed at the factory and *included* in the price: sliding metal sun-roof...$90; heater-defroster...$70; 4-speed synchromesh transmission...$50; whitewall tires...$30; leatherette upholstery...$25; reclining "sleep-on" seats...$25; deluxe wheel covers...$15; safety padded dashboard...$15; dual windshield washers...$15; electric clock...$15; trip mileage counter...$10; outside mirror...$5.

SEDAN $2250
STATION WAGON $2490
Suggested fully-equipped price at East and Gulf Coast ports of entry

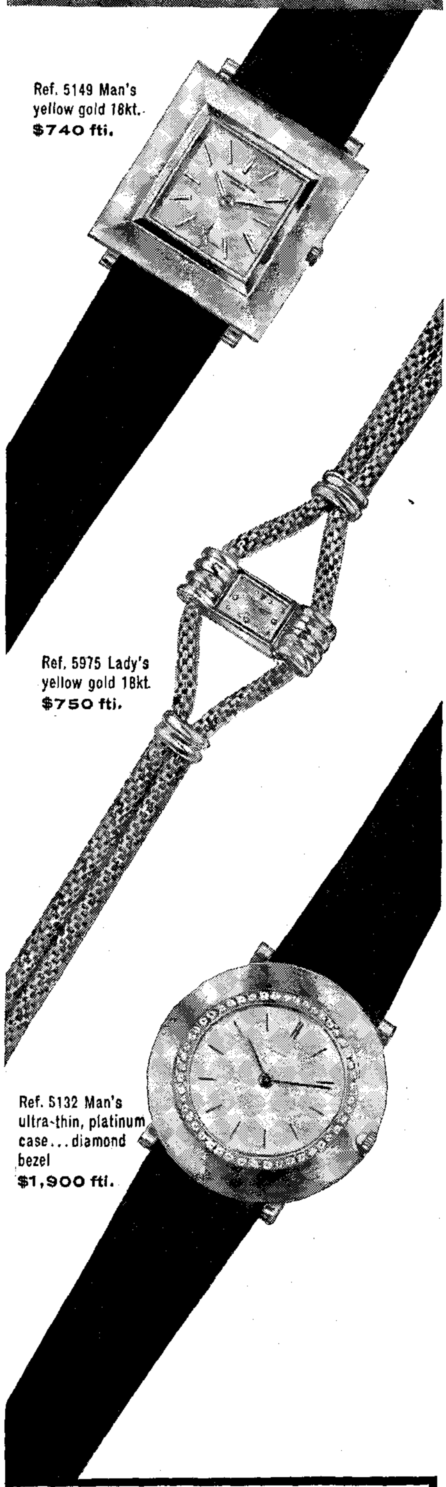
Note: if you prefer you can have Michelin X instead of whitewall tires or cloth instead of leatherette upholstery.



PEUGEOT
PRONOUNCED "POOJ-OH"

Sold and serviced by over 600 Peugeot dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico. For dealer list and illustrated brochure, write: Peugeot, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, New York. For overseas delivery, see your dealer or write: Peugeot, Box 158, Long Island City 4, New York.

AUDEMARS PIGUET



Ref. 5149 Man's yellow gold 18kt. $740 fti.

Ref. 5975 Lady's yellow gold 18kt. $750 fti.

Ref. 5132 Man's ultra-thin, platinum case ... diamond bezel $1,900 fti.

Sold and serviced by leading jewelers the world over. Write for brochure.

AUDEMARS PIGUET & CO., INC.
665 FIFTH AVE. • N. Y. 22, N. Y.

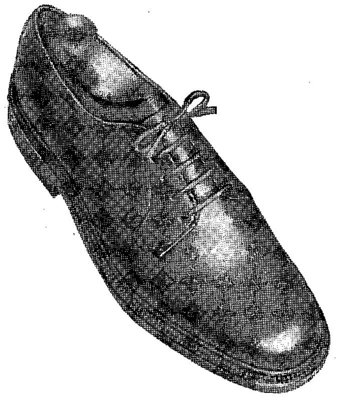
trial were William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow, the former a winded old politician and ex-Secretary of State, well on his way to outliving his wits and utterly unable to champion the intricate conventions of Holy Writ, and the latter a tough criminal lawyer who rejoiced to raise hell in a good cause. In the picture, Bryan and Darrow are transliterated, syllable for syllable, into Brady and Drummond—Brady a garrulous, gormandizing fool, Drummond a folksy charmer. It is very neat, it is as neat as the issue of right and wrong between them, and it should make for what is known as a rousing courtroom drama, but we can't help wondering as we watch them, *Was* Bryan a Brady? *Was* Darrow a Drummond? For that matter, was H. L. Mencken really anything like the tiresomely brash, cheesy-epigram-uttering newspaperman called, in the picture, E. K. Hornbeck? Dear Lord, I hope not.

Fredric March knocks himself out acting Bryan-Brady and, thanks to makeup, bears an uncanny resemblance to the original. The makeup department evidently threw in the sponge, and almost everything else, when it came to turning roly-poly Spencer Tracy into the gaunt and craggy Darrow, and Gene Kelly plays Hornbeck-Mencken straight—that is to say, as Gene Kelly, or Kelly-Hornbeck-Mencken. The picture was produced and directed by Stanley Kramer.

"WEDDINGS AND BABIES," a picture that is entirely the handiwork of Morris Engel, stars Viveca Lindfors and John Myhers as a young couple living in the Village and looking forward to someday getting married. Myhers is a photographer making his way too slowly up in the world; at thirty-five, he is still trapped in a daily round of photographing weddings and babies. He has a very old mother to support, and the last thing he wants to take on is the responsibility of a wife and children. Miss Lindfors, who loves him, has herself to consider; at thirty, she is sick of her uncertain state as his mistress, assistant, housekeeper, and consoler. Mr. Engel has filmed the squalid plight of this poor couple with attentive, almost doting sympathy, but after a while I became more aware of the squalor than of the plight. The photographer was a bit too old and slack-jawed and paunchy to permit me to identify myself with him, and I saw ruefully that his girl was past her prime. Nothing good was ever going to happen to them, and while I admired Mr. Engel's cour-

Alden
OF NEW ENGLAND

Custom Bootmakers Since 1884

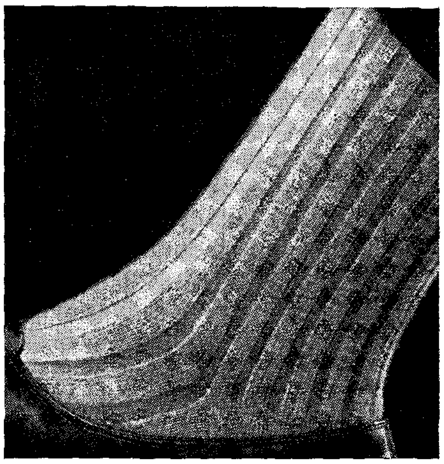


Ivy Guild *Choice*

In bootmaker tan calf, mahogany stained calf, black calf, imported Albion grain, shell cordovan. Available at finer shops or please write

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Brockton 64, Mass.

VIYELLA® SOCKS $1.50



If they shrink, we replace!

VIYELLA YARN is spun in England from the softest wool (for warmth) and fine cotton (for lightness and long wear). The socks are permanently mothproof. Almost never need darning. And come in many manly colors. Short socks, $1.50; regular, $1.75. For stores near you, write Viyella Men's Hosiery, 210 Madison Avenue, New York 16. Or call ORegon 9-4200.

age in insisting that we see this, the scale of the unfinished and unfinishable tragedy was too small to justify, for me, the smothering meanness of their lives. "Weddings and Babies" has won a number of prizes at film festivals here and there, perhaps because a high seriousness of purpose can be assumed for any work that shows how simply awful everything is, even for nice young people in Greenwich Village. I don't know whether Mr. Engel intended to convey this message, but the battle between the sexes has never looked grimmer or more depressing for men than it does here. The only affirmative note is struck by the mother, who is senile and indestructible, and whose husband has long since been tucked underground. —BRENDAN GILL

•

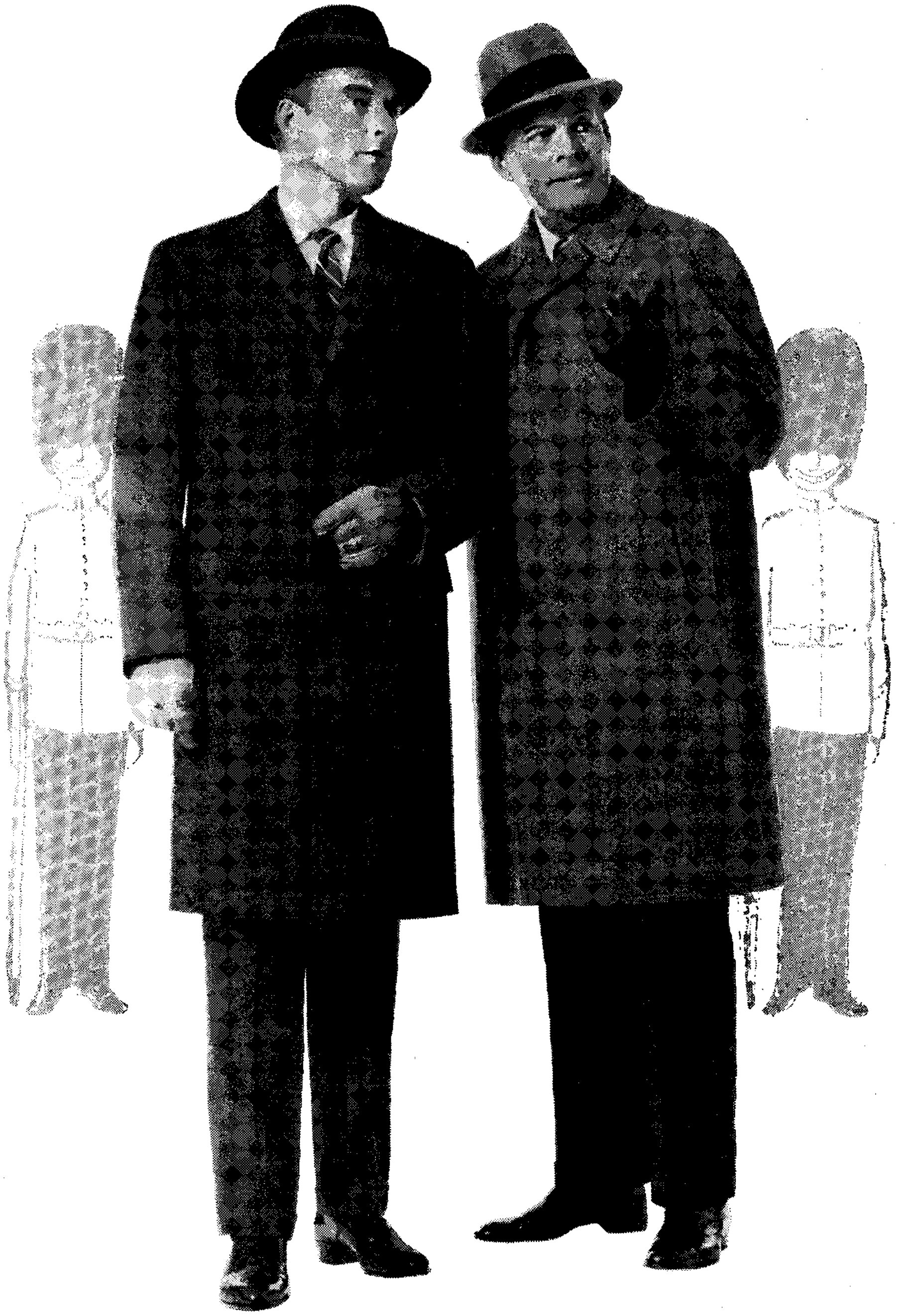
THE BEAR ON THE DELHI ROAD

Unreal, tall as a myth,
by the road the Himalayan bear
is beating the brilliant air
with his crooked arms.
About him two men, bare,
spindly as locusts, leap.
One pulls on a ring
in the great soft nose; his mate
flicks, flicks with a stick
up at the rolling eyes.

They have not led him here,
down from the fabulous hills
to this bald alien plain
and the clamorous world, to kill
but simply to teach him to dance.

They are peaceful both, these spare
men of Kashmir, and the bear
alive is their living, too.
If, far on the Delhi way,
around him galvanic they dance,
it is merely to wear, wear
from his shaggy body the tranced
wish forever to stay
only an ambling bear
four-footed in berries.

It is no more joyous for them
in this hot dust to prance
out of reach of the praying claws
sharpened to paw for ants
in the shadows of deodars.
It is not easy to free
myth from reality
or rear this fellow up
to lurch, lurch with them
in the tranced dancing of men.
—EARLE BIRNEY



Bond Street on the inside
Fifth Avenue on the outside
RODEX all over!

British tailors do things with needle and thread that no one else can do. Your Rodex coat is a good example. Notice the perfect cut, the smooth seams, the almost invisible stitching. Little details that blend into total elegance. That make you proud to wear a Rodex!

British workmanship and all, however, it has a distinctly *American* look. It was put there with malice aforethought by Britons . . . for *you!* Created out of the finest fabrics in the world, lambswool Scotch Saxony. Coats shown above from $120 to $145 at fine stores everywhere.

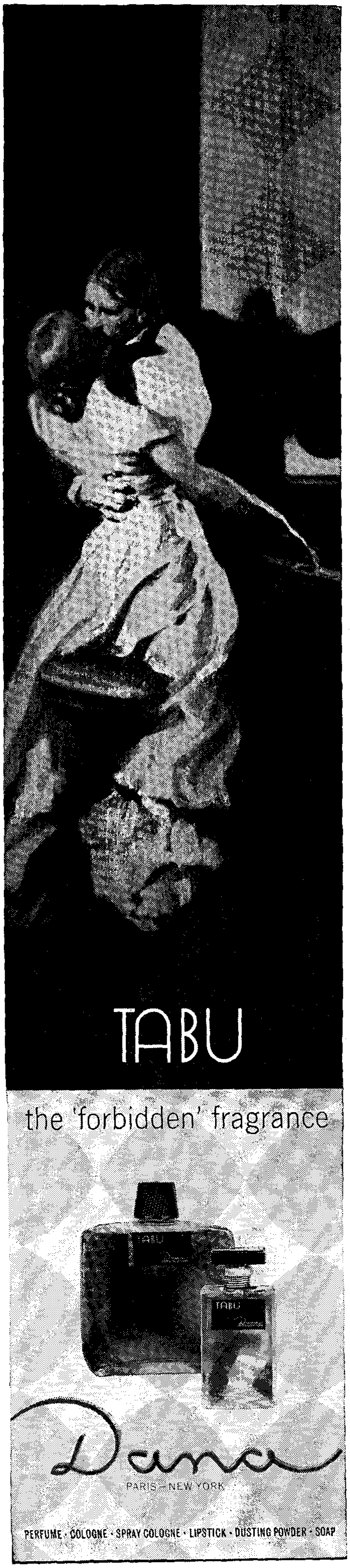
RODEX of London Ltd.
452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.
"Founder Member of British Menswear Guild"

TABLES FOR TWO

Worlds of Their Own

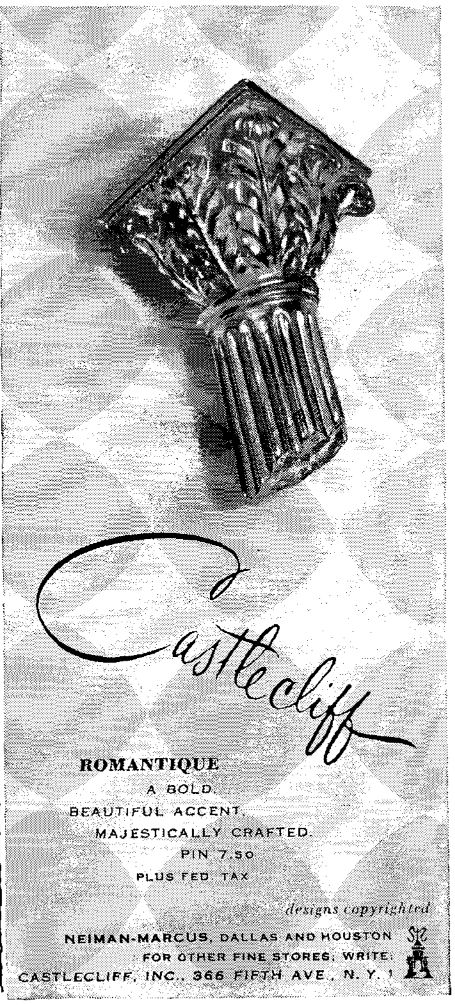
COMPULSIVE givers of cocktail parties could get more out of life if they rented Ceil Cabot and put her in charge. Her spaniel eyes glimmering with who knows what insane thought, she wanders through life with a vast smile for everyone, while from her lips issues a tumbling mountain stream of what even in these times can pass for unparalleled idiocy. The manner is Miss Cabot's own; the words are put in her mouth by the conclave of young mischief-makers who annually assist Julius Monk in constructing the revue that decorates the miniature stage of the supper club called Upstairs at the Downstairs. She and her authors come into full flower in a ballad during which she expresses her genial dislike for practically everyone you've ever heard of, and in a brief lyric that dwells in terrifying detail on the extracurricular pastimes of the modern schoolgirl, but she is seen (and very definitely heard) to advantage throughout what seems a remarkably short evening of merriment—notably in causeries about Consolidated Edison's inability to keep its hands off a paved street, about what always happens on Cook's tours, about what *would* happen if Madison Avenue were to apply its old soft-sell dance routine to the promotion of American foreign policy, and about what *might* happen to a persistent peruser of a weekly magazine called *The New Yorker*. It is, that is to say, the sort of topics-of-the-day revue that Mr. Monk has been putting on, and Miss Cabot has been gliding through, for the past five years—a revue of, by, and for the people of Manhattan and their not especially snug little world. The difference is that this time the eye seems more perceptive, the hand more rapid, the tongue more incisive than ever before.

Since the stage is occupied by only six players—or eight if you count the quite visible orchestra of William Roy and Carl Norman at the pianos—everyone is front and center most of the time. Gerry Matthews, another permanent member of the company, reaches his considerable height in a song-and-dance that will make us all think twice about



TABU
the 'forbidden' fragrance
Dana
PARIS—NEW YORK
PERFUME · COLOGNE · SPRAY COLOGNE · LIPSTICK · DUSTING POWDER · SOAP

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD.
FREE AND EASY
A no-iron drip-dry blouse of dacron, polyester* and cotton. Popular ¾ length sleeve. White, lilac, skyblue, maize or navy. Sizes 10-16. $10.95
PLEASE ADD 35¢ FOR SHIPPING. *DU PONT TRADEMARK
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

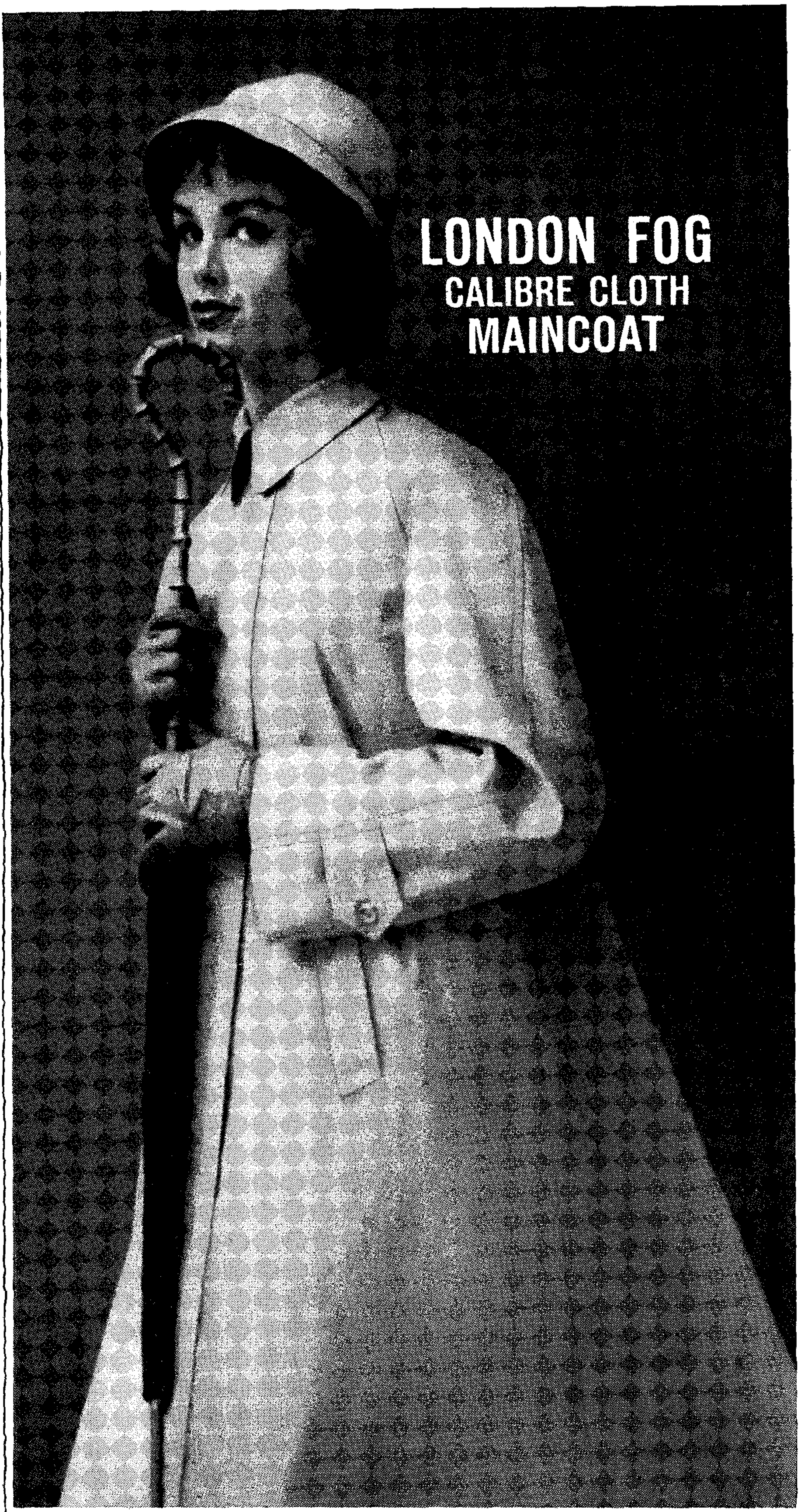


Castlecliff
ROMANTIQUE
A BOLD.
BEAUTIFUL ACCENT.
MAJESTICALLY CRAFTED.
PIN 7.50
PLUS FED. TAX
designs copyrighted
NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS AND HOUSTON
FOR OTHER FINE STORES, WRITE:
CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 1

attending any festivities at Lincoln Center or vacationing in Florida; Gordon Connell, also an old hand, is ascendant as the owner of a most disorderly bookstall and as a fatuous gamekeeper to Lady Chatterley; Mary Louise Wilson reaches her zenith in a how-do-you-do with Mr. Matthews that is Noël Coward at his best, or worst. One of this year's accessions to the cast is Bill Hinnant, a sandy-haired, choirboy-size innocent who makes a fine foil for Miss Cabot and a fine protagonist in a thoroughly Upstairs version of a Kabuki drama; the new Upstairs maid is Pat Ruhl, whose supreme moment arrives when she sings an original bit of writing by Mr. Roy called "Billy's Blues." Altogether, a well-dressed, well-spoken group.

The Upstairs has always been a forum in which presumably struggling young authors can have their say. This season's novices, who deserve orders of merit, are Michael McWhinney, Michael Barr, Dion McGregor, Jack Holmes, and Ray Jessel; among the perennial contributors to the cause are Michael Brown, Rod Warren, Bart Howard, and Louis Botto, soothsayers all.

THE small worlds of Don Rickles and Jack E. Leonard can encourage a sense of not belonging, of tardily arriving at a gathering made up entirely of people who have come from a party to which you were not invited. Yet the world of Mr. Rickles, who has finally got around to playing New York—at Basin Street East—after doing the big towns, is quickly identified; we have seen it before at Leon & Eddie's Celebrity Nights and we see it these days on television during what the trade describes as "interviews" and "guest shots." It is a world in which, at the brusque demand of the master of ceremonies (Mr. Rickles, in this case), the show-business occupants of the front-row tables rise but do not necessarily shine during the ensuing colloquies with Mr. R., in which an accolade as grandiose as "You're the greatest" is denigration, in which "Shut up when I'm speaking!" is small talk, in which overt aggression and Ted Lewis love-one-another homilies walk uneasily hand in hand, in which one's existence depends upon knowing that, say, Mike Gerber (who?) is Merrilee Lee's agent and that Peewee Gross's records are outselling George Croon's. Trying, one night last week, to play follow-the-leader through the intricacies of this tanglewood, I tripped over a name and



THE DUCHESS...a man's kind of coat for ladies. Natural, ivory, olive or black. About $32.50. So right in Zelan-treated Calibre Cloth, the famous wash and wear blend of 65% Dacron polyester and 35% combed cotton...woven exclusively by Reeves Brothers, Inc., New York—one of America's leading fabric manufacturers. At fine stores or write Londontown Manufacturing Co., 5 North Haven St., Baltimore 24, Md.

REEVES fabrics

WARM-UP

for things to come. Like snow and rain and drafty trains. Unbeatable, this Sno Down coat of luxurious deep-pile, wide-wale all cotton Crompton corduroy. Hand-warmer pockets, alpaca collar and lining. Pecan, burnt green, cornhusk. 36 to 46. $39.95. GIMBELS, NEW YORK AND ALL BRANCH STORES.

KLEINHANS COMPANY, BUFFALO

ALBERT STEIGER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BY LAKELAND

Crompton®

MAKERS OF "NEW WORLD FABRICS

1071 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y. 18, N.Y.

fell flat on my face. It was quiet there in the bulrushes, and I didn't get up until Mr. Rickles' hue and cry had disappeared over the next hill.

Jack E. Leonard is another matter. Mr. L., who is also making his first stand in our town, at the Blue Angel, is a giant and perfect circle of a man, mounted on a pedestal of two tiny feet and surmounted by tortoise-shell glasses and token hair. He deals in the commodities employed by Mr. Rickles, but he moves slowly upstream through them with the majesty, and the homely sound effects, of a Mississippi stern-wheeler, and the rapiers he carries all have buttons on the end. He, too, is quickly identifiable; we have seen him before—briefly, I fear, in the role of Milton Berle, but more engagingly as Abe Burrows, Danny Thomas, and Myron Cohen. His is a rambling discourse—cabbages, kings, and a very occasional remark he copied off the wall of a gentlemen's room—but the pace is so easy that we outsiders never have the feeling of being alone. Accordingly, the show-business people in his audience are left largely in peace, and you know about peace; it's wonderful.

Another resident of the Blue Angel is Dorothy Loudon, ostensibly a singer but really a masterly polemicist. She is very much of our world—not that she wouldn't like to improve it by a process of elimination. Her disdains are in general the disdains of us all, and they are so trimly set forth, in both song and story, that paraphrase could only pall.

—R. W.

•

Shed a tear for Feliza and Elliott Plowe.

About three months ago they decided to buy a house in Beverly Hills and move their headquarters from Park Avenue, New York. Elliott is president of Grant Advertising and most of his time is spent flying to its far-flung offices.

So they figured he could at least have weekends in Beverly. They redecorated the house, moved in furniture and silver.

But it wasn't to be. Gossip columnists in the East misconstrued the situation and rumor went to work. So now the house is up for sale and they moved back to Park Avenue Saturday.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

The rumor mills of the East grind exceeding fine.

•

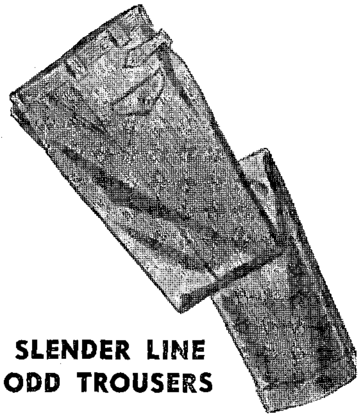
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Faculty Bulletin, Weston High School, Weston, Mass.*]

The 1960 *Textbooks in Print* is not available in the library. This will be useful in helping you to select textbooks for the next school year.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers



SLENDER LINE
ODD TROUSERS

320. Tropical Worsted, 9 oz. year-around wearability, Clergy, Oxford, Cambridge, Black-Brown, Olive **23.50**

321. Worsted Fleece Flannel, Clergy, Oxford, Cambridge, Black-Brown, Lovat-Green **24.50**

322. *Whipcord Twill, Clergy, Black-Olive, or Natural Olive, Oxford Grey **27.50**

323. *Bedford Cord, ¼" top pockets—wide belt loops, flap-rear pockets. Oxford Grey, Tan or Olive Tan **27.50**

324. *Fleece Flannel Check—deep tone shades. Black on Olive or Rust on Olive **27.50**

324A. *Fleece Flannel Plaid—Deep tone Madras colors blended to soft shade on the Olive side. Black and Olive or Maroon and Olive **27.50**

325. Corduroy, oneshade, Brindle Olive **18.50**

*Plain front only, all others available with pleats or plain front. State color choice—Plain or Pleated where option is given—All trousers shipped unfinished cuffs.

Add 50¢ Postage Brochure on Request

Chipp

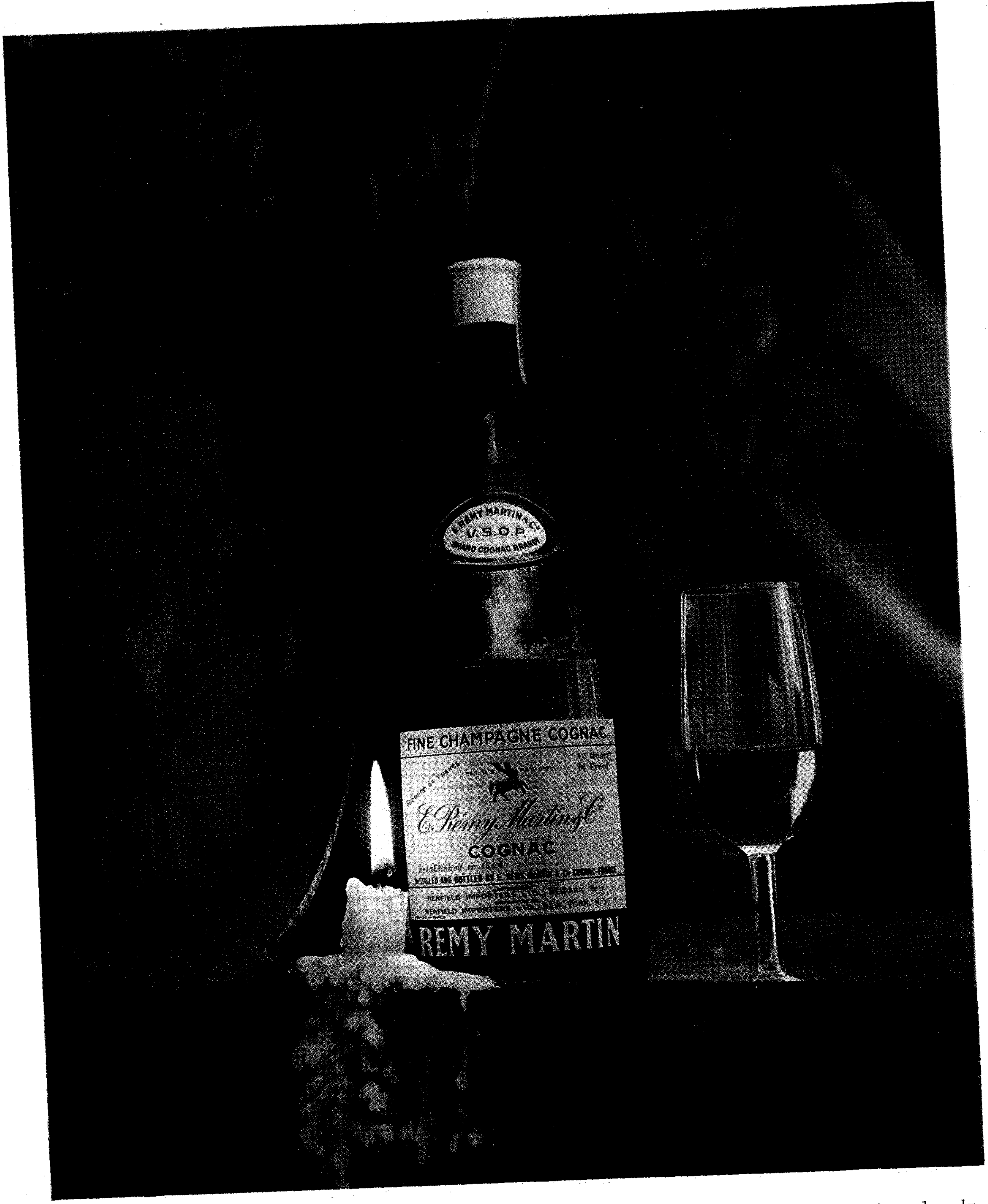
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

AAA says:
"now is the time to ORDER your 1961 MERCEDES BENZ for overseas delivery"

Avoid disappointment; order your Mercedes-Benz now through AAA. Any model available for overseas delivery in 1961, provided you act fast. Save money on your Mercedes-Benz, save time and money in touring Europe. Dependable overseas deliveries anywhere.

Complete details from
AAA International
TRAVEL SERVICE
Dept. Y, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.
or any AAA Club


REMY MARTIN & Cie
V.S.O.P.
GRAND COGNAC BRANDY
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
E. Rémy Martin & Cie
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

the secret of fine Cognac…

. . . is found between the cask and the bottle. Cognac is made only from grapes grown within specific boundaries decreed by French law . . . and even within this area only certain vineyards provide the wine to be distilled for Fine Champagne Cognac. Yet it is the personal skill of expert tasters, who blend the brandies of various "crus" after they have matured in the hand-cut, seasoned oak casks, that produces Remy Martin V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale—the Cognac of connoisseurs in 110 nations.

REMY MARTIN COGNAC, 80 PROOF. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

Dedicated by Revlon to the exciting woman who spends a lifetime living up to her potential…

'ULTIMA' GOSSAMER TINTS

The astonishing new color cosmetology

◆

For the first time, you can be porcelain pale or spun gold . . . or any exquisite *any*thing . . . without the vaguest *feel* of make-up on your skin

The alchemy? The limitless tints and bodiless textures of these nutrient foundations, powders and lipsticks.

Uncannily, the tones merge, weightless as light, with your inner coloring. A far cry from on-the-skin cosmetics that merely cover . . . and leave layers of make-up in their wake!

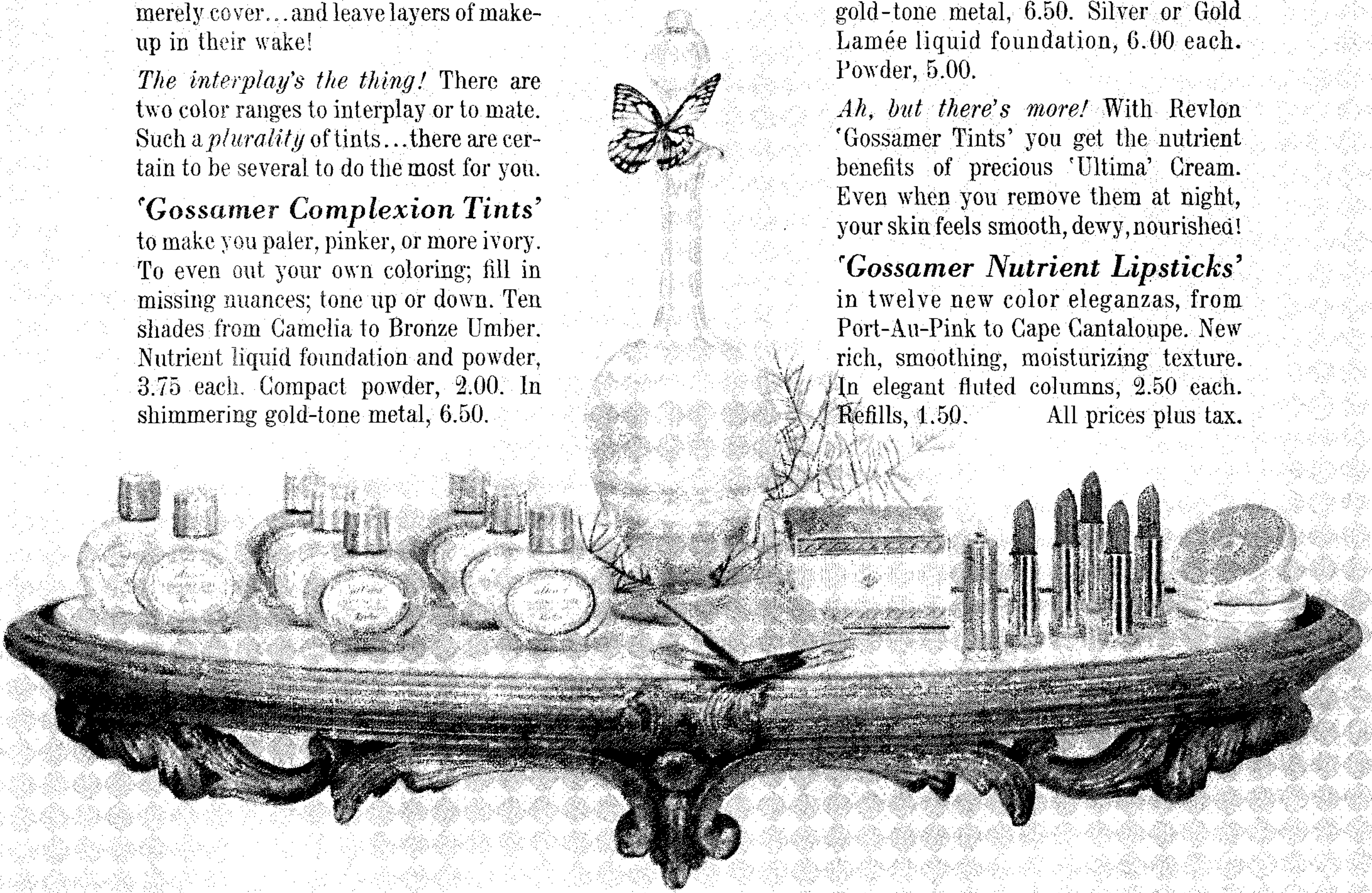
The interplay's the thing! There are two color ranges to interplay or to mate. Such a *plurality* of tints . . . there are certain to be several to do the most for you.

'Gossamer Complexion Tints' to make you paler, pinker, or more ivory. To even out your own coloring; fill in missing nuances; tone up or down. Ten shades from Camelia to Bronze Umber. Nutrient liquid foundation and powder, 3.75 each. Compact powder, 2.00. In shimmering gold-tone metal, 6.50.

'Gossamer Illusion Tints' . . . daringly different, but so delicate on the skin. To perfect florid or sallow complexions. To compensate for natural color drained out by night wattage, and by fashion colors that have been taboo for you. Six never-before tints, from Azurine to Apricotta. Foundation and powder, 3.75 each. Compact, 2.00. In gold-tone metal, 6.50. Silver or Gold Lamée liquid foundation, 6.00 each. Powder, 5.00.

Ah, but there's more! With Revlon 'Gossamer Tints' you get the nutrient benefits of precious 'Ultima' Cream. Even when you remove them at night, your skin feels smooth, dewy, nourished!

'Gossamer Nutrient Lipsticks' in twelve new color eleganzas, from Port-Au-Pink to Cape Cantaloupe. New rich, smoothing, moisturizing texture. In elegant fluted columns, 2.50 each. Refills, 1.50. All prices plus tax.



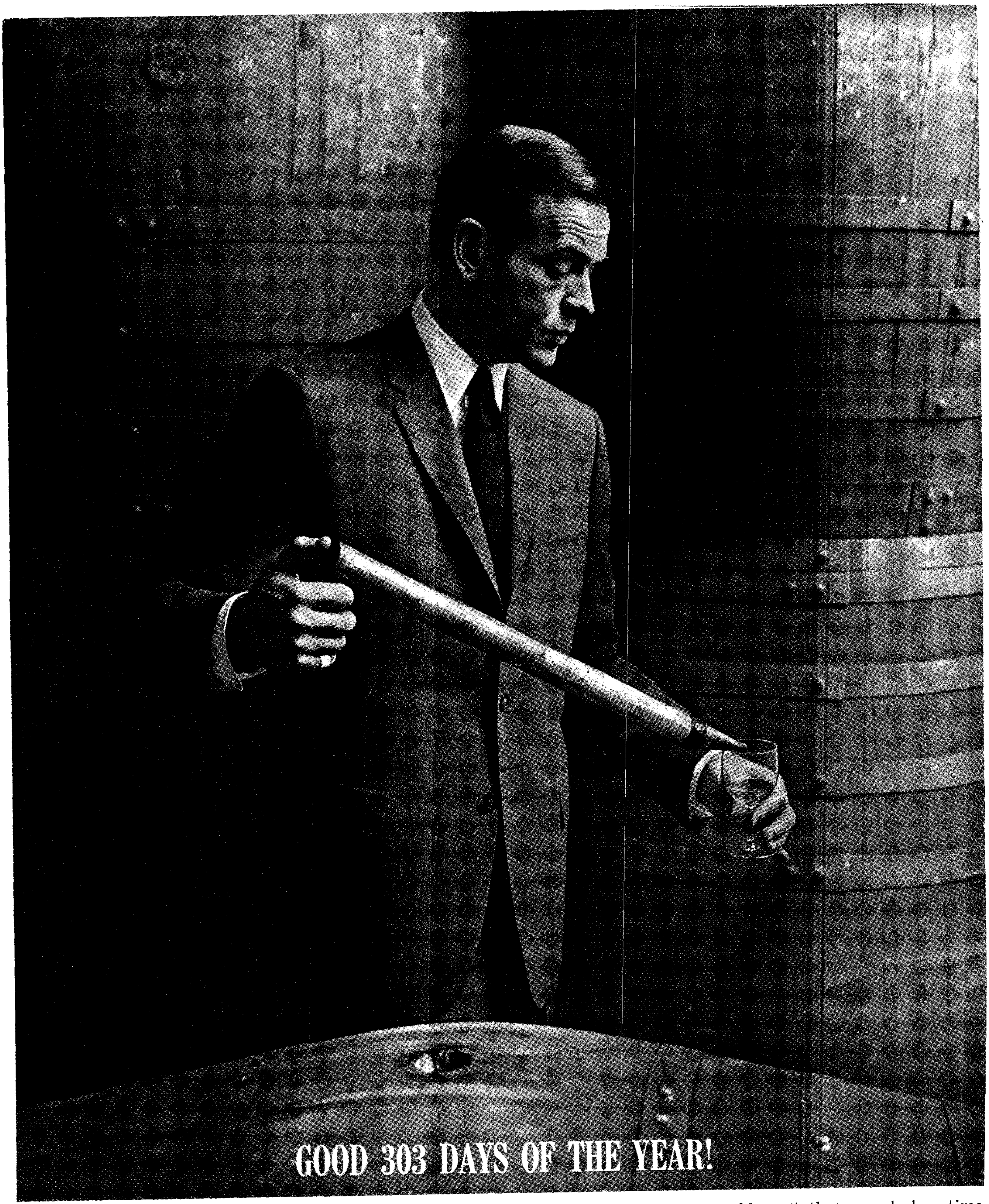
Do let a Revlon consultant help you to a gossamer complexion. At only the most distinguished stores.

THE ULTIMA MAKE-UP COLLECTION BY REVLON

GOWN BY SARMI JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS

©1960 REVLON, INC.


GOOD 303 DAYS OF THE YEAR!

The man of experience senses the decisive difference, as among *dacron and worsted blends*. Now take our Formula 303. Balanced so perfectly, this fabric actually provides perfect comfort 303 days of the year. (all but the hot summer months.) And takes to the superb tailoring for which Michaels-Stern has become so well known. For the kind of indispensable suit that spends less time in the closet than any you own! For name of the store nearest you write Dept. Y3, Michaels-Stern, 87 Clinton Ave. North, Rochester 2, New York

AUSTRALIAN AFFILIATE: HARFORD CLOTHING LTD., MELBOURNE

FORMULA 303 TAILORED BY MICHAELS-STERN

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

HUB FANS BID KID ADIEU

Fenway Park, in Boston, is a lyric little bandbox of a ballpark. Everything is painted green and seems in curiously sharp focus, like the inside of an old-fashioned peeping-type Easter egg. It was built in 1912 and rebuilt in 1934, and offers, as do most Boston artifacts, a compromise between Man's Euclidean determinations and Nature's beguiling irregularities. Its right field is one of the deepest in the American League, while its left field is the shortest; the high left-field wall, three hundred and fifteen feet from home plate along the foul line, virtually thrusts its surface at right-handed hitters. On the afternoon of Wednesday, September 28th, as I took a seat behind third base, a uniformed groundkeeper was treading the top of this wall, picking batting-practice home runs out of the screen, like a mushroom gatherer seen in Wordsworthian perspective on the verge of a cliff. The day was overcast, chill, and uninspirational. The Boston team was the worst in twenty-seven seasons. A jangling medley of incompetent youth and aging competence, the Red Sox were finishing in seventh place only because the Kansas City Athletics had locked them out of the cellar. They were scheduled to play the Baltimore Orioles, a much nimbler blend of May and December, who had been dumped from pennant contention a week before by the insatiable Yankees. I, and 10,453 others, had shown up primarily because this was the Red Sox's last home game of the season, and therefore the last time in all eternity that their regular left fielder, known to the headlines as TED, KID, SPLINTER, THUMPER, TW, and, most cloyingly, MISTER WONDERFUL, would play in Boston. "WHAT WILL WE DO WITHOUT TED? HUB FANS ASK" ran the headline on a newspaper being read by a bulb-nosed cigar smoker a few rows away. Williams' retirement had been announced, doubted (he had been threatening retirement for years), confirmed by Tom Yawkey, the Red Sox owner, and at last widely accepted as the sad but probable truth. He was forty-two and had redeemed his abysmal season of 1959 with a—considering his advanced age—fine one. He had been giving away his gloves and bats and had grudgingly consented to a sentimental ceremony today. This was not necessarily his last game; the Red Sox were scheduled to travel to New York and wind up the season with three games there.

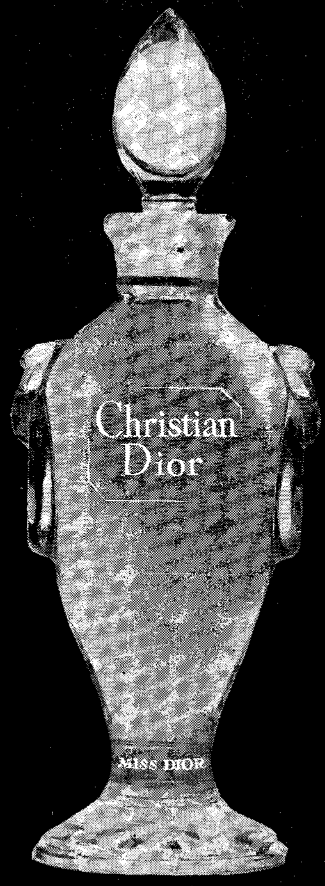
I arrived early. The Orioles were hitting fungos on the field. The day before, they had spitefully smothered the Red Sox, 17–4, and neither their faces nor their drab gray visiting-team uniforms seemed very gracious. I wondered who had invited them to the party. Between our heads and the lowering clouds a frenzied organ was thundering through, with an appositeness perhaps accidental, "You *maaaade* me love you, I didn't wanna do it, I didn't wanna do it . . ."

The affair between Boston and Ted Williams has been no mere summer romance; it has been a marriage, composed of spats, mutual disappointments, and, toward the end, a mellowing hoard of shared memories. It falls into three stages, which may be termed Youth, Maturity, and Age; or Thesis, Antithesis, and Synthesis; or Jason, Achilles, and Nestor.

First, there was the by now legendary epoch when the young bridegroom came out of the West, announced "All I want out of life is that when I walk down the street folks will say 'There goes the greatest hitter who ever lived.' " The dowagers of local journalism attempted to give elementary deportment lessons to this child who spake as a god, and to their horror were themselves rebuked. Thus began the long exchange of backbiting, bat-flipping, booing, and spitting that has distinguished Williams' public relations. The spitting incidents of 1957 and 1958 and the similar dockside courtesies that Williams has now and then extended to the grandstand should be judged against this background: the left-field stands at Fenway for twenty years have held a large number of customers who have bought their way in primarily for the privilege of showering abuse on Williams. Greatness necessarily attracts debunkers, but in Williams' case the hostility has been systematic and unappeasable. His basic offense against the fans has been to wish that they weren't there. Seeking a perfectionist's vacuum, he has quixotically desired to sever the game from the ground of paid spectatorship and publicity that supports it. Hence his refusal to tip his cap to the crowd or turn the other cheek to newsmen. It has been a costly theory—it has probably cost him, among other evidences of good will, two Most Valuable Player awards, which are voted by reporters—but he has held to it from his rookie year on. While his critics, oral and literary, remained beyond the reach of his discipline, the opposing pitchers were accessible, and he spanked them to the tune of .406 in 1941. He slumped to .356 in 1942 and went off to war.

In 1946, Williams returned from three years as a Marine pilot to the second of his baseball avatars, that of Achilles, the hero of incomparable prowess and beauty who nevertheless was to be found sulking in his tent while the Trojans (mostly Yankees) fought through to the ships. Yawkey, a timber and mining maharajah, had surrounded his central jewel with many gems of slightly lesser water, such as Bobby Doerr, Dom DiMaggio, Rudy York, Birdie Tebbetts, and Johnny Pesky. Throughout the late forties, the Red Sox were the best paper team in baseball, yet they had little three-dimension-

ask
any
man...



Miss Dior
perfume

100.00 to 3.50 plus tax.
Made in France

al to show for it, and if this was a tragedy, Williams was Hamlet. A succinct review of the indictment—and a fair sample of appreciative sports-page prose—appeared the very day of Williams' valedictory, in a column by Huck Finnegan in the Boston *American* (no sentimentalist, Huck):

> Williams' career, in contrast [to Babe Ruth's], has been a series of failures except for his averages. He flopped in the only World Series he ever played in (1946) when he batted only .200. He flopped in the playoff game with Cleveland in 1948. He flopped in the final game of the 1949 season with the pennant hinging on the outcome (Yanks 5, Sox 3). He flopped in 1950 when he returned to the lineup after a two-month absence and ruined the morale of a club that seemed pennant-bound under Steve O'Neill. It has always been Williams' records first, the team second, and the Sox non-winning record is proof enough of that.

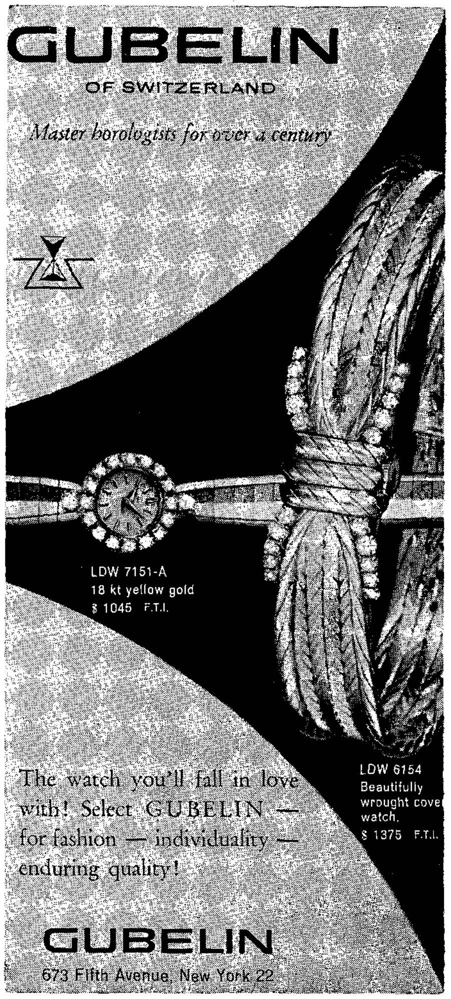
There are answers to all this, of course. The fatal weakness of the great Sox slugging teams was not-quite-good-enough pitching rather than Williams' failure to hit a home run every time he came to bat. Again, Williams' depressing effect on his teammates has never been proved. Despite ample coaching to the contrary, most insisted that they *liked* him. He has been generous with advice to any player who asked for it. In an increasingly combative baseball atmosphere, he continued to duck beanballs docilely. With umpires he was gracious to a fault. This courtesy itself annoyed his critics, whom there was no pleasing. And against the ten crucial games (the seven World Series games with the St. Louis Cardinals, the 1948 playoff with the Cleveland Indians, and the two-game series with the Yankees at the end of the 1949 season, winning either one of which would have given the Red Sox the pennant) that make up the Achilles' heel of Williams' record, a mass of statistics can be set showing that day in and day out he was no slouch in the clutch. The correspondence columns of the Boston papers now and then suffer a sharp flurry of arithmetic on this score; indeed, for Williams to have distributed all his hits so they did nobody else any good would constitute a feat of placement unparalleled in the annals of selfishness.

WHATEVER residue of truth remains of the Finnegan charge those of us who love Williams must transmute as best we can, in our own personal crucibles. My personal memories of Williams begin when I was a boy in Pennsylvania, with two last-place teams in Philadelphia to keep me company. For me, "W'ms, lf" was a fig-

the village store

Thriving in
Birmingham
Grosse Pointe
Saginaw
Ann Arbor
Michigan

THE BURLAP SKIRT...
For ladies with derring-do. Burly burlap femininely fringed makes a skirt to wear from mid-day to midnight. Vary it's mood with a change of blouses. Comes in hemp, shocking pink or glen violet. 8-16. **10.95.** Pony Express to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich. Post. 50c. Catalog on request.


GUBELIN
OF SWITZERLAND
Master horologists for over a century

LDW 7151-A
18 kt yellow gold
$ 1045 F.T.I.

LDW 6154
Beautifully wrought cover watch.
$ 1375 F.T.I.

The watch you'll fall in love with! Select GUBELIN — for fashion — individuality — enduring quality!

GUBELIN
673 Fifth Avenue, New York 22

LISBON'S THE PLACE. WINTER'S NOT INVITED HERE. Only sun, sand and sea lovers. And when you sum up the many good things that come with a Swissair 17-day excursion, the price (effective through March 31st) is so low it looks like we made a mistake when we figured it up.

For example, $499 buys a complete Iberian Holiday (covers 3 weekends). Includes: non-stop Swissair Jetliner round trip from New York, transportation, hotels, meals, trips & tips. First stop is Lisbon. Here you'll fill up your memory chest as you uncover the fascination of this Old World City. Then to Seville. The theater. Cafés. Churches. Art. The Flamenco. Then on to Jerez, Cadiz, Torremolinos and Granada. A value? The best. But suppose you want to spend all your vacation in and around Lisbon. Fine. Rent a secret little villa. Dine, wine, explore. Laugh and sing with the people. Hop south to the beach at Praia da Rocha. Loll on the yellow sand for a latin tan. Unspoiled Portugal is yours. And if you return within 17 days, Swissair's special jet fare is only $350 round trip from New York. Really, it doesn't matter whether you start, spend or end your vacation in Lisbon. The important thing is to go there. And equally important is how you go there. We suggest Swissair. Aboard our DC-8 Jetliners you'll find something special in service. We call it Swiss-Care. It's a gentle, old-fashioned way of caring for passengers. So come with us.

Mail this coupon or see your travel agent. Swissair, 3 E. 54th St., New York, N.Y. / Send me folders on your special place and other nice places, too. N-11

______________________ *Name*

______________________ *Address*

______________________ *City & State*

SWISSAIR
SWISSCARE · WORLDWIDE

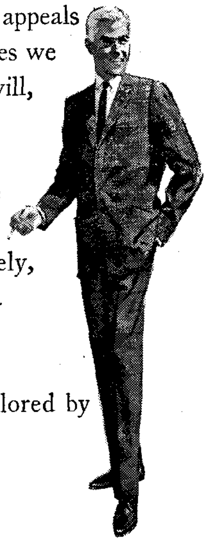
SWISSAIR HAS A VERY SPECIAL PLACE—AT A VERY SPECIAL PRICE—FOR YOU TO START, SPEND OR END YOUR WINTER VACATION

Photo Sni-Yan

Will
Honest Tailoring
Triumph?

It sometimes happens that a suit which looks in the retail store like the apple of a man's eye, turns out to be a lemon when he gets it home. What makes for trouble is that some manufacturers just can't cut a bolt of cloth without cutting corners. The point where you find this out, unfortunately, is usually the point of no return. Result? They're safe and you're sorry.

Neat, but not for us. We figure if crime doesn't pay, little crimes pay even less. Therefore, 'Botany' 500 tailored by Daroff suits are all tailored with scrupulous honesty; all carry our own label. If that idea appeals to you, the clothes we make probably will, too. The sport coat and slacks pictured here are $39.95 and $17.95 respectively, and come from a new group of natural shoulder 'Botany' 500 tailored by Daroff clothes.



'BOTANY' 500®
tailored by DAROFF

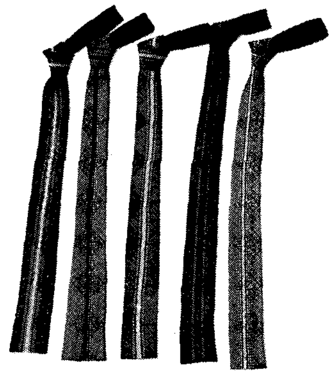
At your 'BOTANY' 500 *dealer or write:*
H. DAROFF & SONS, INC., 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
Prices slightly higher in the West

ment of the box scores who always seemed to be going 3-for-5. He radiated, from afar, the hard blue glow of high purpose. I remember listening over the radio to the All-Star Game of 1946, in which Williams hit two singles and two home runs, the second one off a Rip Sewell "blooper" pitch; it was like hitting a balloon out of the park. I remember watching one of his home runs from the bleachers of Shibe Park; it went over the first baseman's head and rose meticulously along a straight line and was still rising when it cleared the fence. The trajectory seemed qualitatively different from anything anyone else might hit. For me, Williams is *the classic ballplayer of the game on a* hot August weekday, before a small crowd, when the only thing at stake is the tissue-thin difference between a thing done well and a thing done ill. Baseball is a game of the long season, of relentless and gradual averaging-out. Irrelevance—since the reference point of most individual games is remote and statistical—always threatens its interest, which can be maintained not by the occasional heroics that sportswriters feed upon but by players who always *care;* who care, that is to say, about themselves and their art. Insofar as the clutch hitter is not a sportswriter's myth, he is a vulgarity, like a writer who writes only for money. It may be that, compared to managers' dreams such as Joe DiMaggio and the always helpful Stan Musial, Williams is an icy star. But of all team sports, baseball, with its graceful intermittences of action, its immense and tranquil field sparsely settled with poised men in white, its dispassionate mathematics, seems to me best suited to accommodate, and be ornamented by, a loner. It is an essentially lonely game. No other player visible to my generation has concentrated within himself so much of the sport's poignance, has so assiduously refined his natural skills, has so constantly brought to the plate that intensity of competence that crowds the throat with joy.

By the time I went to college, near Boston, the lesser stars Yawkey had assembled around Williams had faded, and his craftsmanship, his rigorous pride, had become itself a kind of heroism. This brittle and temperamental player developed an unexpected quality of persistence. He was always coming back—back from Korea, back from a broken collarbone, a shattered elbow, a bruised heel, back from drastic bouts of flu and ptomaine poisoning. Hardly a season went by without some enfeebling mishap, yet he always came back, and always looked like himself. The delicate

NEW TIES

Alexander Shields colors on fine silk



vertical striping

on a new twill weave

$8.50

DESIGNED AND MADE FOR MEN BY
Alexander Shields
484 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 22

Prospect
Street ®

"Born" in New Haven, styled with newness and authenticity. Center crease, 1⅝" brim with upper welt. In new gray and olive color tones. Trimmed with black band . . . $12.95

WHITE
NEW HAVEN

Kansas City—WOOLF BROS.
Wichita—WOOLF BROS.
Memphis—PHIL A. HALLE
Cleveland—BRINKMAN-CLEARY INC.
Lexington—GRAVES COX & CO.
Lake Forest—ROBERTSON'S
Nashville, DIX, LTD.
and other fine Men's Stores

Limited number of franchises available.. inquire
WHITE OF NEW HAVEN, 1020 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

To the ten million men who have bought a Sunbeam Shavemaster

SUNBEAM IS CHANGING THE SHAVEMASTER SHAVER.

We are addressing this special report to you because you may not want it changed. Through the years you have determined that the Shavemaster gave you more than comfort. It gave you a really close electric shave. And you also found that the Shavemaster is engineered to last for years and years.

From time to time we have given you significant improvements. But this is a major change.

The basic change that the new Shavemaster will introduce makes a radical difference in electric shaving.

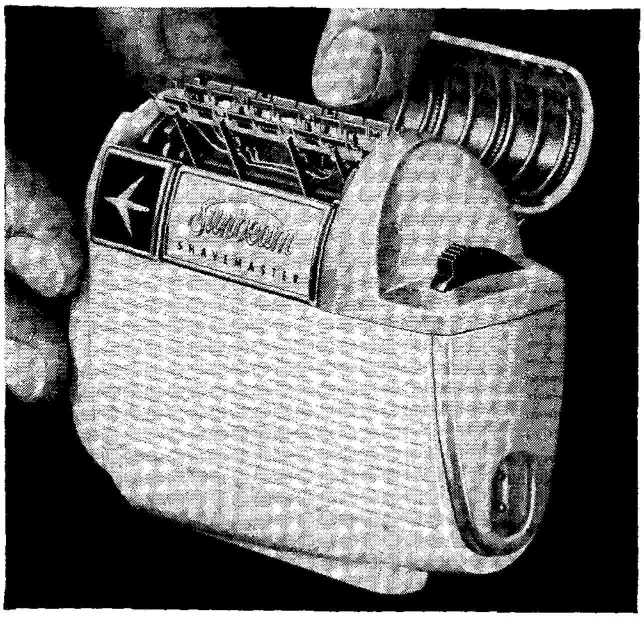
As you know, *nothing shaves like a blade.*

This new Sunbeam shaves you with *three* real blades—positioned so they are always moving at the right angle. It delivers a shave so close it has to be compared with the results you get from a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade.

Its three permanent, self-sharpening blades meet your beard—however it may grow—shaving you closely, smoothly and unbelievably fast. Even faster than the Shavemaster you now use. Yet you don't feel the slightest pull or irritation.

You don't have to learn to use this new shaver. You don't spend weeks getting the "hang" of it. The new Shavemaster has the same rounded head that fits easily into every corner of your face.

It has every new convenience, too: an on-off switch, sideburn trimmer and a head that flips open for easy cleaning.

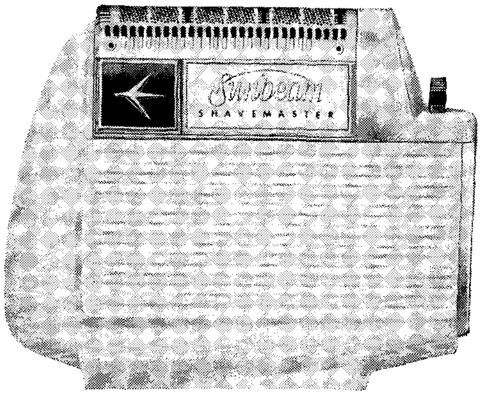


Three real blades locked in under the flip-open comb.

The new Shavemaster has changed electric shaving. And this is more than *our* opinion. It is the conviction of every man who uses it.

We know that you will be particularly anxious to try the new Sunbeam Shavemaster. It's at dealers *now!*

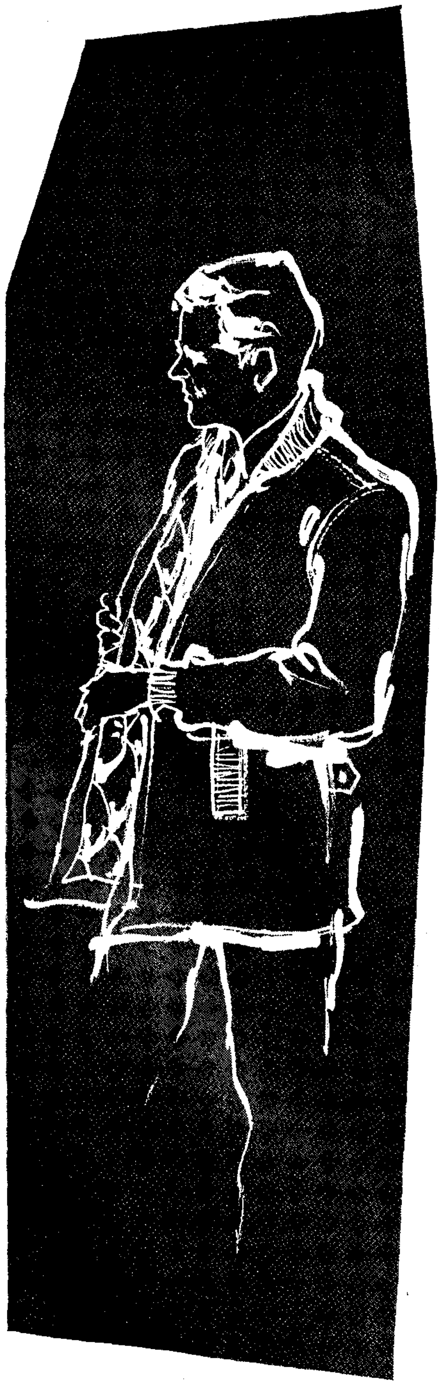
See it demonstrated on "What's My Line", "Naked City" and "The Untouchables"



NEW SUNBEAM SHAVEMASTER

ELECTRIC SHAVER

Sunbeam Corporation, Chicago 50, Ill., Canada: Toronto 18 ®Sunbeam, Shavemaster



LAKELAND, creators of fine sportswear, prefers Skinner fabrics for performance and style. You will find our quilted rayon satin lining, for instance, used exclusively in their famous "Clicker®". At fine stores everywhere. Remember, all things appearing equal,

THE
MATERIAL
DISTINCTION
IS

T.M.
SKINNER

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, 12 W. 40th ST., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
QUALITY WEAVERS SINCE 1848

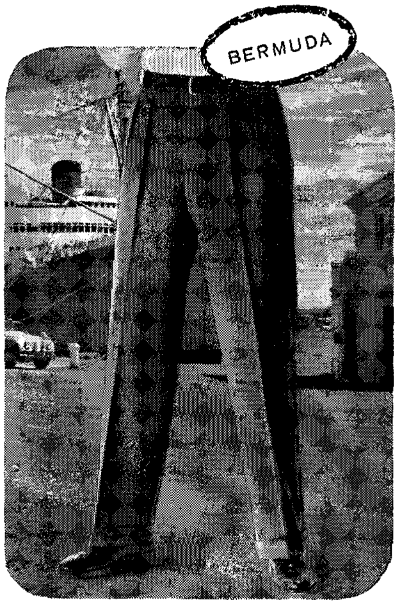
© 1960, WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

Lakeland week—October 21-29.

mechanism of timing and power seemed locked, shockproof, in some case outside his body. In addition to injuries, there were a heavily publicized divorce, and the usual storms with the press, and the Williams Shift—the maneuver, custom-built by Lou Boudreau, of the Cleveland Indians, whereby three infielders were concentrated on the right side of the infield, where a left-handed pull hitter like Williams generally hits the ball. Williams could easily have learned to punch singles through the vacancy on his left and fattened his average hugely. This was what Ty Cobb, the Einstein of average, told him to do. But the game had changed since Cobb; Williams believed that his value to the club and to the game was as a slugger, so he went on pulling the ball, trying to blast it through three men, and paid the price of perhaps fifteen points of lifetime average. Like Ruth before him, he bought the occasional home run at the cost of many directed singles—a calculated sacrifice certainly not, in the case of a hitter as average-minded as Williams, entirely selfish.

AFTER a prime so harassed and hobbled, Williams was granted by the relenting fates a golden twilight. He became at the end of his career perhaps the best *old* hitter of the century. The dividing line came between the 1956 and the 1957 seasons. In September of the first year, he and Mickey Mantle were contending for the batting championship. Both were hitting around .350, and there was no one else near them. The season ended with a three-game series between the Yankees and the Sox, and, living in New York then, I went up to the Stadium. Williams was slightly shy of the four hundred at-bats needed to qualify; the fear was expressed that the Yankee pitchers would walk him to protect Mantle. Instead, they pitched to him—a wise decision. He looked terrible at the plate, tired and discouraged and unconvincing. He never looked very good to me in the Stadium. (Last week, in *Life*, Williams, a sportswriter himself now, wrote gloomily of the Stadium, "There's the bigness of it. There are those high stands and all those people smoking—and, of course, the shadows. . . . It takes at least one series to get accustomed to the Stadium and even then you're not sure.") The final outcome in 1956 was Mantle .353, Williams .345.

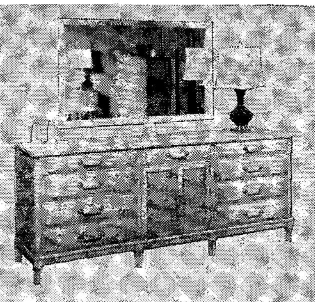
The next year, I moved from New York to New England, and it made all the difference. For in September of



Incomparable
Bermuda Doeskin Slacks

True luxury for the most discriminating man . . . London tailored from a superlative fabric made only for us by **Hunt & Winterbotham.** Superbly soft, yet durable over decades—some visitors still proudly wear our doeskins, purchased back in 1930. Charcoal, oxford and light greys for every taste, exotic colors for the lively . . . at $32.95 when you visit our store or when ordered from your home.

H. A. & E. Smith LTD.
HAMILTON, BERMUDA



P A R M A
Italian Provincial

In metropolitan New York at Hale's, 52 East 57th Street, and at leading stores throughout the country. Send 15 cents to Department N for booklet.
UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

LET THE MAN WHO SHOOTS PRESIDENTS... SHOOT YOU!

He knows how to make pictures that look well in print

FABIAN
Bachrach
Photographer of Men
48 East 50th St., New York • PL 5-6233

1957, in the same situation, the story was reversed. Mantle finally hit .365; it was the best season of his career. But Williams, though sick and old, had run away from him. A bout of flu had laid him low in September. He emerged from his cave in the Hotel Somerset haggard but irresistible; he hit four successive pinch-hit home runs. "I feel terrible," he confessed, "but every time I take a swing at the ball it goes out of the park." He ended the season with thirty-eight home runs and an average of .388, the highest in either league since his own .406, and, coming from a decrepit man of thirty-nine, an even more supernal figure. With eight or so of the "leg hits" that a younger man would have beaten out, it would have been .400. And the next year, Williams, who in 1949 and 1953 had lost batting championships by decimal whiskers to George Kell and Mickey Vernon, sneaked in behind his teammate Pete Runnels and filched his sixth title, a bargain at .328.

In 1959, it seemed all over. The dinosaur thrashed around in the .200 swamp for the first half of the season, and was even benched ("rested," Manager Mike Higgins tactfully said). Old foes like the late Bill Cunningham began to offer batting tips. Cunningham thought Williams was jiggling his elbows; in truth, Williams' neck was so stiff he could hardly turn his head to look at the pitcher. When he swung, it looked like a Calder mobile with one thread cut; it reminded you that since 1953 Williams' shoulders had been wired together. A solicitous pall settled over the sports pages. In the two decades since Williams had come to Boston, his status had imperceptibly shifted from that of a naughty prodigy to that of a municipal monument. As his shadow in the record books lengthened, the Red Sox teams around him declined, and the entire American League seemed to be losing life and color to the National. The inconsistency of the new superstars—Mantle, Colavito, and Kaline—served to make Williams appear all the more singular. And off the field, his private philanthropy—in particular, his zealous chairmanship of the Jimmy Fund, a charity for children with cancer—gave him a civic presence somewhat like that of Richard Cardinal Cushing. In religion, Williams appears to be a humanist, and a selective one at that, but he and the Cardinal, when their good works intersect and they appear in the public eye together, make a handsome and heartening pair.

Humiliated by his '59 season, Wil-

BANISTER

115 years of award winning excellence

The Brevoort

The custom look that results from Banister's distinctive style approach . . . and the excellence of Banister shoemaking . . . have long made this the favored footwear of faultlessly dressed men the nation over. In dark brown or black calf with black edged soles . . . $33.50 at the finest shops.

(*Other styles from $27.50 to $75.00, slightly higher Denver, West*)

BANISTER

JAMES A. BANISTER COMPANY, SOUTH WEYMOUTH 90, MASS.

THE
TIFFANY
WATCH
...from the
largest selection
and the
widest price range
to be found
anywhere

Bracelet watch with seventeen jewel Zenith movement and fourteen karat gold bamboo band. Two hundred ninety five dollars, including federal tax.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

liams determined, once more, to come back. I, as a specimen Williams partisan, was both glad and fearful. All baseball fans believe in miracles; the question is, how *many* do you believe in? He looked like a ghost in spring training. Manager Jurges warned us ahead of time that if Williams didn't come through he would be benched, just like anybody else. As it turned out, it was Jurges who was benched. Williams entered the 1960 season needing eight home runs to have a lifetime total of 500; after one time at bat in Washington, he needed seven. For a stretch, he was hitting a home run every second game that he played. He passed Lou Gehrig's lifetime total, then the number 500, then Mel Ott's total, and finished with 521, thirteen behind Jimmy Foxx, who alone stands between Williams and Babe Ruth's unapproachable 714. The summer was a statistician's picnic. His two-thousandth walk came and went, his eighteen-hundredth run batted in, his sixteenth All-Star Game. At one point, he hit a home run off a pitcher, Don Lee, off whose father, Thornton Lee, he had hit a home run a generation before. The only comparable season for a forty-two-year-old man was Ty Cobb's in 1928. Cobb batted .323 and hit one homer. Williams batted .316 but hit twenty-nine homers.

In sum, though generally conceded to be the greatest hitter of his era, he did not establish himself as "the greatest hitter who ever lived." Cobb, for average, and Ruth, for power, remain supreme. Cobb, Rogers Hornsby, Joe Jackson, and Lefty O'Doul, among players since 1900, have higher lifetime averages than Williams' .344. Unlike Foxx, Gehrig, Hack Wilson, Hank Greenberg, and Ralph Kiner, Williams never came close to matching Babe Ruth's season home-run total of sixty. In the list of major-league batting records, not one is held by Williams. He is second in walks drawn, third in home runs, fifth in lifetime averages, sixth in runs batted in, eighth in runs scored and in total bases, fourteenth in doubles, and thirtieth in hits. But if we allow him merely average seasons for the four-plus seasons he lost to two wars, and add another season for the months he lost to injuries, we get a man who in all the power totals would be second, and not a very distant second, to Ruth. And if we further allow that these years would have been not merely average but prime years, if we allow for all the months when Williams was playing in sub-par condition, if we permit his early and later years in baseball to be some

It's
shocking
if
you
don't
give
her

Shocking de Schiaparelli

PARFUMS SCHIAPARELLI, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

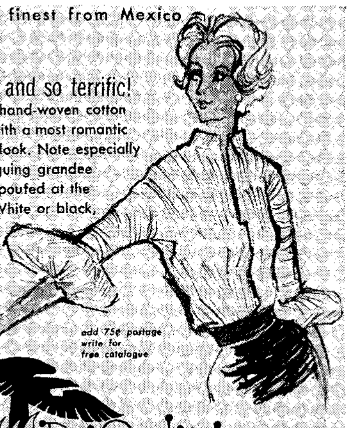
RELIVE 300 YEARS OF HISTORY
Sleepy Hollow
RESTORATIONS
on the Tappan Zee, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Open every day. LYric 1-7900

Van Cortlandt Manor
18th century Dutch manorial estate on Route 9, Croton-on-Hudson

Sunnyside
19th century home of Washington Irving on Route 9, Tarrytown

So much to see—from candle-dipping to hearthside cooking

for the finest from Mexico



tucked and so terrific!
Tucked, hand-woven cotton blouse with a most romantic Spanish look. Note especially the intriguing grandee sleeves, poufed at the elbow. White or black, 10 to 18
19.95

add 75¢ postage
write for free catalogue

THE PHŒNIX
PAN AMERICAN SHOP
793 Lexington, N.Y.C. • 1514 Wisconsin, Washington, D.C.

SABENA
St Sulpice
GERMAIN
Luxembourg
Panthéon
St Médard
, in
..ting pap.
from Mlle. S
RE: On the wings o
..tentals," it's a mere 6%
Belgium—a delightful place
..ussels, convenient SABENA flights
..amburg or Dusseldorf, Stuttgart, Colog
..NA helicopter, Duisburg, Bonn and Dortmun
..ay. To pamper you en route: le service Belgique,
R.A.T.P. - METRO
1re Classe
U U
VALABLE POUR
CE JOUR SEULEMENT
Le Mon

Why [illegible] Europe travel Sabena? "Flight-seeing" via helicopter is only part of it. People who know Europe know Sabena shows it off best: with the world's only 3-speed fleet of Boeing "Intercontinental" jets, *Caravelle "Continental" jets and Sikorsky helicopters; with a special savoir-faire that extends to and through Europe, Africa and the Middle East. Next trip . . . fly Sabena. Le service Belgique—c'est magnifique!

(soon)

sk your Travel Agent to book you Sabena all the way . . . or simply call Sabena Belgian World Airlines. More than 200 offices in the principal cities of the world the best way on earth to get

HERTZ puts you

around...rent a new car from HERTZ

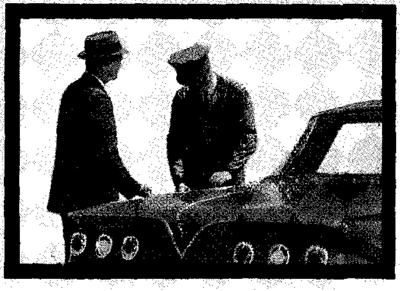
CONTINENTAL AIRLINES
GOLDEN JET
707
CONTINENTAL

phone Hertz in advance to reserve a car anywhere!

Now you can even reserve a Hertz car while you fly! (Continental's jet flights provide air-to-ground telephone service.) After you fly the newest in the air, drive the newest on the ground. Rent new 1961 Chevrolets, Corvairs, Oldsmobiles, Cadillacs and other fine cars from Hertz!

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

Call your local Hertz office (or travel agent) and a sparkling new Hertz car will meet your plane *anywhere*.



Hertz rates include insurance, gas and oil (even if you buy it on the road). Rates by hour, day or week.

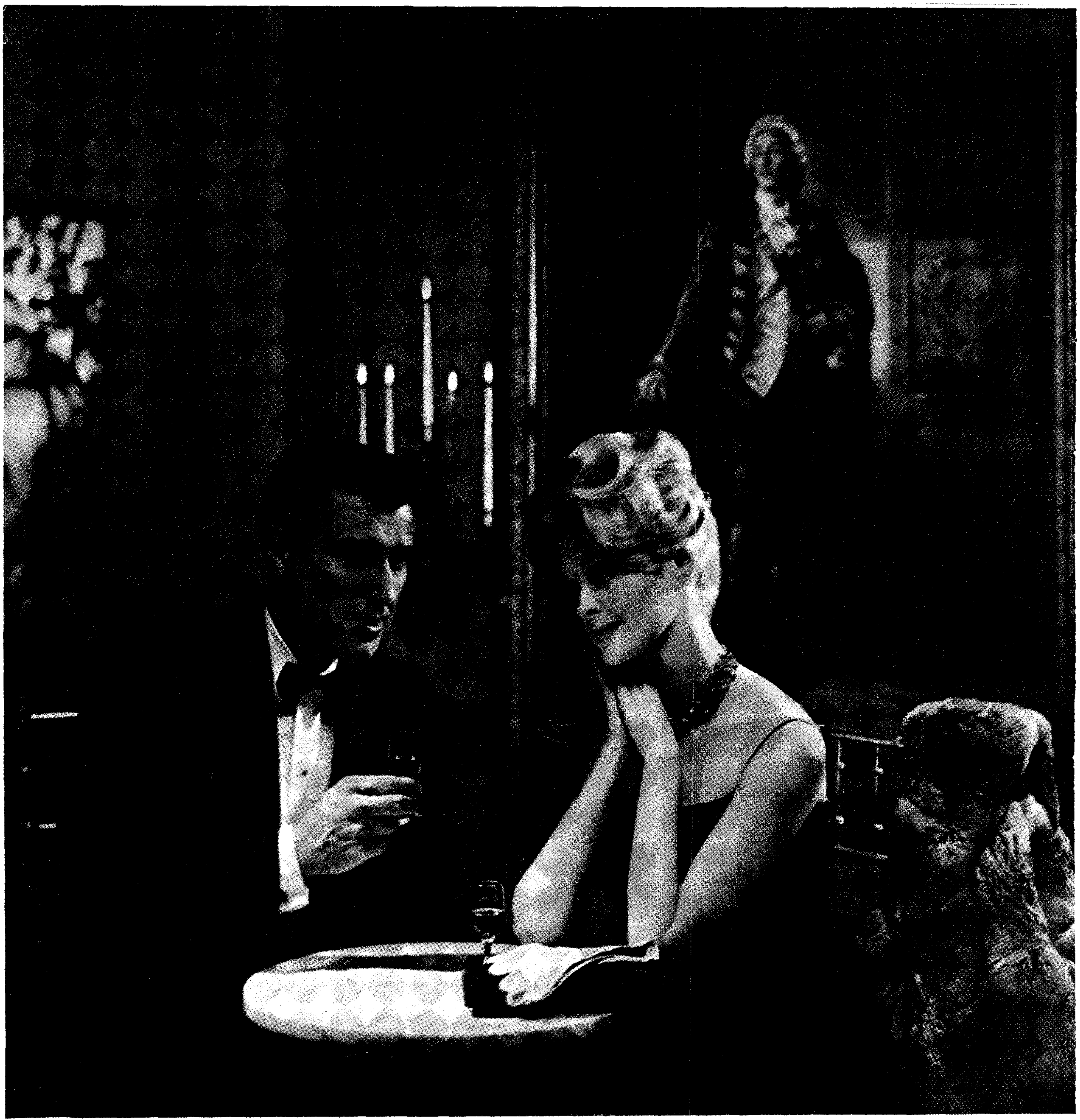
HERTZ
RENT A CAR

Rent a Hertz car in one city, leave it at a Hertz office in another city any distance away, for a small charge.

in the driver's seat!

HERTZ
RENT A CAR

rge Hertz service with your HERTZ AUTO-matic Charge Card, Air Travel, Rail Travel, American Express, Diners' Club, Hilton Carte Blanche or other accredited charge card.



DRESS AND ACCESSORIES BY SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Luxurious adventure—a dram of Drambuie

Moment of moments . . . cordial of cordials . . . a dram of Drambuie! Made with a base of finest Scotch whisky, Drambuie is truly a luxurious adventure. Originally the personal liqueur of Prince Charles Edward, Drambuie has been made in Scotland since 1745 from Bonnie Prince Charlie's secret recipe. Enjoy Drambuie in the traditional cordial glass—or on the rocks, with twist of lemon peel if desired.

80 PROOF

Drambuie

The cordial with the Scotch whisky base

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.—SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

sort of index of what the middle years could have been, if we give him a right-field fence that is not, like Fenway's, one of the most distant in the league, and if—the least excusable "if"—we imagine him condescending to outsmart the Williams Shift, we can defensibly assemble, like a colossus induced from the sizable fragments that do remain, a statistical figure not incommensurate with his grandiose ambition. From the statistics that are on the books, a good case can be made that in the *combination* of power and average Williams is first; nobody else ranks so high in both categories. Finally, there is the witness of the eyes; men whose memories go back to Shoeless Joe Jackson—another unlucky natural—rank him and Williams together as the best-looking hitters they have seen. It was for our last look that ten thousand of us had come.

TWO girls, one of them with pert buckteeth and eyes as black as vest buttons, the other with white skin and flesh-colored hair, like an underdeveloped photograph of a redhead, came and sat on my right. On my other side was one of those frowning, chestless young-old men who can frequently be seen, often wearing sailor hats, attending ball games alone. He did not once open his program but instead tapped it, rolled up, on his knee as he gave the game his disconsolate attention. A young lady, with freckles and a depressed, dainty nose that by an optical illusion seemed to thrust her lips forward for a kiss, sauntered down into the box seats and with striking aplomb took a seat right behind the roof of the Oriole dugout. She wore a blue coat with a Northeastern University emblem sewed to it. The girls beside me took it into their heads that this was Williams' daughter. She looked too old to me, and why would she be sitting behind the visitors' dugout? On the other hand, from the way she sat there, staring at the sky and French-inhaling, she clearly was *some*body. Other fans came and eclipsed her from view. The crowd looked less like a weekday ballpark crowd than like the folks you might find in Yellowstone National Park, or emerging from automobiles at the top of scenic Mount Mansfield. There were a lot of competitively well-dressed couples of tourist age, and not a few babes in arms. A row of five seats in front of me was abruptly filled with a woman and four children, the youngest of them two years old, if that. Someday, presumably, he could tell his grandchildren that he saw Williams play. Along with these tots and second-honey-

Verdi's "Heart-Felt Impulse..."

VERDI REQUIEM MASS
EUGENIO FERNANDI, Tenor
FIORENZA COSSOTTO, Mezzo-Soprano
SHAKEH VARTENISSIAN, Soprano
BORIS CHRISTOFF, Bass
TULLIO SERAFIN, conducting
Capitol

"A heart-felt impulse...a crying need," compelled Verdi to compose his Requiem Mass.

Maestro Tullio Serafin, the world's foremost interpreter of Verdi's music, captures this passion in a truly definitive recording of what many music lovers, including George Bernard Shaw, consider the greatest work of the Italian master.

Featuring the Orchestra and Chorus of the Opera House, Rome, and four distinguished soloists.

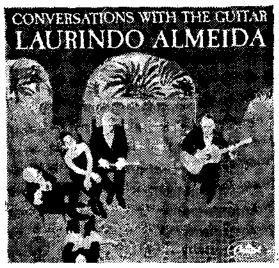
Deluxe boxed album: 2 records, Latin-English libretto. (S)*GBR 7227*

PENNARIO
Capitol
Piano Colors of Ravel

Ravel's luminous piano colors glow under Pennario's brilliance. *Le Tombeau de Couperin, Pavane pour une Infante défunte Jeux d'eau, Sonatine.* (S)P 8533

VERDI
LA TRAVIATA
Capitol
Victoria de los Angeles
Carlo del Monte
Mario Sereni

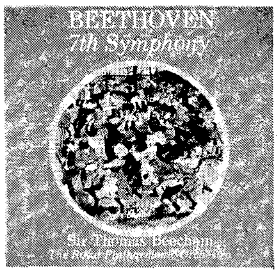
For the first time in stereo! An incomparable performance by "the greatest of contemporary sopranos." (*High Fidelity*) 3 records, libretto. (S)GCR 7221


CONVERSATIONS WITH THE GUITAR
LAURINDO ALMEIDA

Almeida's fluent guitar speaks with clarinet, flute, viola and voice in tones old and new, exciting and serene. Gifted Miss Salli Terri sings. (S)P 8532

TCHAIKOVSKY
Capitol
PATHETIQUE
SYMPHONY
IN
B MINOR (No. 6)
LEINSDORF
LOS ANGELES
PHILHARMONIC
ORCHESTRA

Erich Leinsdorf and Capitol engineers respond to Tchaikovsky's emotional demands with incredibly wide dynamic range. (S)P 8530


BEETHOVEN
7th Symphony
Sir Thomas Beecham
The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

Sir Thomas Beecham's first recording of the Seventh is "fit to take its place with the very best on record." (*Gramophone Record Review*) (S)G 7223

Capitol
STOKOWSKI
SCHÖNBERG
VERKLARTE NACHT
LOEFFLER
A PAGAN POEM

The stamp of Stokowski's genius imprints a rich, new dimension on the best known compositions of Schönberg, Loeffler. (S)P 8433

Album numbers shown are for stereo; omit prefix (S) for monophonic.

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CLASSICS

©CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.

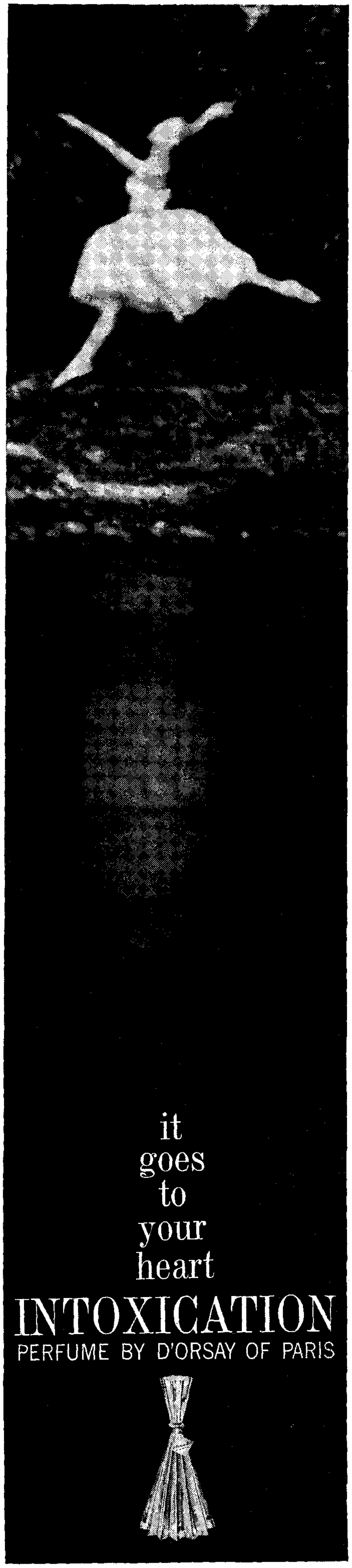
FREE! BRILLIANT 64-PAGE COLOR CATALOG

570 classical and popular albums fully described and illustrated. Write today: Capitol Records, Dept. H, 1750 N. Vine Street, Hollywood 28, California

Name______________________________

Street & Number______________________

City & State_________________________

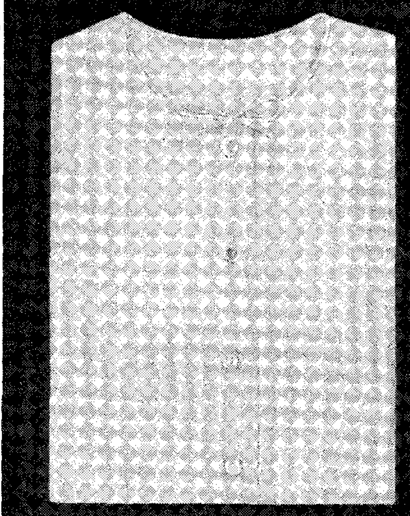


mooners, there were Harvard freshmen, giving off that peculiar nervous glow created when a quantity of insouciance is saturated with insecurity; thick-necked Army officers with brass on their shoulders and lead in their voices; pepperings of priests; perfumed bouquets of Roxbury Fabian fans; shiny salesmen from Albany and Fall River; and those gray, hoarse men—taxi-drivers, slaughterers, and bartenders—who will continue to click through the turnstiles long after everyone else has deserted to television and trampo-ramas. Behind me, two young male voices blossomed, cracking a joke about God's five proofs that Thomas Aquinas exists—typical Boston College levity.

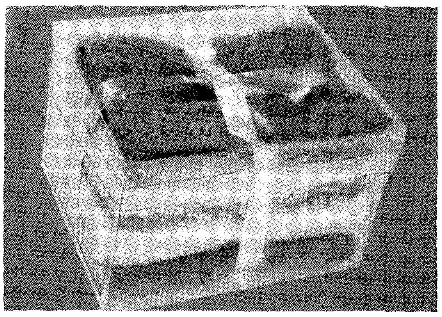
The batting cage was trundled away. The Orioles fluttered to the sidelines. Diagonally across the field, by the Red Sox dugout, a cluster of men in overcoats were festering like maggots. I could see a splinter of white uniform, and Williams' head, held at a self-deprecating and evasive tilt. Williams' conversational stance is that of a six-foot-three-inch man under a six-foot ceiling. He moved away to the patter of flash bulbs, and began playing catch with a young Negro outfielder named Willie Tasby. His arm, never very powerful, had grown lax with the years, and his throwing motion was a kind of muscular drawl. To catch the ball, he flicked his glove hand onto his left shoulder (he batted left but threw right, as every schoolboy ought to know) and let the ball plop into it comically. This catch session with Tasby was the only time all afternoon I saw him grin.

A tight little flock of human sparrows who, from the lambent and pampered pink of their faces, could only have been Boston politicians moved toward the plate. The loudspeakers mammothly coughed as someone huffed on the microphone. The ceremonies began. Curt Gowdy, the Red Sox radio and television announcer, who sounds like everybody's brother-in-law, delivered a brief sermon, taking the two words "pride" and "champion" as his text. It began, "Twenty-one years ago, a skinny kid from San Diego, California . . ." and ended, "I don't think we'll ever see another like him." Robert Tibolt, chairman of the board of the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce, presented Williams with a big Paul Revere silver bowl. Harry Carlson, a member of the sports committee of the Boston Chamber, gave him a plaque, whose inscription he did not read in its entirety, out of deference to Williams' distaste for this sort of fuss. Mayor Collins present-

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD.



SNOW WHITE SILK
Our perfect compliment for every suit. A pure silk collarless short sleeved blouse with a tiny, tidy bow knot. White, lemon, sand or sky blue.
Sizes 10-18 **$11.95**
PLEASE ADD 35¢ FOR SHIPPING
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22



From Paris to you—the delightful idea of a bath mitt in place of a washcloth. A gift with the French touch—**six terry mitts** in six luscious colors—blue, yellow, aqua, pink, green and white—tied with white satin and boxed in clear acetate. Box of six **$2.95**

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

TRAVEL LIGHT . . . TRAVEL LOVELY

PURE SILK PONGEE ROBE
. . . from the orient.
Graceful folds fall from a gently sashed waist. Washable . . . made for travel and gift giving! Red, Ivory, Azure Blue, Gold or Pink.
Sizes: S-M-L **$15.95** *ppd.*
send for Catalogue
Penthouse Gallery
15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y109, N. Y. 19

Big weekend . . . or big business, the DC-8 gives you a jet-fresh send-off!

You're as fresh when you land as when you take off

...ANOTHER REASON WHY MORE AIRLINES CHOOSE THE DC-8 THAN ANY OTHER JETLINER

Travel with problems taken out of it! That's the way you travel by DC-8 jet! You land fresh, relaxed—ready to get the most out of what's ahead.

The ability to "fly you there fresh" comes from two elements of Douglas design: It's a pilot's plane for ease of handling. It's a people's plane, too—designed with *you* in mind.

You'll sense this the instant you step aboard your DC-8 and it lifts you featherlight into the stratosphere at ten miles a minute...as smoothly, as steadily as if you were standing still.

Make a date to go DC-8. The traditions behind the famous family of Douglas "DC" airliners assure you it's the finest, freshest way to fly.

DOUGLAS DC-8

How to invest for a growing family income

When you think about your family income you might think of this:

Ownership of stock in a growing company can bring you income from dividends to help pay some of today's living expenses. The dividends and the value of the stock have a chance to grow over the years, helping you build a more comfortable future.

Every day, more families are discovering what an interesting and pleasant experience it is to invest in stocks or bonds. And how easy it is to invest sensibly *if you follow the rules that wise investors use.*

When you invest, use money not needed for living expenses or emergencies. Remember that a company may go downhill instead of up. Stock prices fluctuate, like the prices of any other property. So you'll want facts, not just tips or rumors.

Where to get advice

You'll need, especially, the friendly, experienced advice of a nearby Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. Your broker there has met the qualifications of the Exchange for knowledge and character. Drop in to get acquainted. Get his opinion about bonds and preferred stock, too. These often provide a more fixed income and may be better suited to your needs.

You might start with our wonderfully useful booklet, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." It gives you the records of more than 400 stocks on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid a cash dividend every year from 25 to over 100 years. It lists stocks that have paid progressively higher dividends in recent years. Send the coupon below and we'll mail you a copy free. It may show you the way to a growing income.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of the "Yellow Pages."

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. H-70, P. O. Box 1070, New York 1, N.Y.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

____

*Broker, if any*________________

ed the Jimmy Fund with a thousand-dollar check.

Then the occasion himself stooped to the microphone, and his voice sounded, after the others, very Californian; it seemed to be coming, excellently amplified, from a great distance, adolescently young and as smooth as a butternut. His thanks for the gifts had not died from our ears before he glided, as if helplessly, into "In spite of all the terrible things that have been said about me by the maestros of the keyboard up there . . ." He glanced up at the press rows suspended above home plate. (All the Boston reporters, incidentally, reported the phrase as "knights of the keyboard," but I heard it as "maestros" and prefer it that way.) The crowd tittered, appalled. A frightful vision flashed upon me, of the press gallery pelting Williams with erasers, of Williams clambering up the foul screen to slug journalists, of a riot, of Mayor Collins being crushed. ". . . And they *were* terrible things," Williams insisted, with level melancholy, into the mike. "I'd like to forget them, but I can't." He paused, swallowed his memories, and went on, "I want to say that my years in Boston have been the greatest thing in my life." The crowd, like an immense sail going limp in a change of wind, sighed with relief. Taking all the parts himself, Williams then acted out a vivacious little morality drama in which an imaginary tempter came to him at the beginning of his career and said, "Ted, you can play *anywhere* you like." Leaping nimbly into the role of his younger self (who in biographical actuality had yearned to be a Yankee), Williams gallantly chose Boston over all the other cities, and told us that Tom Yawkey was the greatest owner in baseball and we were the greatest fans. We applauded ourselves heartily. The umpire came out and dusted the plate. The voice of doom announced over the loudspeakers that after Williams' retirement his uniform number, 9, would be permanently retired—the first time the Red Sox had so honored a player. We cheered. The national anthem was played. We cheered. The game began.

Williams was third in the batting order, so he came up in the bottom of the first inning, and Steve Barber, a young pitcher who was not yet born when Williams began playing for the Red Sox, offered him four pitches, at all of which he disdained to swing, since none of them were within the strike zone. This demonstrated simultaneously that Williams' eyes were razor-sharp

Eddie Jacobs LTD.

THE BUFFERCOAT—made in England for us in 3 shower-proofed models, all with 100% wool Hussar cloth linings. Corduroy model lined in navy, burgundy, loden or camel. Poplin reversible lined in navy, burgundy, loden, red or gold. Hidden-hood poplin model; loden, gold or camel lined. Relaxmanship® in sizes 34 to 46, $45 ea. Please address mail orders and Apparel-Portfolio requests to: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., Redwood St. East at Charles, Balto. 2, Md.

BALTIMORE PHILADELPHIA

THE NEW

BULL AND BEAR

a fine English Tavern where congenial atmosphere and hearty fare prevail every day.

LUNCHEON (men only Mon.-Fri.)

COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

111 East 49th Street

PLaza 8-0022

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

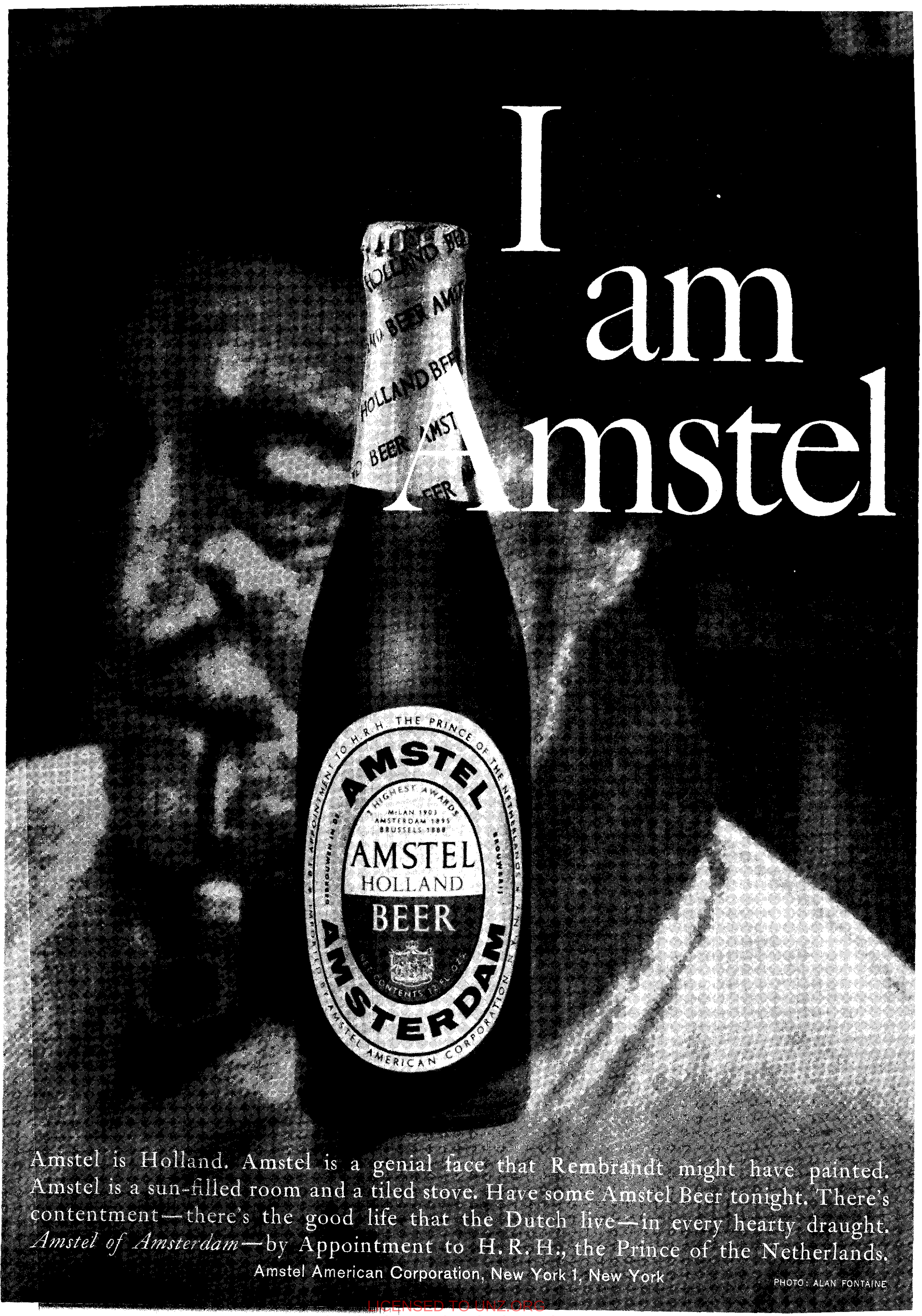
The Captain's Table

CANARD BIGARADE

Whole roast registered duck, garnished with orange sections, served with wild rice and bigarade sauce.

LA CIENEGA AT 3RD
LOS ANGELES

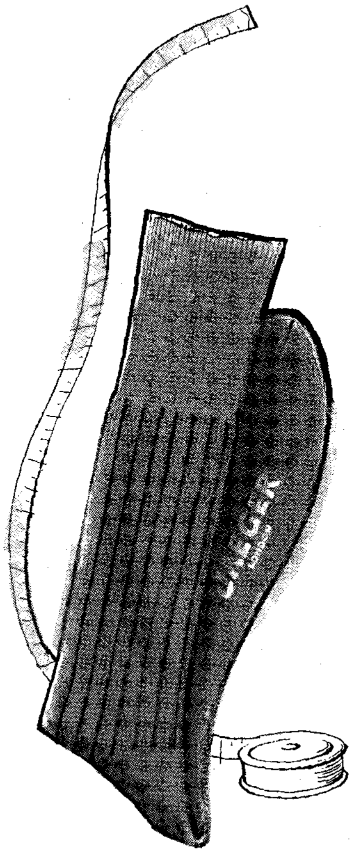
Possibly the World's Finest Seafood Restaurant


I am Amstel
HOLLAND BEER AMSTEL
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS
AMSTEL
3 HIGHEST AWARDS
MILAN 1903
AMSTERDAM 1895
BRUSSELS 1888
AMSTEL
HOLLAND
BEER
NET CONTENTS 12 FL. OZ.
AMSTERDAM
AMSTEL AMERICAN CORPORATION

Amstel is Holland. Amstel is a genial face that Rembrandt might have painted. Amstel is a sun-filled room and a tiled stove. Have some Amstel Beer tonight. There's contentment—there's the good life that the Dutch live—in every hearty draught. *Amstel of Amsterdam*—by Appointment to H. R. H., the Prince of the Netherlands.

Amstel American Corporation, New York 1, New York

PHOTO: ALAN FONTAINE



New measure of comfort in our British Jaeger hose

Combining the coverage of half-hose and the comfort of anklets in one medium length sock that holds its own without the aid of garters. A superb blend of wool and nylon in fine English 6 x 3 rib with reinforced heel and toe. Black, charcoal, brown, medium gray and oatmeal. Sizes 10½ to 13, **2.00**

Mail and phone orders filled

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

New York • Bergen County
Fresh Meadows • New Rochelle
Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

and that Barber's control wasn't. Shortly, the bases were full, with Williams on second. "Oh, I hope he gets held up at third! That would be wonderful," the girl beside me moaned, and, sure enough, the man at bat walked and Williams was delivered into our foreground. He struck the pose of Donatello's David, the third-base bag being Goliath's head. Fiddling with his cap, swapping small talk with the Oriole third baseman (who seemed delighted to have him drop in), swinging his arms with a sort of prancing nervousness, he looked fine—flexible, hard, and not unbecomingly substantial through the middle. The long neck, the small head, the knickers whose cuffs were worn down near his ankles—all these points, often observed by caricaturists, were visible in the flesh.

One of the collegiate voices behind me said, "He looks old, doesn't he, old; big deep wrinkles in his face . . ."

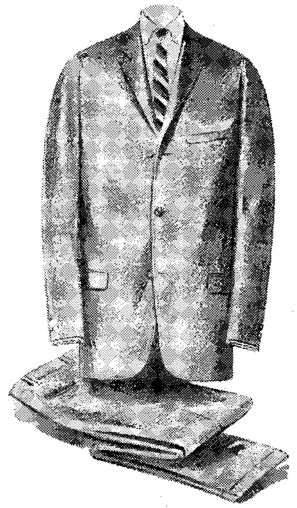
"Yeah," the other voice said, "but he looks like an old hawk, doesn't he?"

With each pitch, Williams danced down the baseline, waving his arms and stirring dust, ponderous but menacing, like an attacking goose. It occurred to about a dozen humorists at once to shout "Steal home! Go, go!" Williams' speed afoot was never legendary. Lou Clinton, a young Sox outfielder, hit a fairly deep fly to center field. Williams tagged up and ran home. As he slid across the plate, the ball, thrown with unusual heft by Jackie Brandt, the Oriole center fielder, hit him on the back.

"Boy, he was really loafing, wasn't he?" one of the boys behind me said.

"It's cold," the other explained. "He doesn't play well when it's cold. He likes heat. He's a hedonist."

The run that Williams scored was the second and last of the inning. Gus Triandos, of the Orioles, quickly evened the score by plunking a home run over the handy left-field wall. Williams, who had had this wall at his back for twenty years, played the ball flawlessly. He didn't budge. He just stood there, in the center of the little patch of grass that his patient footsteps had worn brown, and, limp with lack of interest, watched the ball pass overhead. It was not a very interesting game. Mike Higgins, the Red Sox manager, with nothing to lose, had restricted his major-league players to the left-field line—along with Williams, Frank Malzone, a first-rate third baseman, played the game—and had peopled the rest of the terrain with unpredictable youngsters fresh, or not so fresh, off the farms. Other than Wil-



For those who cherish individuality
AUTHENTIC... DISTINCTIVE
NATURAL SHOULDER CLOTHING

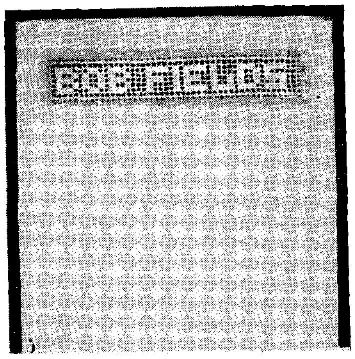
Fine imported fabrics styled with the distinctive look and hand detailing acquired from the custom tailor.

Suits to retail under $100. Sport jackets from $50 to $75.

At exclusive men's shops or write for name of your nearest store

Franklin Clothes Inc.
SUITS AND ODD JACKETS
105 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.

GENTLEMAN'S GIFT HANDKERCHIEF



20" x 20"
$3.50 ea.
Box of 3
$10
•
Lady's
14" x 14"
$2.50 ea.
Box of 3
$6
•
Ppd.
No COD's

Personalized with his Full Name (or 3 initials) cut into sheer Irish linen. For Christmas, Birthdays, etc. Hand made to order. Name can be in white or virile colors. Allow 2 weeks for delivery.

Villari Handkerchief Co.
29 West 38th St., Dept. Y102, New York 18, New York

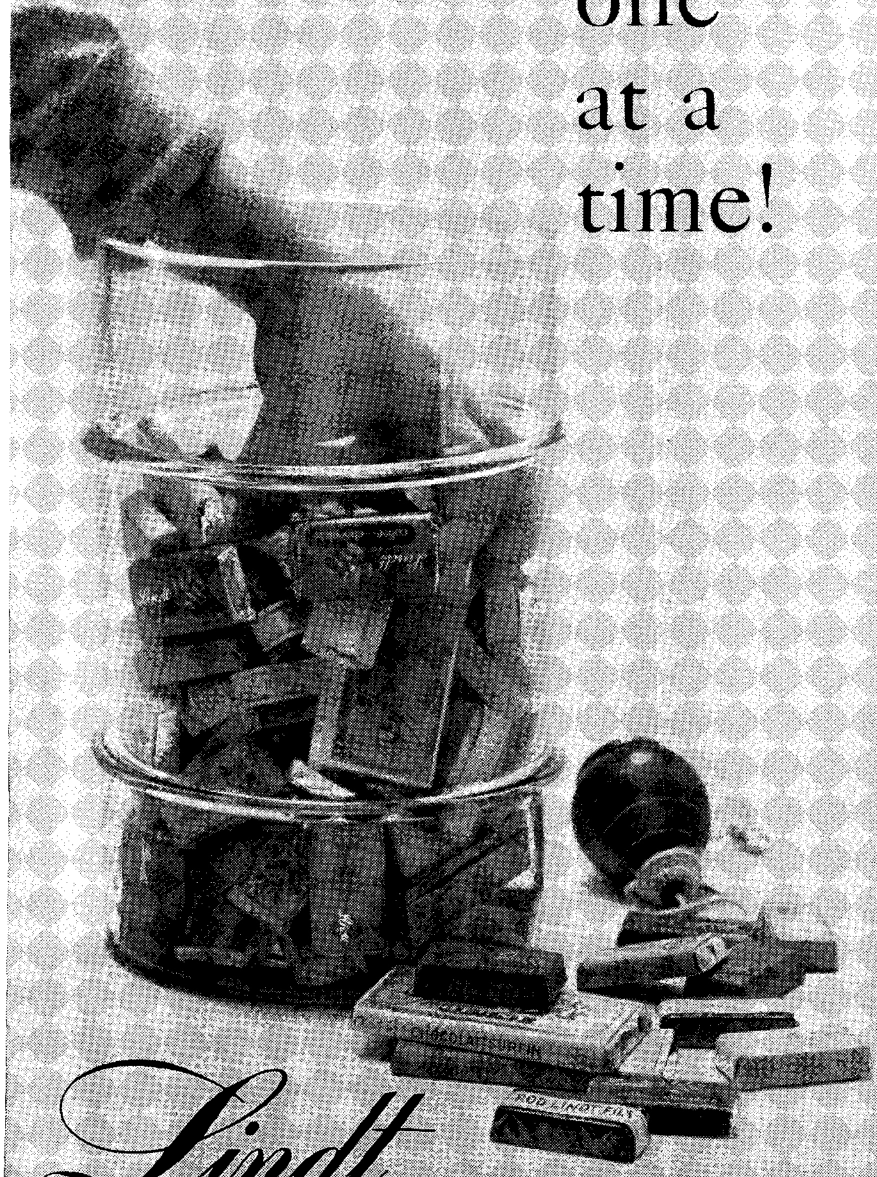
IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS ONLY ONE
CAMELBACK INN
American Plan Desert Resort
Open October 5 to May 5
Escape city pressures ...enjoy golf at exciting Paradise Valley Country Club... swim, ride desert trails. Mouth-watering food.
For details:
Camelback Inn
Phoenix, Arizona
25 years young this season.

liams' recurrent appearances at the plate, the *maladresse* of the Sox infield was the sole focus of suspense; the second baseman turned every grounder into a juggling act, while the shortstop did a breathtaking impersonation of an open window. With this sort of assistance, the Orioles wheedled their way into a 4–2 lead. They had early replaced Barber with another young pitcher, Jack Fisher. Fortunately (as it turned out), Fisher is no cutie; he is willing to burn the ball through the strike zone, and inning after inning this tactic punctured Higgins' string of test balloons.

Whenever Williams appeared at the plate—pounding the dirt from his cleats, gouging a pit in the batter's box with his left foot, wringing resin out of the bat handle with his vehement grip, switching the stick at the pitcher with an electric ferocity—it was like having a familiar Leonardo appear in a shuffle of *Saturday Evening Post* covers. This man, you realized—and here, perhaps, was the difference, greater than the difference in gifts—really intended to hit the ball. In the third inning, he hoisted a high fly to deep center. In the fifth, we thought he had it; he smacked the ball hard and high into the heart of his power zone, but the deep right field in Fenway and the heavy air and a casual east wind defeated him. The ball died. Al Pilarcik leaned his back against the big "380" painted on the right-field wall and caught it. On another day, in another park, it would have been gone. (After the game, Williams said, "I didn't think I could hit one any harder than that. The conditions weren't good.")

The afternoon grew so glowering that in the sixth inning the arc lights were turned on—always a wan sight in the daytime, like the burning headlights of a funeral procession. Aided by the gloom, Fisher was slicing through the Sox rookies, and Williams did not come to bat in the seventh. He was second up in the eighth. This was almost certainly his last time to come to the plate in Fenway Park, and instead of merely cheering, as we had at his three previous appearances, we stood, all of us—stood and applauded. Have you ever heard applause in a ballpark? Just applause—no calling, no whistling, just an ocean of handclaps, minute after minute, burst after burst, crowding and running together in continuous succession like the pushes of surf at the edge of the sand. It was a sombre and considered tumult. There was not a boo in it. It seemed to renew itself out of a shifting set of mem-

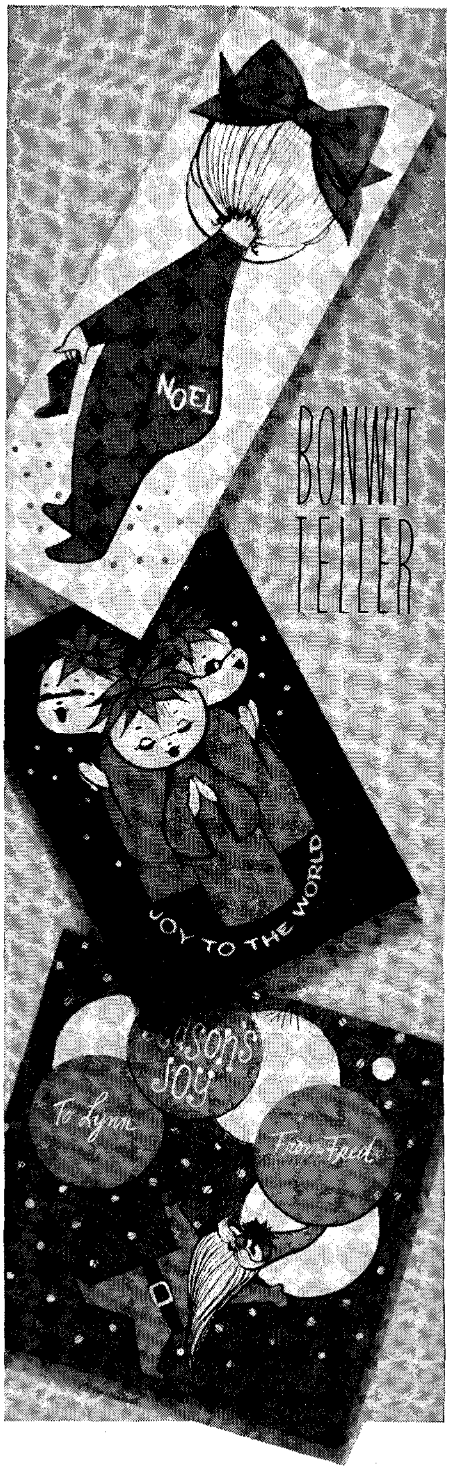
one
at a
time...
one
at a
time!



Lindt

IMPORTED SWISS CHOCOLATE
Boxes in any variety from 55c to $19.50. Bars in 20 varieties from 10c to $1.65 (prices slightly higher on West coast)

IMPORTED BY: CRESCA CO., INC., 825 EAST 140th ST., NEW YORK 54
Write us for name of the Lindt store nearest you.
West Coast Dist. Candy Specialties Inc., 1104 E. Washington Blvd., Los Angeles 21, Cal.



It's Christmas at Bonwit's

From our vast collection, three designed-just-for-us cards by Chuck Gruen, all red, green, gold.
Rear-view Noel, 29.00 the hundred, imprinted with your name.
Angel trio, 39.00 the hundred, imprinted with your name.
Santa carrying message-bearing balloons, a sign-it-yourself card, 7.50 for fifty.
Mail and phone orders filled.
Christmas Card Shop

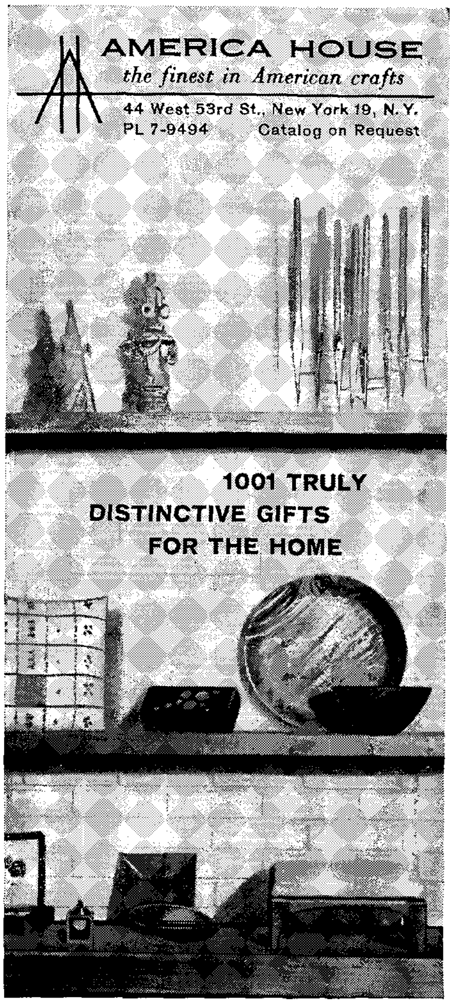
New York Manhasset Chicago Cleveland

ories as the kid, the Marine, the veteran of feuds and failures and injuries, the friend of children, and the enduring old pro evolved down the bright tunnel of twenty-one summers toward this moment. At last, the umpire signalled for Fisher to pitch; with the other players, he had been frozen in position. Only Williams had moved during the ovation, switching his bat impatiently, ignoring everything except his cherished task. Fisher wound up, and the applause sank into a hush.

Understand that we were a crowd of rational people. We knew that a home run cannot be produced at will; the right pitch must be perfectly met and luck must ride with the ball. Three innings before, we had seen a brave effort fail. The air was soggy; the season was exhausted. Nevertheless, there will always lurk, around a corner in a pocket of our knowledge of the odds, an indefensible hope, and this was one of the times, which you now and then find in sports, when a density of expectation hangs in the air and plucks an event out of the future.

Fisher, after his unsettling wait, was wide with the first pitch. He put the second one over, and Williams swung mightily and missed. The crowd grunted, seeing that classic swing, so long and smooth and quick, exposed, naked in its failure. Fisher threw the third time, Williams swung again, and there it was. The ball climbed on a diagonal line into the vast volume of air over center field. From my angle, behind third base, the ball seemed less an object in flight than the tip of a towering, motionless construct, like the Eiffel Tower or the Tappan Zee Bridge. It was in the books while it was still in the sky. Brandt ran back to the deepest corner of the outfield grass; the ball descended beyond his reach and struck in the crotch where the bullpen met the wall, bounced chunkily, and, as far as I could see, vanished.

Like a feather caught in a vortex, Williams ran around the square of bases at the center of our beseeching screaming. He ran as he always ran out home runs—hurriedly, unsmiling, head down, as if our praise were a storm of rain to get out of. He didn't tip his cap. Though we thumped, wept, and chanted "We want Ted" for minutes after he hid in the dugout, he did not come back. Our noise for some seconds passed beyond excitement into a kind of immense open anguish, a wailing, a cry to be saved. But immortality is nontransferable. The papers said that the other players, and even the umpires on the field, begged him to come out and ac-



AMERICA HOUSE
the finest in American crafts
44 West 53rd St., New York 19, N. Y.
PL 7-9494 Catalog on Request

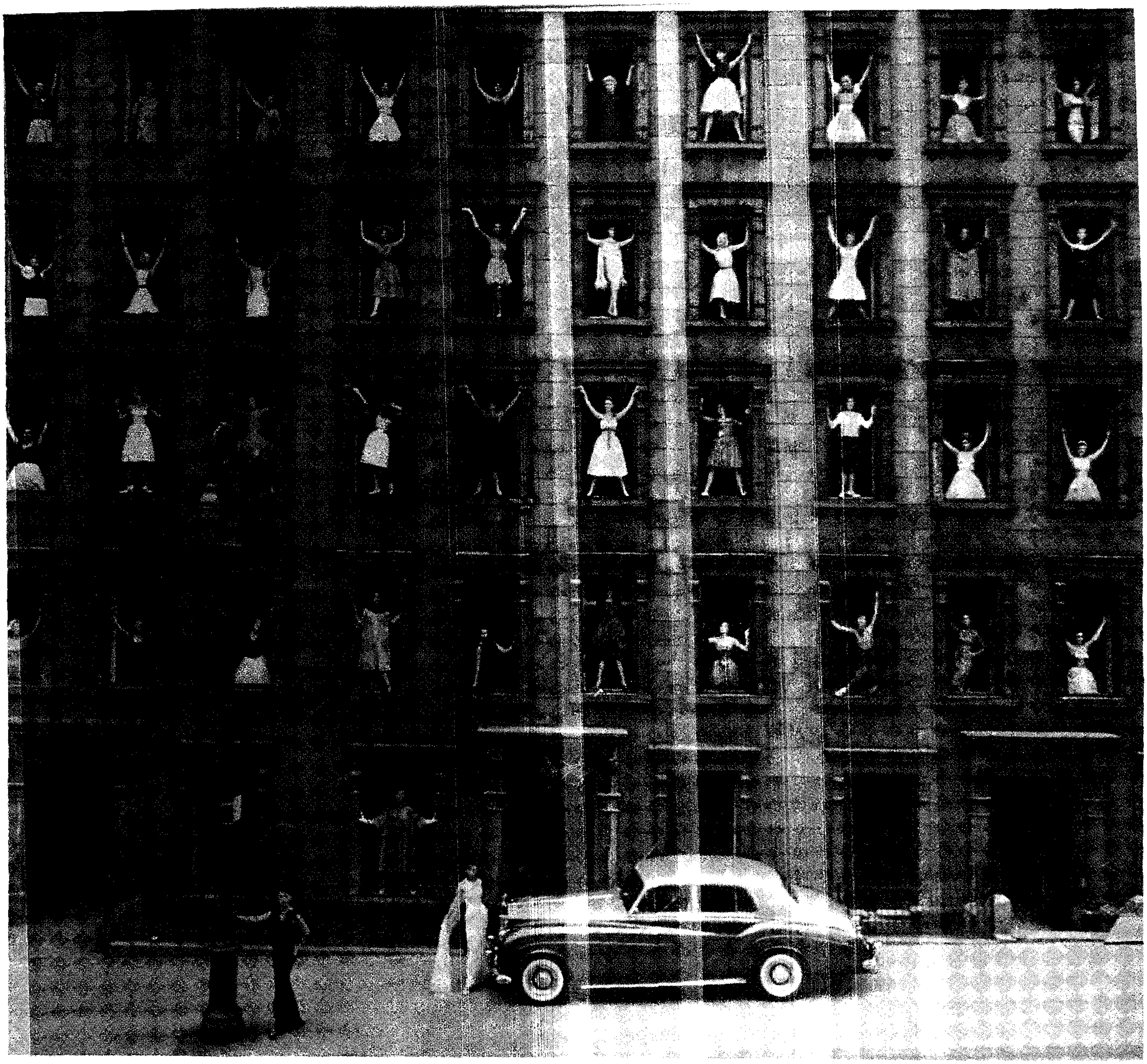
1001 TRULY DISTINCTIVE GIFTS FOR THE HOME

English Silver
"Queen Anne" Coffee Pot & Stand

$490 32 oz.

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

Bermuda's gayest garden setting!
Harmony Hall
HOTEL
Enlarged and completely renovated. Airy, cottage-type rooms, many with balcony. French cuisine, Gombey Room native floorshows. South Shore Beach . . . new Garden Pool.
Carroll F. Dooley, Managing Director
Color Folder from
YOUR TRAVEL AGENT *or*
Robert Reid Associates Inc., Reps.
610 Fifth Ave., New York 20
PL 7-2444



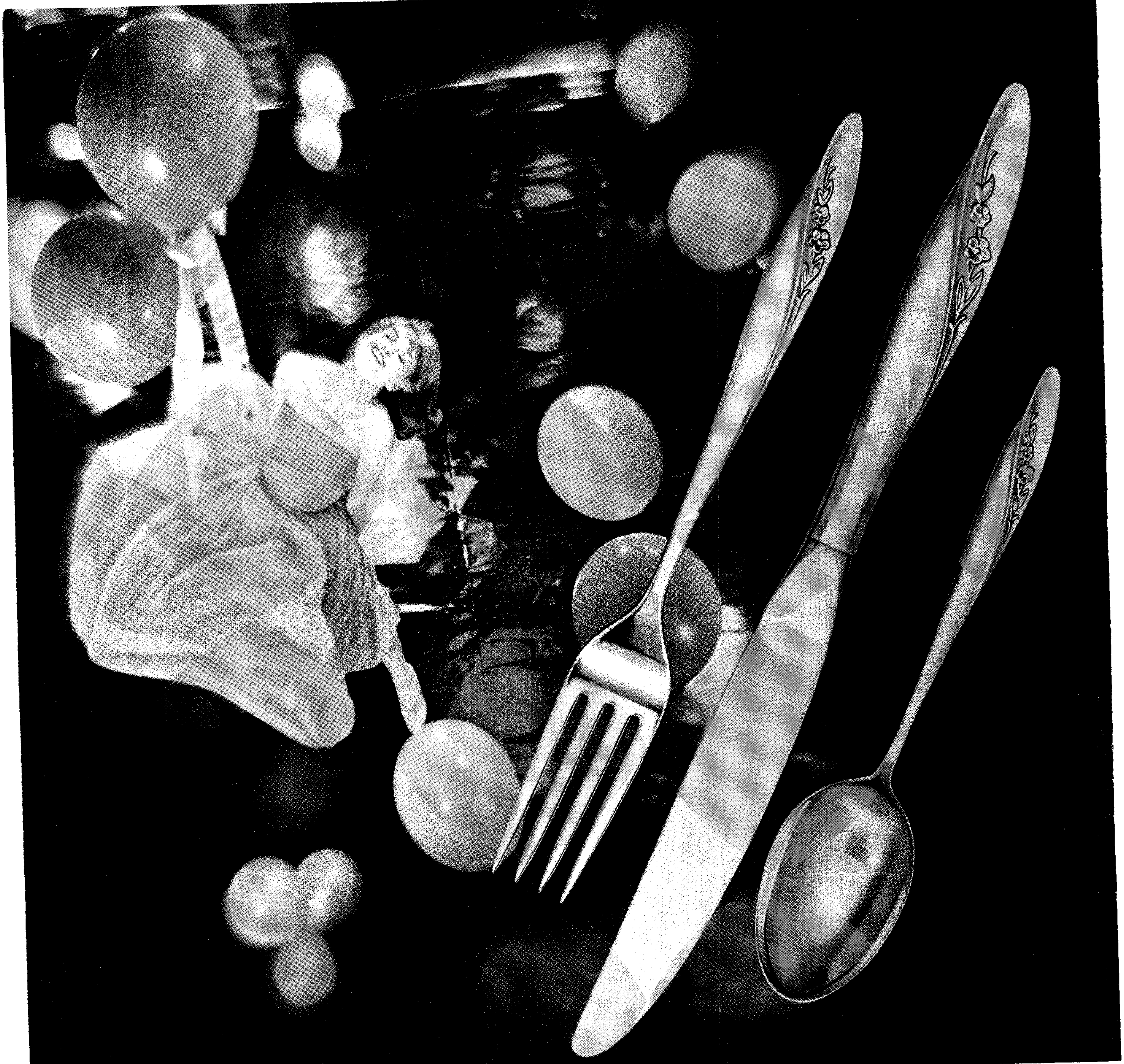
How do you tell a lady?

t takes a lady to tell a lady. / It takes a lady to know a lady...to gain er confidence, to be her friend. It takes a lady to provide firm counsel - and at the same time, welcome company. / The Ladies' Home Journal is a ady, every column inch. The Journal's editors have bred her that way. To alk from the bottom of her heart -- and not from the top of her head. To now that one picture isn't always worth a thousand thoughtful words. To ealize you can travel farther on meat than you can on meringue. To sense hat you don't get close to your reader by being far out. And to know that woman only listens when you're talking her language. / Which is why the ournal can tell (or sell) a lady almost anything worth telling (or selling.)

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

When the Journal speaks-women listen

hoto by Ormond Gigli. The ladies in the windows (all 43 of them) are from the Sixties East Model Agency.



BLITHE SPIRIT, SIX-PIECE PLACE SETTING $39.75. INDIVIDUAL PIECES FROM $5.

Blithe Spirit

...designed for a girl in a special frame of mind

She feels as light as a sprite, gay as a pixie, a tiny bit mad, completely marvelous. She's a Gorham girl. She's in love. She's *you*... and Gorham has captured your special kind of spirit in the lilting lines, the hide-and-seek blossoms of this enchanting new sterling design. *Blithe Spirit* is you—now and forever.

● SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Save up to $12. on four place settings, $32. on eight, and $60. on twelve.

GORHAM STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED. ©1960 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

knowledge us in some way, but he never had and did not now. Gods do not answer letters.

EVERY true story has an anticlimax. The men on the field refused to disappear, as would have seemed decent, in the smoke of Williams' miracle. Fisher continued to pitch, and escaped further harm. At the end of the inning, Higgins sent Williams out to his left-field position, then instantly replaced him with Carrol Hardy, so we had a long last look at Williams as he ran out there and then back, his uniform jogging, his eyes steadfast on the ground. It was nice, and we were grateful, but it left a funny taste.

One of the scholasticists behind me said, "Let's go. We've seen everything. I don't want to spoil it." This seemed a sound aesthetic decision. Williams' last word had been so exquisitely chosen, such a perfect fusion of expectation, intention, and execution, that already it felt a little unreal in my head, and I wanted to get out before the castle collapsed. But the game, though played by clumsy midgets under the feeble glow of the arc lights, began to tug at my attention, and I loitered in the runway until it was over. Williams' homer had, quite incidentally, made the score 4–3. In the bottom of the ninth inning, with one out, Marlin Coughtry, the second-base juggler, singled. Vic Wertz, pinch-hitting, doubled off the left-field wall, Coughtry advancing to third. Pumpsie Green walked, to load the bases. Willie Tasby hit a double-play ball to the third baseman, but in making the pivot throw Billy Klaus, an ex-Red Sox infielder, reverted to form and threw the ball past the first baseman and into the Red Sox dugout. The Sox won, 5–4. On the car radio as I drove home I heard that Williams had decided not to accompany the team to New York. So he knew how to do even that, the hardest thing. Quit.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

We do know the name of the last wave of Indians who lived in our part of the valley before we blew in. They were the Mahicans, who had the land north of Poughkeepsie to Lake Champlain. The Mahicans (not to be confused with the Mohicans, Last of) in Northern Dutchess were called the Wawyachtonocs. This we know because somebody asked them, before we scattered them to the winds. The Iroquois name for the people was Akochakanen, which means, "We hear you talking but we don't know what you are saying." This was because the Mahican spoke an Algonquin dialect and the Iroquois spoke Iroquois.—*The Barrytown (N.Y.) Explorer.*

That'll do it.

it's like
having your own
serving staff

Shown above Patio Master $24.95

a Salton HOTRAY®

is the help you need to serve graciously and charmingly!

The Continental $95

Salton HOTABLE adds the wonderful Hotray features to a luxurious serving cart. Rolls smoothly from kitchen to dining room or patio.

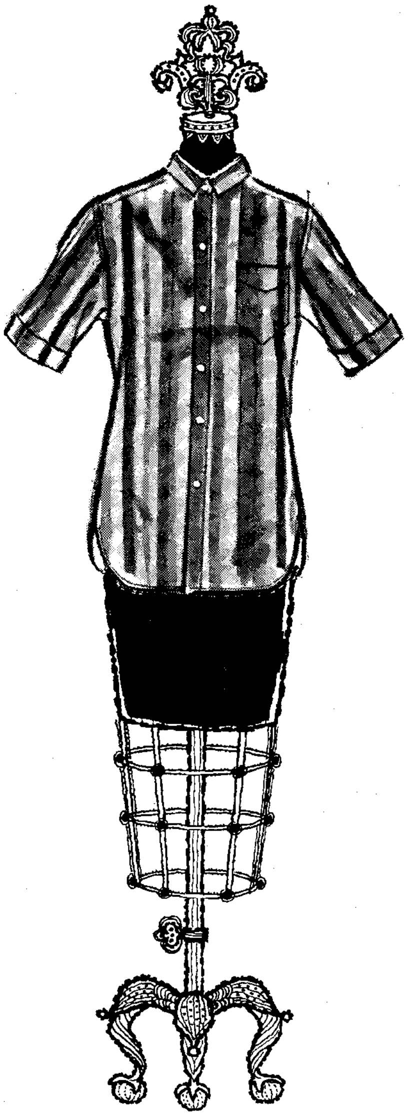
The newest, surest way to entertain without hurry or worry is with this remarkable, automatic electric food warmer . . . the Salton HOTRAY! Now you can prepare meals in advance . . . for friends, festivities, or family mealtimes—just place hot foods and beverages on a Salton Hotray and you are free to join in the fun. Foods stay piping hot, nutritious and flavor perfect for hours.

Simplify your life . . . solve *any* hot food serving problem . . . save time, worry, money . . . with the help of a Salton Hotray or Hotable, perfect indoors and out. A practical aid for nursery or sickroom and marvelous for defrosting frozen foods. The most appreciated gift you can give.

Write for your copies of "Gracious Living Begins with a Salton Hotray," "Salton Recipe Booklet" and complete list of Salton products. Salton Hotrays from $5.95 to $59.50 and Salton Hotables from $59.50 to $200.00. All with adjustable temperature controls, shatterproof radiant glass heating surfaces.

At these stores . . . Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y.C. and San Francisco, Calif.; V L & A, Chicago; G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.; May Co., Los Angeles, Calif.; Ed Shuster Co., Milwaukee, Wisc.; Pitt-Petri, Buffalo, N.Y.; and other fine gift and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Salton MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC., 517N EAST 72nd STREET, NEW YORK 21, N.Y.



Random Stripes

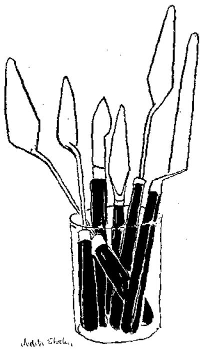
A cotton classic of random
width stripes that overlap
and cause strange, subtle color
effects. Villager tailors it with
the new, narrow Philadelphian
collar plus all the traditionally
fine features approved by
shirt collectors. Pink, Lilac, Gold
or Green predominating.
Sizes 10 to 16.
About seven dollars at good
stores and college shops

The Villager T.M.REG.

THE VILLAGER INC.
1407 Broadway, New York

THE ART GALLERIES

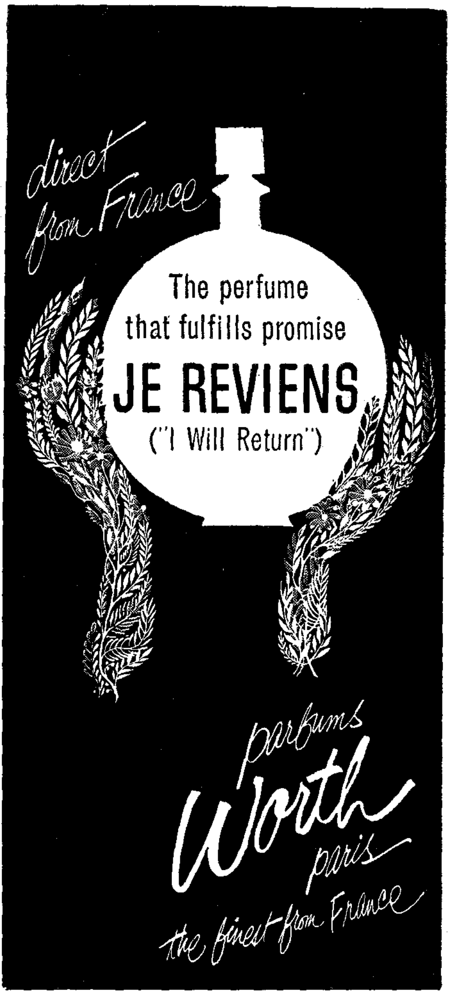
Late Start



FOR various reasons, I'm a little late getting started this season, and under the circumstances the best place to begin was the Whitney Museum's current group exhibition called "Young America—1960," for here, it seemed, I might be able to catch up on what the younger generation has been doing lately. Some hundred and twenty pieces are included, by thirty artists, all of thirty-five years of age or younger, and I found it had its aspects of the unexpected, especially in its leaning toward the figurative. I had already noticed a similar tendency abroad, in the course of my summertime wanderings.

To be sure, at the Venice Biennale, the huge Italian section was almost entirely devoted to non-figurative painting of one kind or another, principally Abstract Expressionism, as was our own and smaller collection there. But in the other sections there were evidences of what I like to call "creeping representationalism," a sort of infiltration of the figurative into the modern modes, and the same was true of the other contemporary work I encountered here and there in both France and Italy. I must say, though, that I can't agree that all this indicates a "triumph" of sanity in art over silliness, a "return" to an older, more respectable tradition, or whatever. In fact, I don't think that the Abstract Expressionist movement has anywhere near run its course, for the reason that it still hasn't reached its ultimate formulation as a style. All that this infiltration means, to my mind, is that the age-old restlessness of the artist is at work again. For the artist, by his very nature, is never satisfied. As the tourist, "doing" a town, is always hunting for new things to look at, the artist is forever seeking new ways of looking. "Where do we go from here?" is his constant question, and it is only natural that at the moment when Abstract Expressionism approaches complete dominance as a method there should appear evidences of a movement away from it.

Two tendencies are involved, and both occur within the body of Abstract Expressionism itself; though their



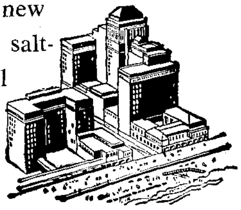
direct from France

The perfume
that fulfills promise
JE REVIENS
("I Will Return")

parfums Worth paris
the finest from France

COLOR SCHEME

If cold ocean water turns
you blue, our new
glass-enclosed, salt-
water pool will
keep you in
the pink.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co. . . . Progressive Innkeepers for 70 Years
Write for illustrated folder

Kabuki- Happi-Set

Delightful stylized
flowers on a striped
background.
Imported cotton.
Solid colored
polished cotton
Capri pants.
Obi-Sash
$19.95

Send for Catalog
"FASHIONS FROM THE EAST"

Turquoise, Iris and
White/purple polished
cotton Capri pants.
Mandarin Red—
Orange & White
Red polished
cotton Capri pants.
Sizes 8-16

Penthouse Gallery
15 West 55th St., New York 19, N. Y., Dept.Y108

aims are similar, the impulses behind them are almost diametrically opposed. In both cases, the obvious effort is to retain the coloristic fluency and direct emotional impact of the parent style while attaining some part of the formal solidity that a reference to the naturalistic affords. The difference lies in the way the various painters go about their work, and, as is the case with most matters of art, that difference is difficult to define. William Thomas Wiley, to take one example in the show at the Whitney, tackles the problem from the inside. He is the true infiltrator, and both his interior study called "Time Table" and, to a lesser extent, his larger and more strenuously patterned red "Firecrackers Sold Here" represent attempts (and for the most part successful ones) to fill in the composition with touches of natural suggestion while still remaining well within the Abstract Expressionist formula.

In other words, Wiley begins with abstraction and works toward representation. Edward Giobbi, to take another artist in the show, seems to me to move in the opposite direction. His "Kitchen Still Life," like as it is in design and even in mood to Wiley's punningly titled "Time Table," is clearly the work of a man who starts with a realistic concept and then sees how far he can abstract it. These differences are subtle, and, as I've said, are difficult to define. I may be splitting hairs, for, as I have also just intimated, the end results are superficially almost the same. I noticed similar evidences of the two basic tendencies throughout the show, with such men as Dean Richardson (see his "Motorists") and Rudy Pozzati ("Red Rocks") on the side of Wiley, and such men as Larry Johnson ("Burnt Valley") and Wolf Kahn ("Across the Plain") rather more on Giobbi's.

There are some nice pieces by the pure Abstract Expressionists, notably Sonia Gechtoff's dark and ominous "Children of Fréjus," Frank Roth's neatly patterned "Hommage à Albert Camus," and Budd Hopkins' boldly simplified "Avalar," another of the many with landscape connotations, and on the whole the range of style in this group is satisfyingly wide, going from geometric abstraction, as in George Ortman's crisp but possibly bloodless arrangement of squares and circles called "Game of Chance," through such more or less wholly naturalistic pieces as Henry Niese's "The Red Room" and "The Bed Quilt," to the super-realism of Siegfried Reinhardt's harsh but effective

now*...
BRANIFF
serves
MEXICO
direct
with
famed
Silver
Service®
flights

Braniff has captured the festive spirit of Mexico with Silver Service . . . the most lavish service on either side of the Border. You'll enjoy vintage champagne . . . a wide selection of other beverages . . . melt-in-your-mouth hors d'oeuvres served with a flair from the serving cart. Relax, if you wish, in the spacious lounge. Thoughtful extras make Braniff's famed Silver Service an unrivaled adventure in travel elegance . . . at no extra fare! Direct one-plane service between the U. S. A. and Mexico City. Both first class and tourist. Fly now—pay later. Ask your travel agent about the many tours available or call

BRANIFF
International
AIRWAYS

Braniff serves more major cities in the U. S. A. and Latin America than any other airline.

*Starts November 9th

Acapulco
MEXICO CITY

CHAMPAGNE
PIPER BRU

Pop!
goes
the
Piper
...no
wonder
the
French
never
drink
water

PIPER-HEIDSIECK

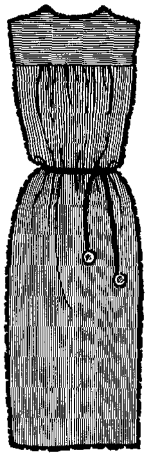
CHAMPAGNE AVAILABLE IN PIPER BRUT 1953 VINTAGE,
PIPER EXTRA DRY NON-VINTAGE,
CUVEE DES AMBASSADEURS AND PIPER PINK.
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

"Adam and Eve" and Ben Kamihira's smoothly handled if a trifle mannered "Funeral Coach." Because of the youth of the artists (the average seems to be around thirty), influences are often apparent, and some of these, such as Ben Shahn and Milton Avery, are disturbingly contemporaneous with the artists on display. But the general level of the work is high, and in addition to the paintings I've already mentioned I liked Marcia Marcus's alert-eyed "Seated Self-Portrait," Alex Katz's bare, slightly Hopperesque interior study called "Folding Chair," and the gray, somewhat Tachiste "Untitled Landscape, Number 8," by Alice Forman.

The exhibition will later be shown at the Baltimore Museum of Art, the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati, the City Art Museum of St. Louis, and the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

AT the Janis is an exhibition of some fifty paintings, sculptures, and other works called "Twentieth Century Artists," but despite the aura of contemporaneity the title conveys, the emphasis of the collection is on the past. Not the distant past, to be sure, but the hard fact is that we're into the second half of the century and have reached a point where the early nineteen-hundreds are beginnning to seem far away indeed. This is not to say there are no recent works in the collection, for there are—most notably, perhaps, a dark, sombre "Composition, Calme" by Nicolas de Staël, a cryptic "Pierre Brise-Logique" by Jean Dubuffet, some late Légers (in addition to an earlier "Woman and Bowl of Fruit," from his Dynamist period), and a fairly large group of sculptures and paintings by Giacometti, of which I enjoyed especially the curiously elegant "Seated Figure in the Studio" (an oil) and the two bronzes, "Walking Man" and the sharp-profiled, Roman-nosed "Head."

But for all that, I think most people will be taken by such special items as the three charmingly precise and delicate flower studies by Mondrian—"Chrysanthemum," "Blue Chrysanthemum," and "Lily," all done around 1908, well before he'd begun developing his nonobjective approach—as well as by his earlier, Courbetesque small landscape called "The River Gein." There is a Kandinsky of about the same period worth noting—a street scene called "Houses in Murnau" and Expressionist in manner (with, for contrast, a "Black Form" of fifteen years afterward, to show the evolution of his Futurist



corduroy jumperdress

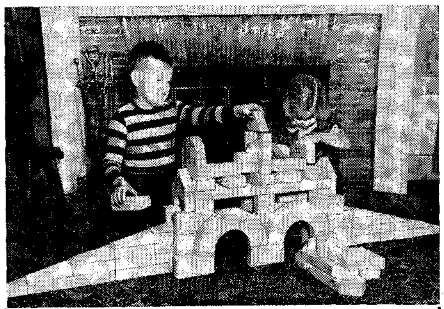
This enterprising pinwale corduroy jumper-dress has its waist leashed with a coin-tipped belt. Wear it on its own with gobs of beads or add a shirt. Its potential is as limitless as your imagination. Burgundy, Loden Green, Antelope, Taupe, Black. Sizes 8 to 14. $14.95

Please state 2nd color choice

ORDER BY MAIL
add 50c for postage
Catalog on request

Ladybug

264 S. Nineteenth St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.



PROJECT PLAY BLOCKS

Ideal Xmas Gift for Children from 2-10

These are the fascinating blocks children select for themselves—the same blocks used in nursery schools and kindergartens. No limit to the things a child can build. They develop skill, coordination, reason and concentration in building and expressing ideas of structures, bridges, trains, boats, etc. All pine pieces with rounded edges. Cut accurately to scale so that projects may be built systematically however the pieces are piled.

20 piece set (8 shapes)	$ 4.95
36 piece set (10 shapes)	$ 7.50
54 piece set (14 shapes)	$ 9.95
75 piece set (20 shapes)	$17.50
106 piece set (24 shapes)	$23.95
140 piece set (26 shapes)	$29.95

Order by Mail. All prices postpaid. Add 15% West of Mississippi. Immediate shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed.

STEPHEN H. BISHOP CO.
P. O. Box 22-S Waban, Massachusetts

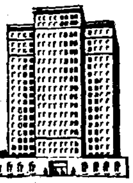
Luxury Living overlooking
Lake Michigan on CHICAGO'S GOLD COAST

Enjoy incomparable luxury only five minutes from downtown...steps from famous restaurants and exclusive North Michigan Avenue stores. Superb appointments and friendly service. Rooms, suites and apartments by the day, month or year.

New York Office
PLaza 5-9747

D. O. Cronin, Mgr.

LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL
181 E. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago



style)—while from the Cubist period of the succeeding generation there are Severini's "Tramway en Course," Metzinger's "Cubist Landscape," a quietly compelling Braque ("Nature Morte"), and, not to make too long a list, an extremely animated, concentrically patterned Facet Cubist "Bridges of Paris," by Albert Gleizes.

The high point of the collection, however, is the group of a half-dozen bas-reliefs and full sculptures by Jean Arp. Arp was born in 1888, so these pieces, ranging in date from 1932 to the near present, find him at the peak of his maturity as an artist. It's too bad that some even earlier works weren't included, for his development almost from the first has been consistently toward greater refinement and purity of form. As is usual with him, the present pieces are all based on the curvilinear forms of nature, but within that area his approach varies subtly, from the rather rough, knobby bronze relief called "A la Suite de l'Unesco" (is there a portrait suggestion concealed in this?) to the bubblingly light "Constellation Mouvementée." Another of the bas-reliefs, called "Two Profiles," displays his gift for sly yet always suave witty commentary, but the finest of all is the larger "Amphore de Muse," in white marble. Done in the round, and combining most beguilingly, and most delicately, suggestions of feminine and organic forms, it reveals him once again as one of the true masters in sculpture today.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Mr. Getty spared neither time or money in planning tonight's housewarming as the most fabulous piece of merry-making in England since the late Mike Todd, movie producer, took over London's Battersea fun fair. . . .

For hours today, electricians fixed up floodlights in the acres of garden that surround the beautiful sixteenth-century mansion. Five mountains danced from a huge swimming pool in the grounds.—*The Times.*

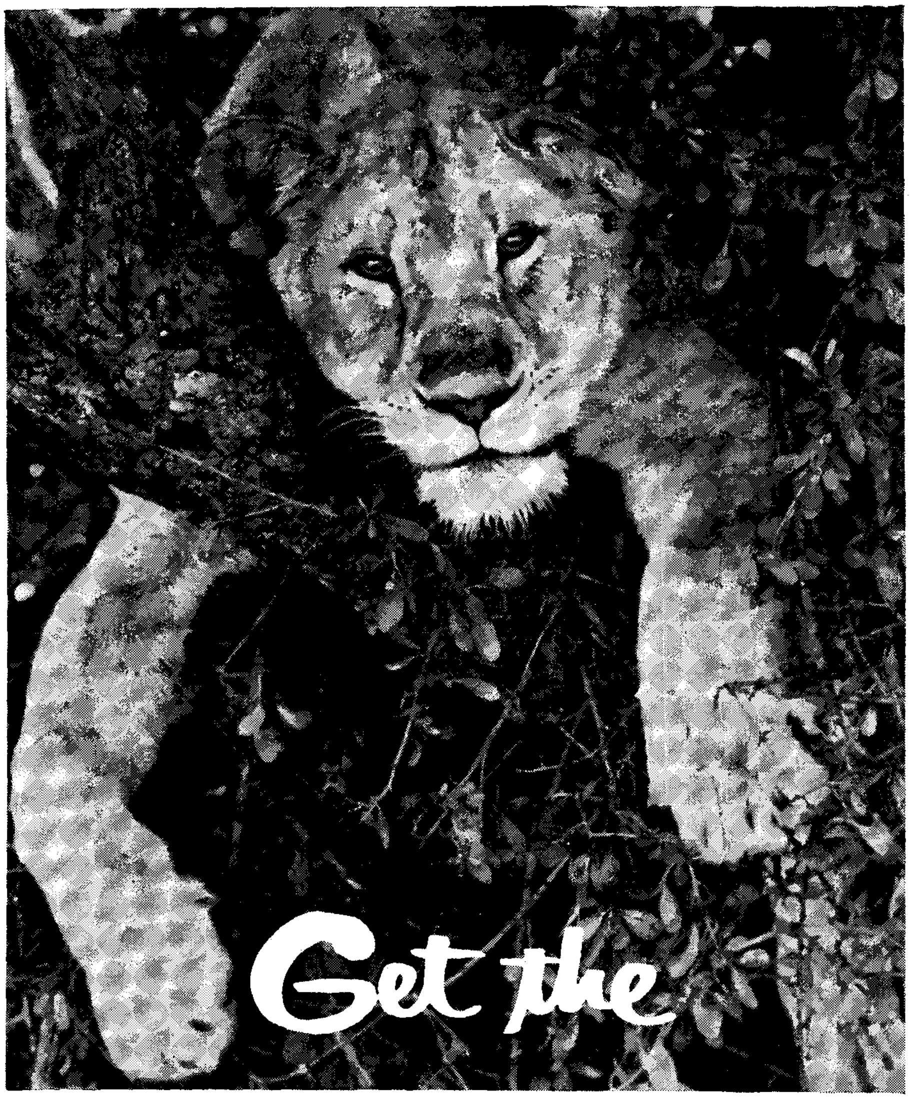
It's right out of Psalms 98:8: "Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together."

•

Strawberries Romanoff

Wash and hull 1 quart fresh strawberries and toss them with about ½ cup powdered sugar. Then put them in a bowl suitable for serving at the table and pour over them a mixture of 1½ ounces each of vodka, curacao (or cointreau), and run.—*Booklet of the Service Club, Northwestern University Medical School.*

Push those chairs out of the way!



big picture!

Here's a lesson in relaxation by one of South Africa's favorite attractions . . . and a hint, too, how you can enjoy our country *so much more.* See everything, but see it *leisurely*—Kruger Park, the tribal areas, spectacular Indian Ocean coastline, our modern cities. The cost of extra days is slight; the rewards are priceless.

SATOUR

Transportation details from South African Railways,
655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

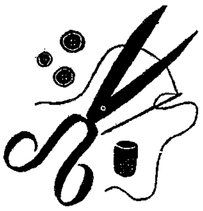
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION
Rockefeller Center
610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.
Please send your literature to:

NAME ....
STREET ....
CITY........................ ZONE..... STATE..........
MY TRAVEL AGENT IS ....D

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

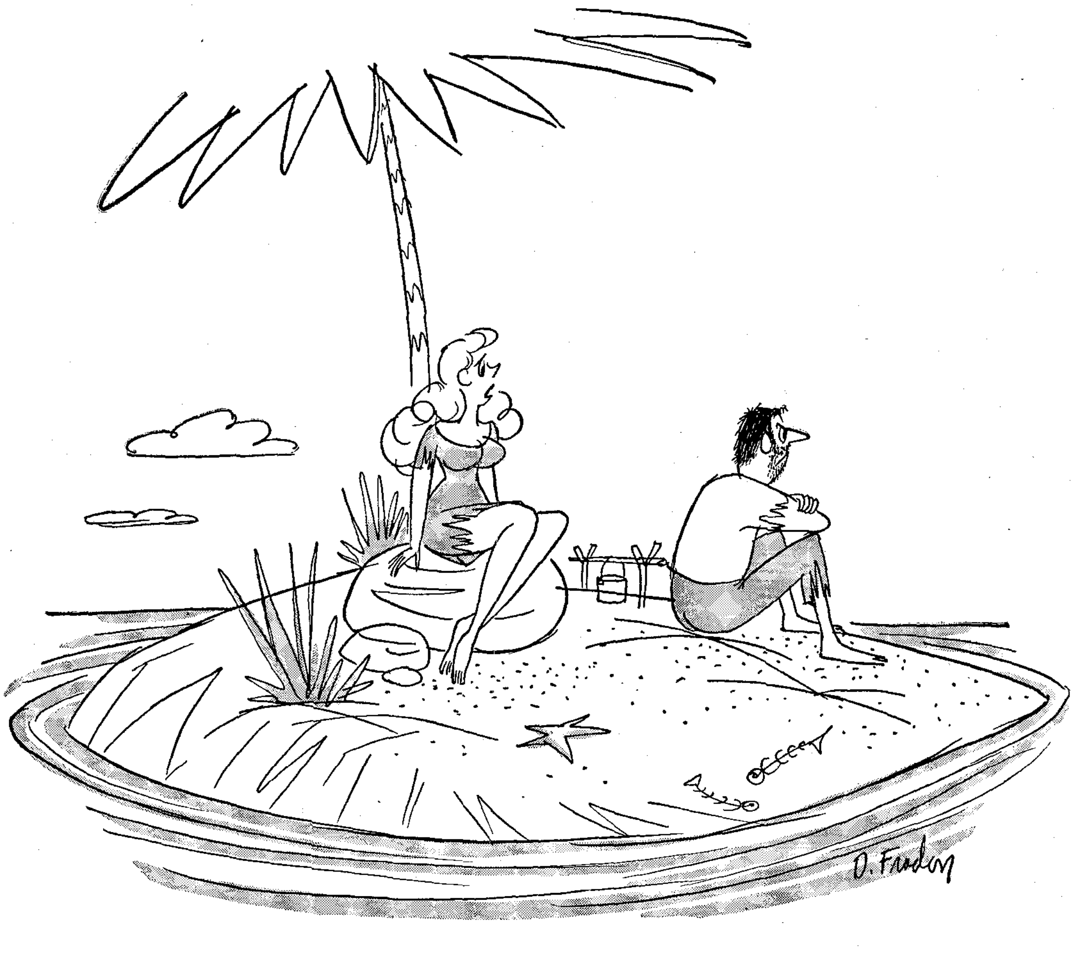
FEMININE FASHIONS



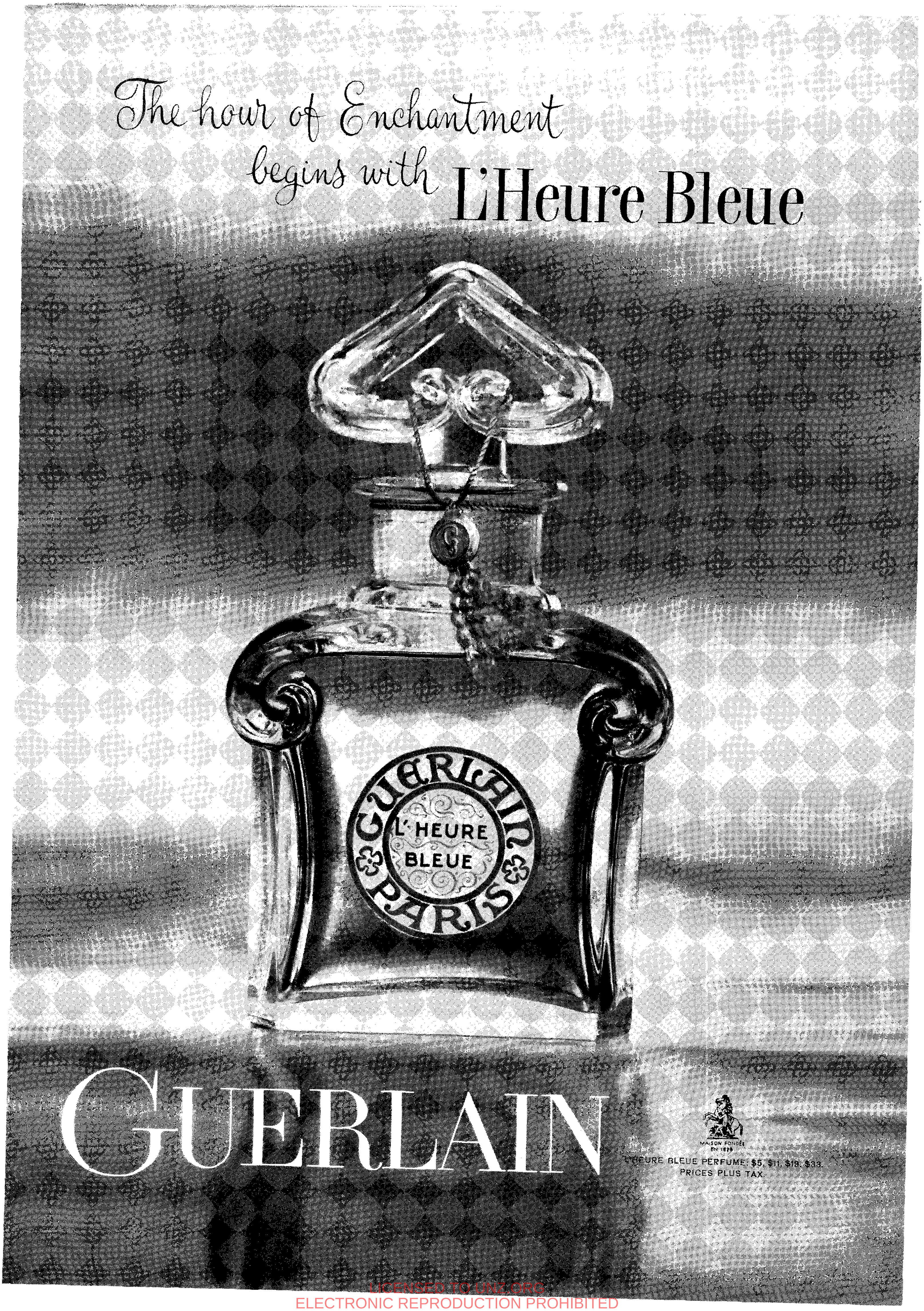
VERY little in this world is half so bewildering as the clothes, fantastic or patrician, that meet the eye in the course of an expedition through the collections of a given season, and it's especially true of this season. There is peril in this welter of fashion as one contemplates the phantasmagoria (to which we'll all be getting in a moment) turned out by Norell, Bugnand, et al. On a vivid person, the giddy extremes, the "shocker" clothes, can be downright terrifying; on a mousy one, the costume full of charm and ladylikeness can imply a wearisome meekness. Which is to say that there is danger in dressing your type, granted that you are that rare woman who knows what her type *is*. Some of us need to dress down from our type rather than up to it, so that our extrovert sparkle is not smothered by our trappings; some of us need spice, maybe touched up with a spot of Benzedrine, to bring us out of ourselves. But there is not yet a psychiatrist in the house at Norell, Bugnand, et al., so we must carefully think things out for ourselves when we get around to picking out the clothes that will, according to our individual necessities, soothe or arouse the vixen that is supposed to lurk in all of us females.

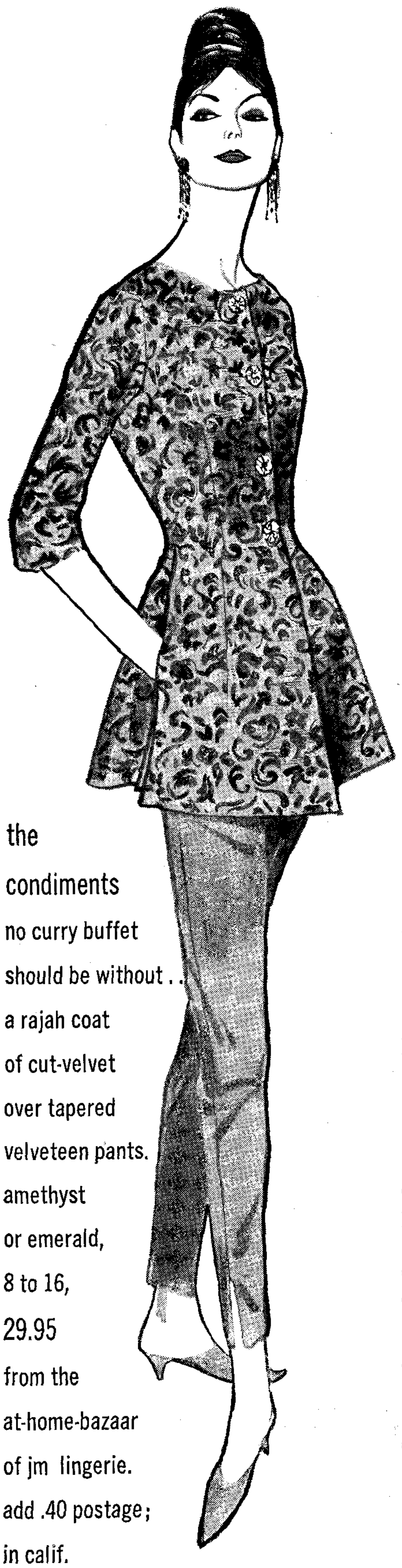
I put Norman Norell first on my list because he has an influence, only recently acknowledged, upon fashion that rivals Balenciaga's, and also because his ready-to-wear inventions are visible in all the important retail shops of New York. This season, his yearning for the twenties involves more than line, for he has reprised the whole reckless mood of that time—the years of the Mad Marches, who were never let off anything. (Has anyone a copy of "The Green Hat" handy?) In those days, you were dressed for daytime in bogus-schoolgirl simplicity or you were frankly out for no good in the evening; there was no in-between attitude. For daytime, the best-publicized Norell innovation (I happen to think it is both logical and terrific) is the culotte, which can bring the schoolgirl campus look to city streets. One country culotte, which comes in tweed, is narrow and plainly shows its trouser origin. (Why it is accompanied by a long straight coat for striding across the moors escapes me.) Bergdorf, among many others, has it in tan tweed, with a long overblouse of cream cashmere jersey. For town, a trim, hip-length jacket of black wool and a long overblouse of black jersey are part of the deal, and the culotte with them swings circularly, looking as if it were a skirt with a deep inverted pleat front and back. This combination, too, I saw at Bergdorf. The hiplines are in all cases straight, and this is vital to the appearance. If you are not a shorts-and-slacks wearer, however, first try sitting down in these things and crossing your legs; all that fabric between the thighs may feel uncomfortable to hard-core skirt wearers. And there are Norell suits with hip-length open jackets of the Chanel type. The jackets are lined with the jersey of the overblouses, which jersey also crops out on the lapels. (At Hattie Carnegie, for one.) But for nightfall and after, spangles are rampant, whether the dresses are short or long. Sequinned sweater tops finish off some of the short dresses, and (Norell started doing this a long time before the other designers caught up, this season) real vampire sheaths, glittering like mad, slither to the floor. I could, by the way, do without the coal-black eye makeup that covered the entire upper lids of the models who were inside these clothes. The vamps of old, poor dears, never had the benefit of some of the more subtle makeups of 1960.

IN a similar mood is the bumptious blond bombshell Bob Bugnand, a rather new member of the French couture who has salons in both Paris and New York (19 East 62nd Street). At this end of the business, they fit you with a canvas toile, to get your measurements, and jet the toile to Paris, where the dress is made up and sent here for a final adjustment on *you*. Everything is lively around the Bugnand shop. For daytime, the bunchy Paris aspect



"That girl you used to have. She must have hurt you very much."


The hour of Enchantment
begins with L'Heure Bleue
GUERLAIN
L'HEURE
BLEUE
PARIS
GUERLAIN
MAISON FONDÉE
EN 1828
L'HEURE BLEUE PERFUME: $5, $11, $18, $33.
PRICES PLUS TAX.


the
condiments
no curry buffet
should be without . . .
a rajah coat
of cut-velvet
over tapered
velveteen pants.
amethyst
or emerald,
8 to 16,
29.95
from the
at-home-bazaar
of jm lingerie.
add .40 postage;
in calif.
add 4% tax.

joseph magnin

stockton at o'farrell, san francisco
northern california and nevada

affects many of the clothes, including some dresses (or are they over-the-head coats?) that look for all the world like a two-piece suit in front. Other tricks involve a wool dress, plus a loose jacket, plus a full, box-pleated over-skirt. (Many fabrics are reversible, to add to the activity.) Further contributors to the air of bulkiness are dolman sleeves that are deeply bloused down the sides. The waistline with them, though, may be snug across the front. For evening, Bugnand cottons to beaded fringe and other bathtub-gin sparkle, and he runs heavily to loose overblouses. His mannequins carry long cigarette holders and wear earrings that drop to the shoulders, which enhances the sultry atmosphere he is after. Some of his nomenclature may give you additional information about his point of view. Under the clothes-for-evening classification of "Retour des Vamps" are dresses called Speakeasy, Prohibition, Cocaïne, and Opium; *Les Femmes Fatales à l'Heure du Cocktail* wear dresses named Torpedo, Vampire, and Apocalypse. It's a big collection—bold and bristling with great ideas. (N.B. Some of the models were bought in Paris for ready-to-wear copying by other houses, but anyone ordering custom clothes at Bugnand's New York salon will be warned by the management if what she chooses is in the public domain.)

THE Italians manage dash and drama without too much distortion (like Americans, they want emphatically natural body lines to show—and how!), and Eleanora Garnett's large Italian collection, at 47 East 51st Street, can give a woman a lift without making her ridiculous. (Loads of Garnett's clothes, made in Rome, are ready to take home; the rest can be run up in Rome, to your measure, in two weeks.) Garnett, as is true of many others (Winston, and Sarmi, and Curiel of Bergdorf Goodman, all of them ready-to-wear, come first to mind), approves of the Renaissance look for evening. Thus, a formal evening dress of magenta satin, ankle-length in front and trailing to the rear, has a straight-across neckline just below the tips of the shoulders and is box-pleated in back down to the waist. Another, of black satin brocade, begins with a tunic overjacket that is princesse through the waist and flares a bit below. This uses medieval molding over the hips to round it out, and so does the flared formal dress with shoestring shoulder straps that accompanies it. One more Renaissance eve-

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years

Belgian Shoes

Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere

ISCHIA
$50

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.

Belgian Shoes, Inc.
60 East 56th Street • New York
UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF
MR. H. BENDEL

Made in France for *Louvre-Like* Lighting

Art BEAM-LITE

(Actual size: 5" x 3⅞" x 2¾")

17⁵⁰ prepaid

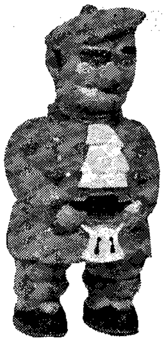
A UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Incl. 75-W. Mazda silvered reflector bulb, 8-ft. cord.

gray, or black

ALSO ATTACHES TO WALL OR CEILING

Small, compact, handsome fixture provides concentrated lighting to enhance beauty of your paintings and objets d'art. **Adjustable** light beam frames picture only, not wall. Projects round, rectangular, or oblong beam. Ideal for window display, interior decoration. Dealer inquiry invited. Send check or money order to
MORDA DISTRIBUTING CO., Dept. NY-10
P.O. Box 24036, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

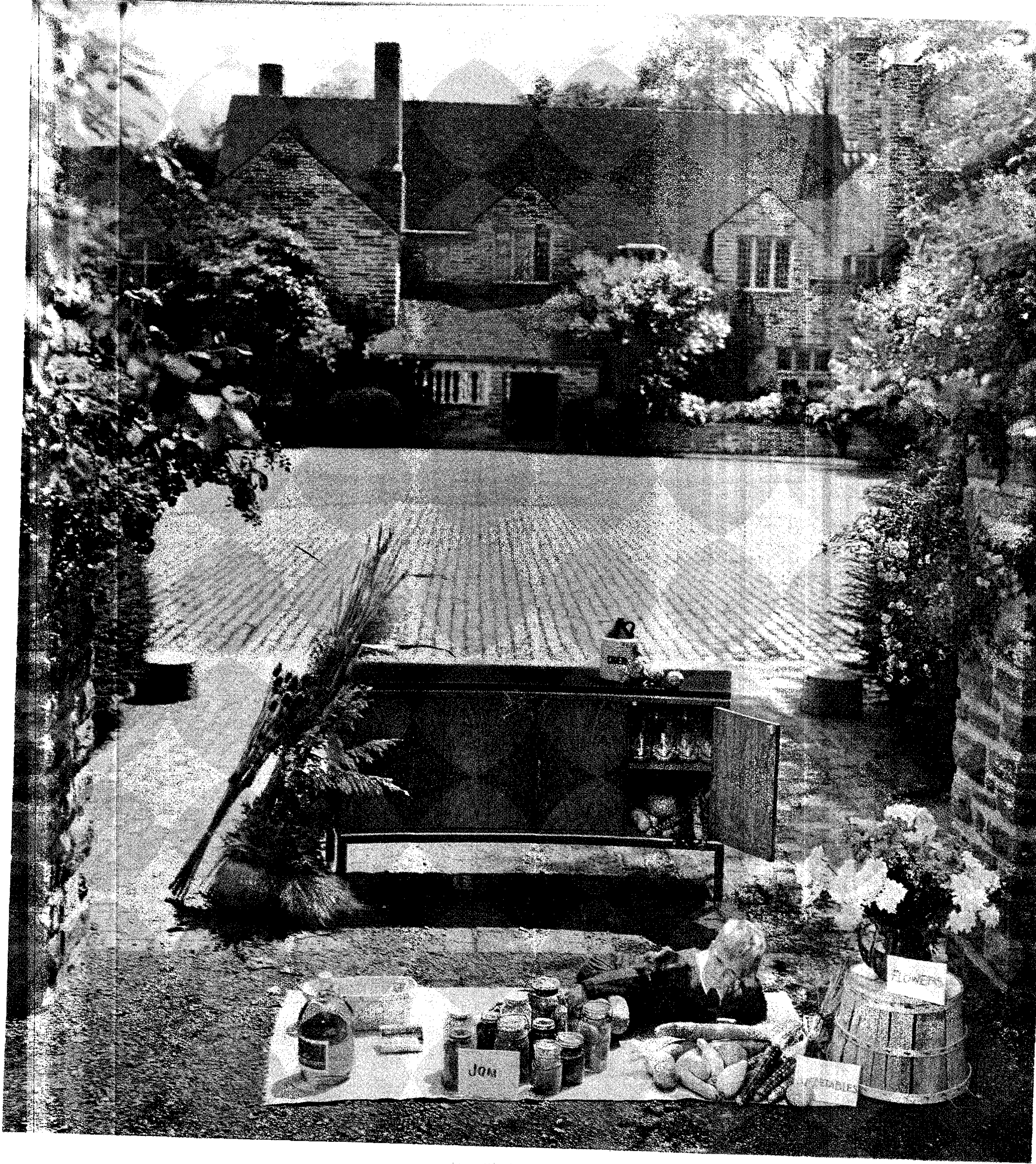

SWEET SCOTTIE

This sturdy Scot with his canny smile and sparkling eye, contains genuine Scottish sweets—butterscotch and toffee—11 inches high 14 inches around. Molded in very strong papier-mâché, decorative and colorful centerpiece. A fine wee giftie and ornament.

$2.95 each
or 3 to one address $8.00 postpaid

Also many other genuine Scottish gifts for ladies and gentlemen. Send 10c now for catalogue. Mail orders promptly filled.

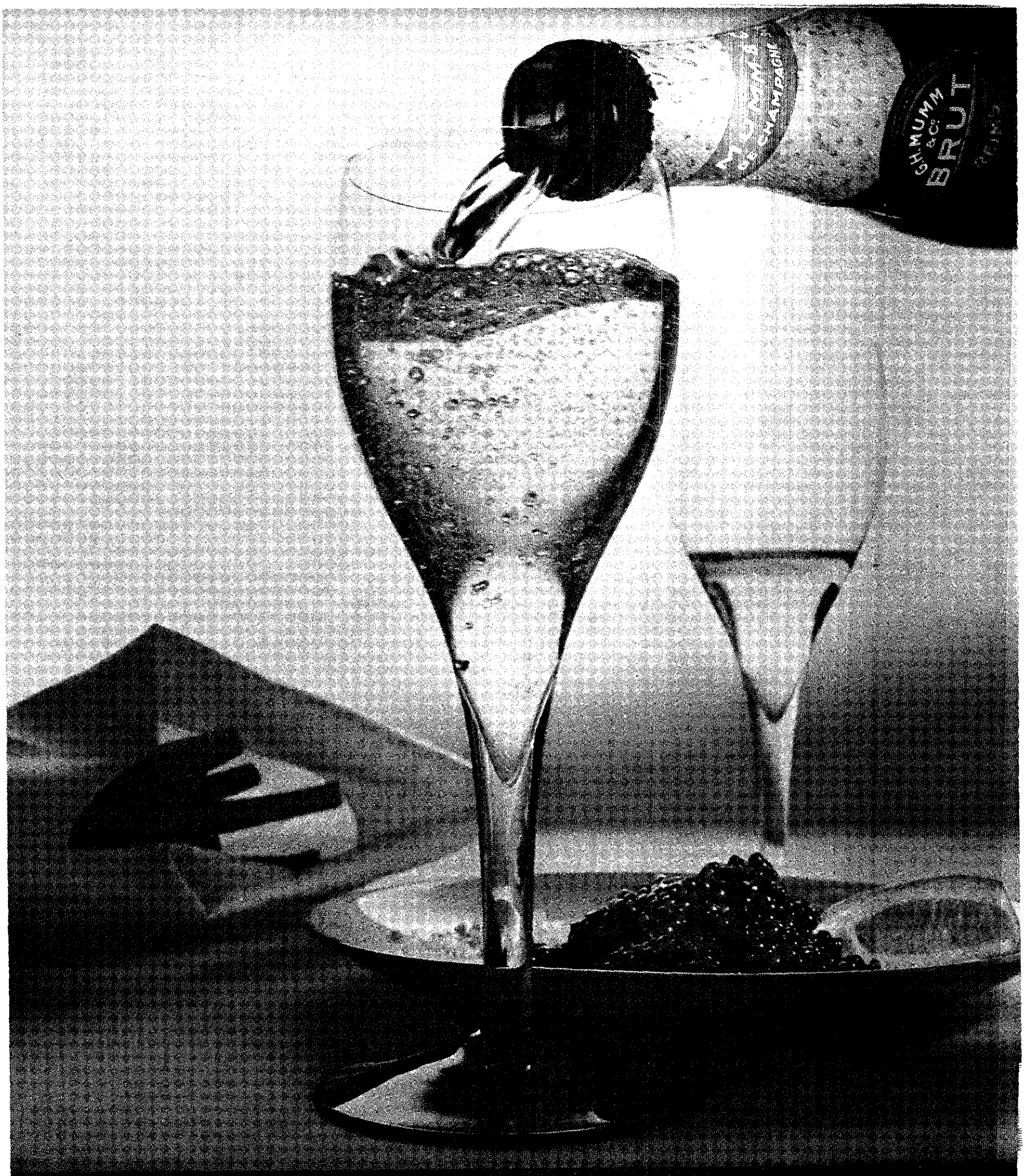
Scottish Imports Ltd.
374 Geary St., Rm. 560 San Francisco 2, California



collect DUNBAR

At age six, he says, "Mine".
At twelve, "Mother's sideboard".
At nineteen, "That old thing".
At twenty-nine, "Ours".
The moral of this morsel: Never part with Dunbar.

This cabinet is one of 49 pieces in the new "Today-and-Tomorrow" collection designed by Edward Wormley. In selected stores across the country and in Dunbar showrooms. Write for brochure, include 25¢ for handling: Dept. N. Y. Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Berne, Indiana.
New York, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Brussels, Honolulu.


G.H. MUMM & Co
BRUT
CORDON ROUGE
DE CHAMPAGNE

MUMM'S THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

Cordon Rouge and Extra Dry • The classic champagnes of France

G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. • SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C.

ning costume—short, this time—is all soft pleats below the strapless bodice; its loose jacket ends above the wide waistband. This is of gray silk with bright-coral, yellow, and pale-green designs in brocade. There's nothing wrong with the Garnett coats, either. Witness (1) a very fitted black wool with double-breasted buttons emphasizing the female curves down to the waistline, plus outward tucks on the hips giving it extra verve, and (2) a red broadcloth pyramid with a doubled-over standup collar starting beside the top button. A perfect though outrageously form-fitting dress of black crêpe is here, too. Its bateau neck goes out to the tips of the shoulders; there's a cowl back with deep blousing below, a wide and snug belt, and drapery pulled up tight on one hip. Well!

THERE are further elegant dramatics in Oldric Royce's shop, at 16 East 52nd Street. Royce is basically custom, but he now makes ordered-to-size clothes, too, in his own workroom, for $265 and up, which is still down from his custom prices. *His* dramatics are designed for diplomatic receptions, where every seam and bon mot is weighed in the balance. Complete confidence about seams and detail is what Royce gives you; you have to supply the mots yourself. An item that really took my fancy is a three-quarter coat that is five-inches-apart horizontal seams (one separates at each side in front to make two pockets) plus slot seams, emphasized by buttons, down the front. It's like a *grand-luxe* car coat. Absinthe wool is the wherewithal. A straight skirt and an overblouse of beige wool lace with a sort of turtleneck accompany this. Another fancy-taker is a really elegant *trompe l'œil*—a slim black wool dress with which can go (a) a buttoned waist-length jacket that has a band collar and tie of ocelot, and (b) a flat peplum with patch pockets of ocelot; combining the three tricks the beholder into thinking it's a long-jacketed suit. And I also fell in love with a slender sort of cape coat of black wool on which silver fox is so arranged that it persuades everyone that there are sleeves. Another love is a black crêpe sheath with spiderweb lines of black bugle beads running up the skirt to one hip and down to the hip from one shoulder. Among the evening things are a short dress—of pale-pink Alaskine (silk with an alpaca sort of finish) on which azalea-pink lace makes apron panels around the flaring skirt—and a dress, shown in prune peau de soie, with a kite-shaped front panel

If you listen to the critics...
you'll listen to
STEREO by LONDON ®

Saturday Review
"Superior stereo"
Irving Kolodin, Music Editor, Saturday Review

THE Atlantic
"Stereo mastery"
John Conly, Atlantic Monthly

CLASSICAL SUGGESTIONS

BIRGIT NILSSON SINGS EXCERPTS FROM TRISTAN UND ISOLDE
Act 1, Prelude; Act 1, Scene 3—"*Weh, Ach Wehe! Dies Zu Dulden*"; Act 3 — "*Mild und Leise*" (*Liebestod*). Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra cond. by Hans Knappertsbusch. OS 25138

Puccini: LA BOHEME—Complete
Renata Tebaldi; Carlo Bergonzi; Ettore Bastianini; Cesare Siepi; Fernando Corena and other soloists with Chorus and Orchestra of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome, cond. by Tullio Serafin. (2 records) OSA 1208

Beethoven: COMPLETE PIANO CONCERTOS Nos. 1-5
Wilhelm Backhaus—Vienna Phil. Orch.—Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. (4 records) CSA 2401

SUPPE OVERTURES
Light Cavalry; Poet And Peasant; Morning, Noon And Night In Vienna; Pique Dame. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Georg Solti. CS 6146

Gilbert & Sullivan: H.M.S. PINAFORE—Complete
D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. and New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Isidore Godfrey. (2 records) OSA 1209

Moussorgsky: PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION
Liszt: THE HUNS—Symphonic Poem
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Ernest Ansermet CS 6177

Tchaikovsky: NUTCRACKER SUITES Nos. 1 and 2
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Ernest Ansermet CS 6097

Ravel: DAPHNIS ET CHLOE (Complete)
Chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden
London Symphony Orchestra—Pierre Monteux CS 6147

Tchaikovsky: THE SWAN LAKE, Op. 20 (Complete)
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Ernest Ansermet. (2 records) CSA 2204

POPULAR SUGGESTIONS

THE BIG BAND DIXIE SOUND
Ted Heath and His Music. *That's A-Plenty; I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate; The Darktown Strutter's Ball; Muskrat Ramble; Riverboat Shuffle; Chicago; King Porter Stomp; Someday, Sweetheart; South Rampart Street Parade; High Society; At The Jazz Band Ball; Copenhagen.* PS 184

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE GRENADIER GUARDS
Band of The Grenadier Guards. *Colonel Bogey; Can Can; Swedish Rhapsody; Nibelungen; Carmen (Prelude); Russian Pictures; Waltzing Matilda; Seventy Six Trombones; When The Saints Go Marching In; Viva Mexico; For The Forces; It's A Long Way To Tipperary; Men Of Wales; Scotland The Brave.* PS 180

THE ALL-TIME TOP TANGOS
Stanley Black and His Orchestra. *La Cumparsita; Rosita; Amargura; A Media Luz; Mama, Yo Quiero Un Novio; Jealousy; Adios, Pampa Mia; Oh, Donna Clara; Olé Guapa; Adios Muchachos; Ecstacy; El Choclo.* PS 176

OPERETTA MEMORIES
Mantovani and His Orchestra. "*Die Fledermaus*" *Overture; Waltzes from "Gypsy Love," "The Merry Widow" and "The Gypsy Princess"; My Hero from "The Chocolate Soldier"; Your Eyes Shine In My Own from "The Gypsy Baron"; Selection from "The Count of Luxembourg"; Oh Maiden, My Maiden from "Frederika"; Serenade from "Frasquita"; Play Gypsies, Dance Gypsies from "The Gypsy Baron."* PS 202

THE SOUND OF MUSIC
Edmundo Ros and His Orchestra. *The Sound Of Music (Cha Cha Cha); An Ordinary Couple (Mambo); Maria (Schottish); Edelweiss (Merengue); So Long, Farewell (Bolero); Do-Re-Mi (Paso-Doble); My Favorite Things (Vals Creole); Sixteen Going On Seventeen (Baion); No Way To Stop It (Samba-Batuque); Climb Ev'ry Mountain (Bolero Mambo); The Lonely Goatherd (Baion); How Can Love Survive (Marcha).* PS 198

LONDON ® RECORDS ffss
full frequency stereophonic sound
Write for free complete catalog. Dept. BL, 539 W. 25th St., N.Y.C.

GIVE RECORDS GIFT WRAPPED

GRACE NATIONAL BANK

Many people of acumen, and corporations with exacting requirements who bank at GRACE do so because of the concentration of financial skills and the unique personal attention they find at this compact bank in the heart of the New York Financial District

GRACE NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK

7 Hanover Square
New York 15

Correspondent Banks in Principal Cities of the World

Member
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

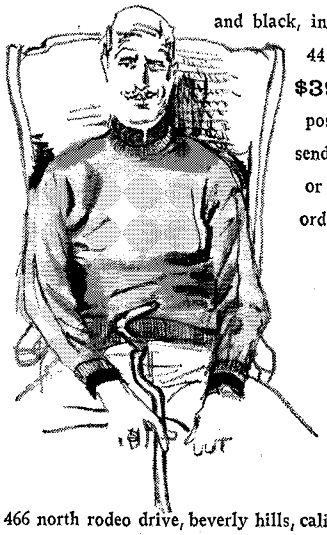
that imparts a jagged flare low at the sides. A huge bowknot of white satin is appliquéd on this. Royce further proves his trickiness with a beautiful short dance sheath of violet warp-printed taffeta that has a big bow across the chest and bow detail slanting down on both sides of a flat panel on the stomach. The long separate overskirt will make this one formal instanter.

WOMEN can have their choice of personalities with Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue (her custom clothes this time), because her idea of a perfectly balanced woman is one who has a clean, competent, alert look in the daytime (with crisp lines instead of a soft Parisian bunchiness, though there are plenty of pleats to encourage an eager stride) *and who wants to be dreamy and romantic after five.* In the first category are Sophie's time-honored suits, which are likely to be sharply nipped at the waist again this fall and to have a little peplum flaring below. One that I recall (out of many) with special pleasure is of taupe wool with single-skin sable décor at the neck; others are of sports fabrics. It's startling to get this trig, tautly fitted look in suits once more from Sophie and her co-designer, Stephen Erklin, even though the coachman-type coats for which these two are famous (usually with dresses to match the inner lining) are all over town again. Sophie and Erklin are still champs, though. As proof, there's a black wool coat that is fastened down one side and that has an oval neckline filled in with white mink. Another coat, for real evenings, is of gold lamé with a deep collar of mink; the scant dress beneath it is princesse. There are also quantities of daytime box-jacketed suits and many reversible fabrics. One is bright-yellow knit on one side and black-and-white checks on the other; the skirt it makes is plain, the overblouse is checked, and the box jacket, though also plain, has edgings of the check. Another reversible fabric—tan wool and checked wool—produces a long coat with the reverse side showing on the revers and the tuxedo front. There is a checked skirt beneath, and the accompanying sweater, which has trimmings of the check, is of black cashmere, because Sophie is more than ever favorable to cashmere sweaters for any time of day or night. A short evening ensemble of hers concerns a sheath of black velvet, a sweater top of black cashmere, and a velvet bolero lined with gold brocade. There are lots of engaging little late-in-the-day black velvet suits and dresses here, too—sharp suits

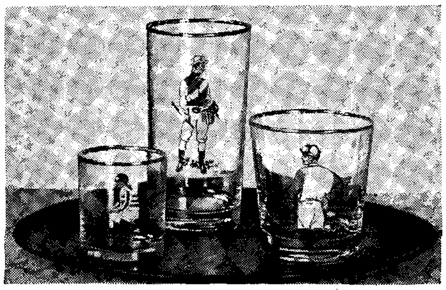
Carroll & Co.
WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN

a cashmere crew...

opulently thick pure cashmere now in a classic crew-neck! A new, long-sleeved pullover of great manorial elegance—hand-fashioned for us by Lyle and Scott of Scotland: available in natural, sky-blue, and black, in 38 to 44 sizes, $39.50 postpaid; send check or money order (4% tax in Calif.)



466 north rodeo drive, beverly hills, california
738 anacapa, santa barbara, california



INDIVIDUALLY HAND-PAINTED

with your racing colors, others you may specify or the "famous six" stables—each different. Finest crystal in sizes for generous martini, highball, old-fashioned. Designed by famous sports artist.

And you can show your colors, or a friend's, with hand-done match folders, Zippo lighter, table lamp, ash tray, door-stop or imported silk scarf—each with the colors you select accurately reproduced.

Write today for full-color illustrated brochure with price list and convenient order form for all Kings' Sport products. The most attractive personalized gifts you will find this year.

KINGS' SPORT, INC., WAYNE, PA.

APPEL
oct. 25—nov. 19
MARTHA JACKSON GALLERY
32 East 69th St., N. Y.

Hometown paper for the whole state of Iowa...

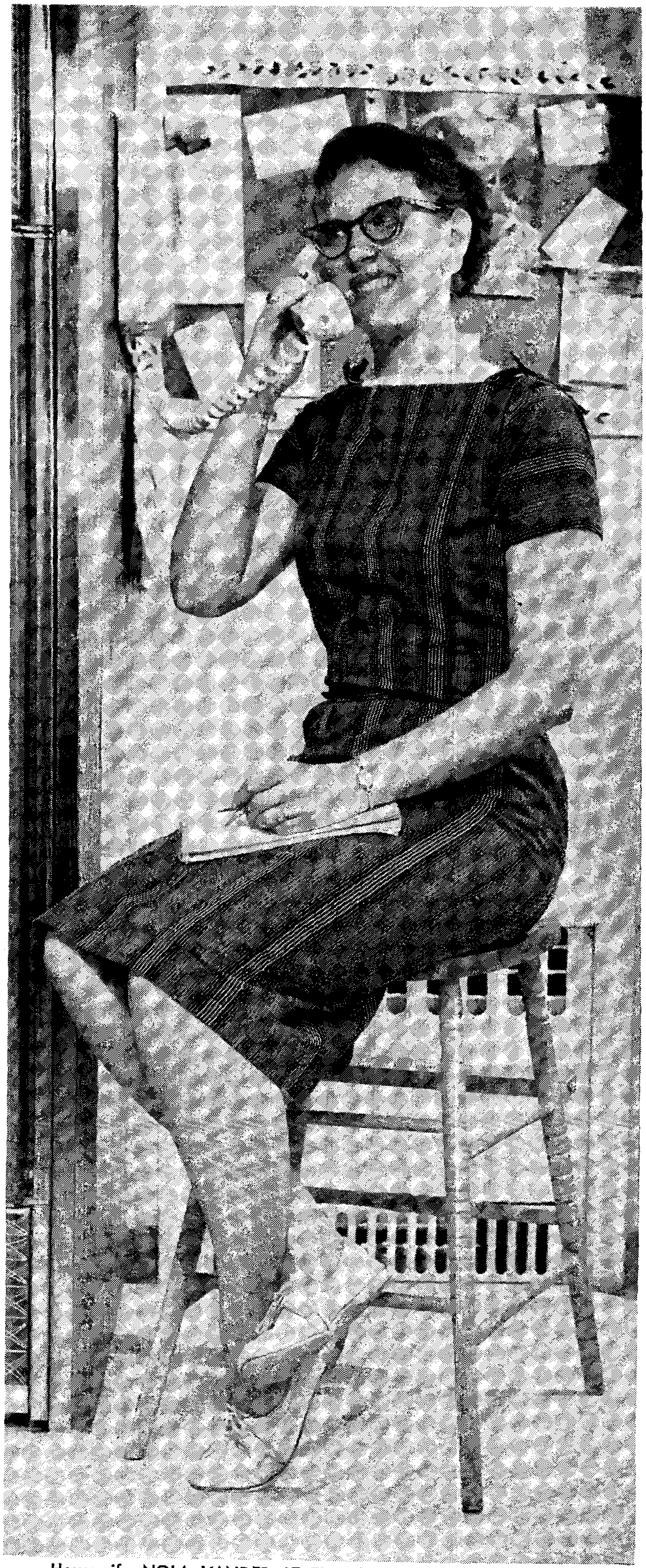
why?

because hometown people help give it statewide coverage? That's part of it. No Iowa news event can happen more than five minutes from one of the 256 alert, responsible Iowa citizens who double as part-time correspondents for The Register and Tribune. Time after time, a housewife or housepainter, a town mayor or mason has supplied the lead which has enabled a crack Register and Tribune reporter to develop a story of statewide significance. They even cover many local stories themselves. They are a significant reason why The Register and Tribune has perhaps the most unusual circulation in America. Its papers are read by nearly 70% of the entire state!

DES MOINES
REGISTER AND TRIBUNE
350,000 COMBINED DAILY • 500,000 SUNDAY
Gardner Cowles, President

Of the top ten markets in
the United States,
nine are cities, but one is a state!

And that state is Iowa, which is number 7 for one reason — the unique circulation of the Des Moines Register and Tribune. Review this important statistic with Scolaro, Meeker & Scott or Doyle & Hawley.



Housewife NOLA VANDER STREEK of Pella, Iowa, one of the trained, part-time correspondents who help The Register and Tribune cover the state, calls in a story on a damaging local storm.

with white satin ruching (or now and then white mink) on the V of the jacket, and flip, round-hipped dance dresses. All kinds of formal dresses, both short and long, are around as well. They have the beautiful, skimming-the-shoulder necklines for which this house is noted, and the chiffons, whether columnar or flowing, are all breathtaking.

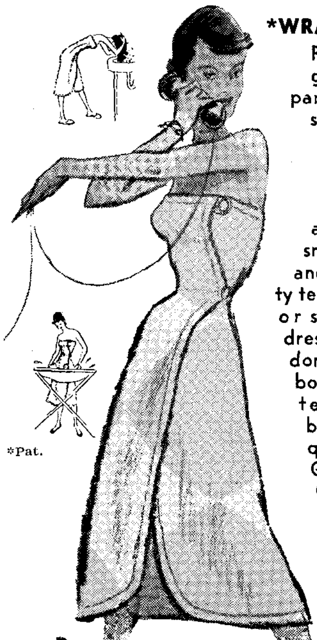
Elizabeth Arden's salon is again presenting designs made just for her by the prominent Paris houses, though she doesn't name names. A great many of the things are ready to go, and all of them can be done to order for those who want to switch fabrics or necklines. You'll recognize the touch of many of the houses involved, but the designs have been edited and gentled quite a lot. There are loose-fitting suits with hipbone jackets, all of loopy wool in heavenly colors—Parma violet, pale pink (this with a blouse and ascot of royal chiffon), and so on—that are curved in to indicate the waist. There are dressy fur-trimmed outfits as well, including two similar ones—jackets that button down one side and have high-crossing necklines of fur, and dresses that are easy-fitting and have a fold low in front to suggest that they're two-piece. One is of black wool with white mink trim; the other is of black Alaskine with black mink trim. An example of the brocade theatre suit that has become a classic is here, and the fabric, a padded satin embroidered with silver threads, is stupendous. It results in a straight jacket with a band collar and a concealed closing (a slight mandarin effect) and a skinny dress with a high neckline, shoulder straps, and narrow V seaming down the skirt to mold it more deftly. Some short evening dresses have pouffed hemlines to suggest the harem. One is shown in turquoise shantung, one in satin the color of Persian melon, and both of them have long, willowy torsos that sway outward before the harem hem. For regal evenings, Arden shows any number of high, strapped necklines and molded bodies; the skirts are short in front and trailing in back. One of these arrangements is of warp-printed satin in shades of pink veering to shades of raspberry. My true favorite, though, is asymmetrical—a one-strap evening dress with a very short front and a sidewise V train that reaches the floor astern. There is a bow at the base of the shoulder strap in back, and three more bows blossom between it and the crazy train. As for floor-length evening coats, a collarless one of bright-yellow fleece is cut like a

ARIZONA 1ST.

Hohokam & Hassayampa: Both are pure Arizona. A Hassayampa is a big talker, after the boastful prospectors who once camped on the Hassayampa River, Hohokam are the ancient pre-Columbian people on whose ruins modern Phoenix was rebuilt. Actual meaning: "People who have gone," which doesn't happen any more. Now, almost everybody who comes stays in Phoenix, fastest-growing city in the U.S. And almost everybody dials Channel 5, KPHO-TV.

And also Haydn. Quality TV, good music, are also part of Arizona. In its second decade of leadership in the state, KPHO is known as the nation's leading independent TV outlet. With recently stepped-up power, it reaches the entire state, from border to border; a large portion of its programming locally originated, of network calibre. Example: the sonorous first sounded when KPHO recently gave Arizona an evening with the Phoenix Symphony Orchestra, not only on TV tape, but also synchronized with a stereophonic sound broadcast on KPHO radio. All part of the fare-with-flair expected from

KPHO-TV
FIRST STATION IN ARIZONA

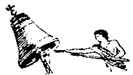


*WRAPARONG®
Perfect for giving or for pampering yourself. The original **terry** sarong subtly shapes to your figure and buttons snugly at top and waist. Thirsty terry after bath or shower—in dressing room or dormitory. All bound in white terry. Aqua-blue, Pink, Turquoise-green, Gold, Royal, Cherry, or White. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-20).
$3.95

*Pat.

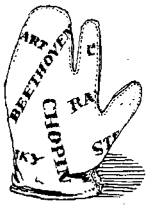
SNAPARONG
Give him this matching fitted shaving towel. Black, Red or Orange Stripes; Blue Tattersall; Brown Aztec Print; or Solid White. Sm (28-30-32), Med (34-36-38), Lg (40-42-44). **$2.00**
Add 35¢ each for shipping.
Color catalog on request

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.



the Piazza Montici
announces the opening of
House & Garden Boutique . . .
Interesting Christmas Gifts
from 1.25 to 28.50
exclusively ours
in New York

"Diskies" Fun Gloves *for hi-fi fans to clean* records. Chamois and felt, hand-lettered with composers' names. Red, green or yellow. $5.00 pr. Please add 50c for shipping.



19 EAST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK • PL 5-8826
Send for illustrated Christmas Brochure

SHANGHAI EAST 1059 3rd Ave. (62-63 Sts.)
Open Noon till 1:30 AM
Private Parties to 60
SHANGHAI • MANDARIN • SZECHUAN and CANTONESE DISHES
res: TE 8-0850

HOW TO SOLVE YOUR "HOLIDAZE"

Relax on the banks of the Shrewsbury River—just 48 miles from New York. A charming, Colonial Inn! 100 beautifully furnished modern, fireproof rooms, golf and tennis privileges. Fishing *and boating. Cocktail Lounge, Colonial* dining room. Excellent food. Perfect for a week or weekend. Write Miss Smith for booklet and rates.

MOLLY PITCHER HOTEL, Red Bank, N.J.

hostess gown; a lattice of gold braid and gold beads and pearls makes a deep V yoke in back and a panel down each side of the front.

A FEW ready-to-wear specialties at random: Bonwit Teller, and no one else, has Helen Rose's concoctions, among which are beautiful short evening costumes, the dresses of draped chiffon, the coats of less fragile fabric. One dress I especially remember is of black over garnet chiffon, all very iridescent, and the coat is of garnet cut velvet with fine black stripes in it. Another beauty involves a gold chiffon dance dress and a straight coat of gold buckskin with a jewelled yoke. Bonwit has the Irene of California clothes, too. This year the Irene assortment includes evening costumes, both short and long, with a kind of Nehru tunic-jacket. . . . The trim little black crêpe dresses and ensembles by Bernard Newman (only at Bergdorf Goodman) are all well and good, but he can do prancing, too. A rust-and-beige hound's-tooth-checked wool makes a handsome daytime three-quarter coat and a straight skirt; there's an overblouse of rust wool and a chiffon scarf. He has also tossed off one of the nicest lingerie dance dresses of the season, of black Chantilly-type lace over blue satin. It's princesse through the waist, the back is low and oval, and a deep flounce adds buoyancy to the hem. Another guest of Bergdorf is the flamboyant Curiel, of Italy, a bead-and-glitter girl from way back. Her mermaid sheath is a mass of black bugle beads on silk and marshalled in a continuous irregular pattern. It weighs plenty and is strapless, so be sure you have a chest to hold it up. In the unbeaded daytime category is a form-fitting dress of black wool jersey with a deep V neck and hip-hugging gathers that terminate at the narrow panel down the front of the skirt. . . . And anyone *still* hungry for good-looking black crêpe dresses (the hardest thing in the world to find) should know that Howard Greer makes them and that Jay Thorpe has them.

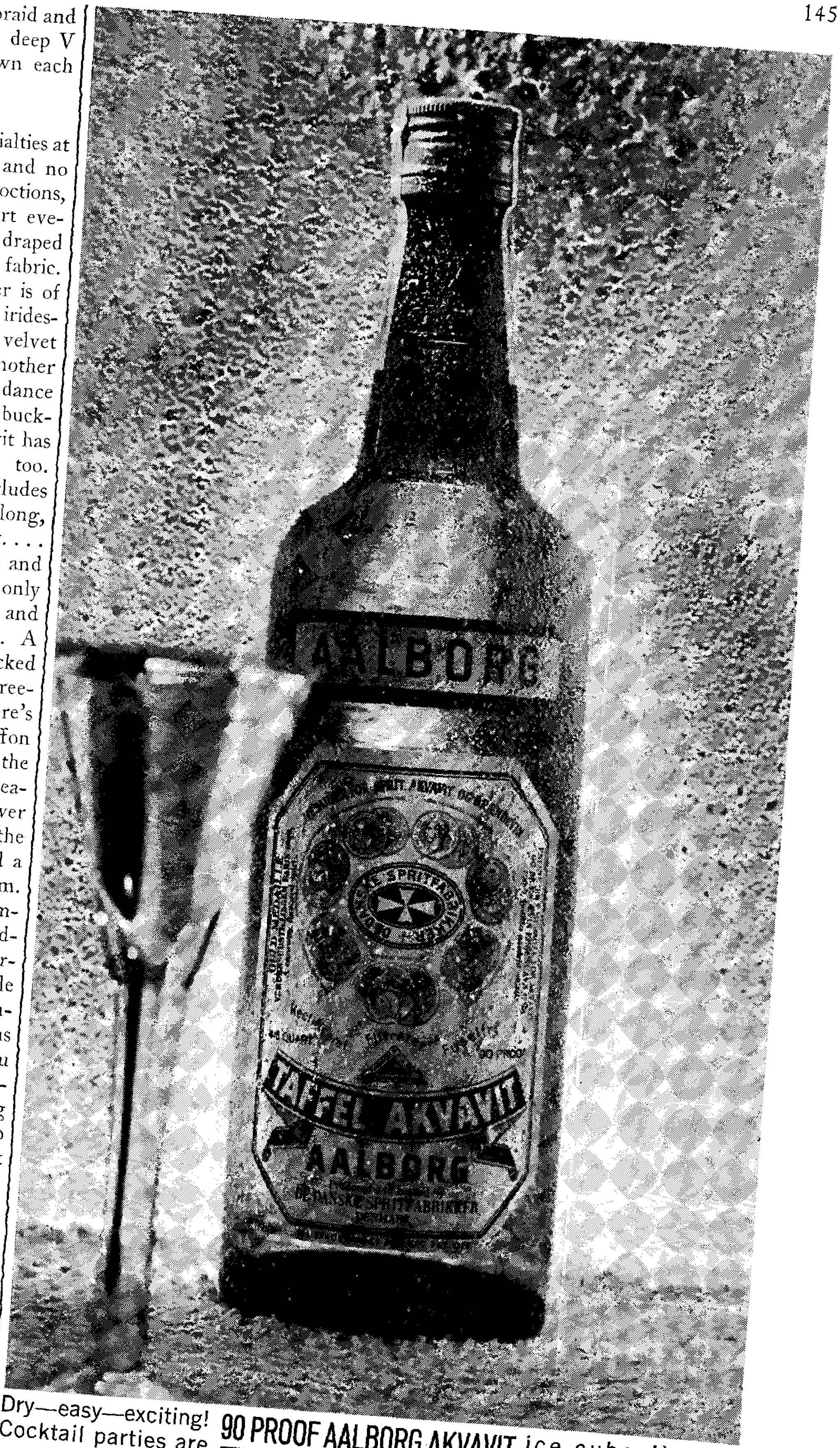
NOW all you need is to decide whether you are pretty, dynamic, or retiring, and you'll know just what to do. I wish I did.

—LOIS LONG

*

Miss Hantze won the match by a good mixture of volleying from the forecourt and lobbying from the backcourt.—*Palm Beach Post.*

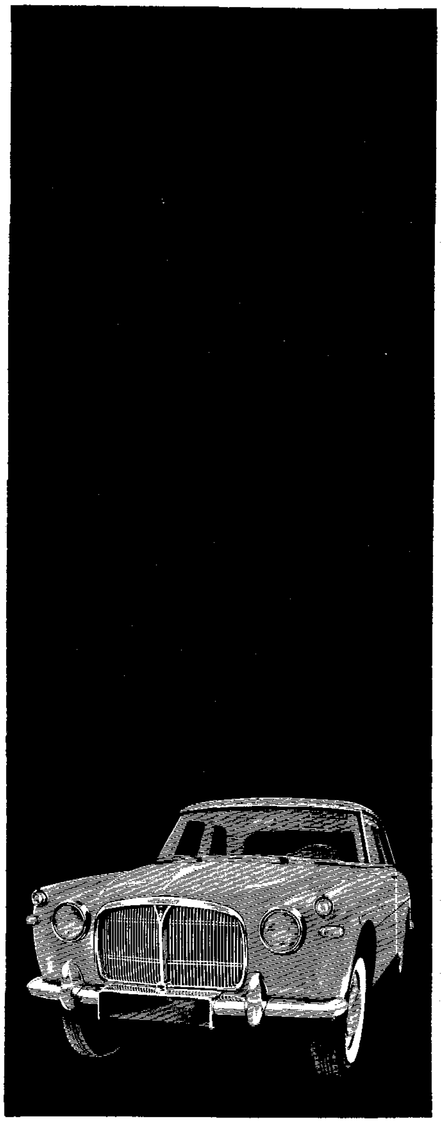
Just as long as she didn't cheat.



90 PROOF AALBORG AKVAVIT

THE ONLY LIQUOR YOU KEEP IN YOUR FREEZER AND SERVE AS A COCKTAIL

Dry—easy—exciting! Cocktail parties are more fun — and less bother with ninety proof Aalborg Akvavit. Guests love Aalborg's crystal clarity and chill hint-of-caraway flavor. Serve it straight, right from the freezer (no worry about ice cubes!) with smörgasbord or hot and cold canapes and tidbits. That's how the Danes like it; you will too. In fifths and tenths.•Imported from Denmark. Briones & Co., Inc., New York 4 • 90 proof 100% potato neutral spirits



EUROPEAN DELIVERY AVAILABLE ON FOUR MONTHS' NOTICE.

"The new Rover 3-Litre is probably the most luxurious 'small' car in the world. The Rover has been designed for quiet, long life and driving ease. The immaculate leather and walnut interior reflects the British company's policy of using only the best material, where it shows and where it does not, as well. The Rover shares twenty-odd points of mechanical similarity with the Rolls-Royce, and every knowledgeable tester who drives a Rover inevitably compares it with that make. It's one of the world's great cars." KEN PURDY IN PLAYBOY

ROVER

THE ROVER MOTOR COMPANY
OF NORTH AMERICA LIMITED,
36-12 37th St., Long Island City, New York
373 Shaw Road, South San Francisco, Cal.

THE CHIFFOROBE

THE chifforobe in the living room of my grandparents' house in Atlanta had two large drawers below and two closets above, with mirrors on the inside of the doors, the whole topped by a high ornamental molding. It contained Mother's coats, raincoats, and other outdoor clothes, and my brother's, and mine. For a while it also contained, on the floor of one of the closets, proof of Mother's financial innocence and optimism. Faced with the need of money, she had answered an advertisement in a magazine, which said that a good extra income could be made at home by painting hand-decorated handkerchiefs. She had sent away for the paints and silks, and had filled in some of the stamped flower designs on the silks before she was brought to a halt by the knowledge—which should have been apparent from the arrival of the C.O.D. package of bottles and silks, but which she had avoided as long as she could—that the handkerchiefs had to be sold by the person who bought the materials. She wrote to the company that had sent them to her and asked if they did not want to buy the finished handkerchiefs. Her impression when she answered the advertisement had been that they would, and she was sure that they were more likely than she was to be in touch with people who would want them. There was, of course, no answer, and Mother never finished the remaining handkerchiefs. But she did not feel that she could throw away the materials, which had cost several dollars at a time when dollars were beginning to be scarce, and the small cardboard box containing the bottles of aniline dyes remained sitting on the floor of the closet on the left side of the chifforobe for a long time—a reminder of the treachery of the business world.

Her innocence was understandable. When she had finished Miss Hanna's School for Girls, she asked her father to allow her to take a business course, as some of her schoolmates were doing. He refused; a woman's place was in the home, and he was certain that there would be no reason for a daughter of his to work. His certainty was justified; it was his boast that he owned enough real estate in Atlanta to leave each of his nine children a valuable piece of property as well as the income from money he had invested in bonds. Besides, his wife, at the death of her father, a few years before, had been left a third of his half-a-million-dollar estate. This and what my grandfather left were joined in my grandmother's estate when she died in 1925, the year Mother left my father and returned to her childhood home to live. During the next half decade, Mother did not have to think about money. Together with the rest of the nine brothers and sisters, she received periodic sums of five hundred or a thousand dollars from the estate, and there did not seem to be any reason for the sums to stop. Then the depression arrived. The general disaster of the stock-market crash was followed by a personal disaster for the family. The banker who had handled all the investments for the estate committed suicide, and the family discovered that all the money that they had thought he was investing in Coca-Cola Company stock he had been putting instead, without their knowledge, into a Coral Gables land-development scheme of his own. Only their real estate in Atlanta remained, and its value steadily decreased. The sums of money decreased. Mother, as well as others of her brothers and sisters, had a piece of property deeded to her as a part of her share of the estate. It brought in a small, steady rent. But, needing more money, she put a loan on it; it was lost for the loan; and her already diminished income became even smaller.

My mother, my brother, and I lived in the downstairs part of my grandparents' fourteen-room house, which we shared with the oldest of Mother's three sisters. Berta was more realistic and responsible than Mother, with the slightly sharp rightness and exasperation of an elder sister in an irresponsible family; and under her guidance, as their incomes dwindled, she and Mother tried various measures of economy. The greatest of these was to give up ordering meat from Knight's Meat Market, where my grandmother had always traded. They were afraid of any change—especially any change that they themselves initiated—and it was a memorable day when they decided to transfer their business to the meat department of the chain grocery store down the street from the homeplace. The orders were still placed by telephone, but the store did not deliver, and now, instead of seeing the truck from Knight's Meat Market at Tenth Street drive into the back yard and the Negro delivery boy hop out and carry the white paper parcel up the back steps to the kitchen door, I would walk down

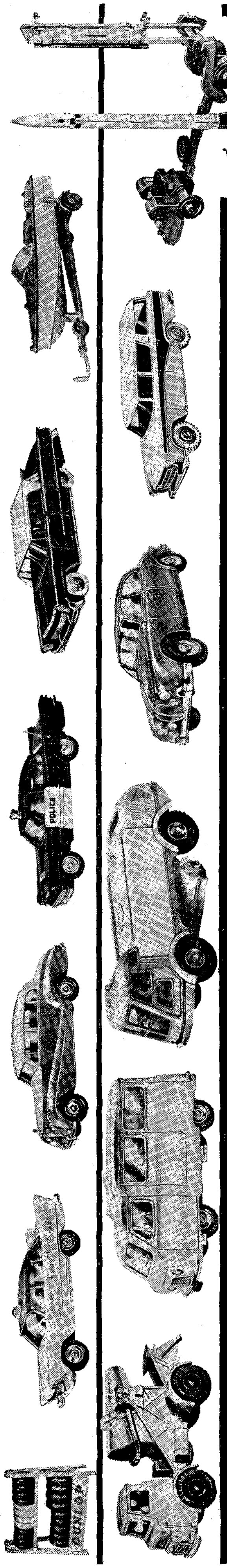
His last name is the first word after dinner

Since the reign of Louis XIV, the Great Name in cognac.

Meet the man whose cognac is most often called upon to end a dinner gracefully. He's Michel Martell—and his cognac has been sniffed, sipped and savored by seven generations of bon vivants. It is the largest-selling cognac in France.

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDY

M. Martell's personal snifters sent from France. Five glasses of fine French stemware, with M. Martell's signature and family crest, shipped from France. Send $2 to I.S.M., Dept. NY-1022, P.O. Box 2180, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 17, N.Y. (15¢ U.S. Customs handling charge on arrival.) Offer good in U.S.A. and possessions.
3 STAR 84 PROOF, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE. SOLE UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVE, BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C.



NEW fun and excitement with NEW 1960 Dinky Toys! See the Speedboat on Trailer; NEW Taxi and Police Car, with windows, seats, *steering wheel and independent* wheel suspension. Thrilling action with the *Corporal Missile, which can be "fired"* into the air time after time. And the First EVER — fingertip steering on the NEW Jaguar 3.4. At leading dept., toy and hobby stores. Illustrated catalog from

DINKY TOYS®

H. HUDSON DOBSON, INC. 627 BOULEVARD, KENILWORTH, N. J.

to the corner and pick up a package wrapped in tan paper.

The bills that came at the end of the month were a great deal less, but they were still disconcertingly high. Lily Mae, the cook, was reprimanded for the amount of food she used in preparing meals, and, between themselves, Mother and Aunt Berta questioned how it was possible for her to take as much food home with her in one little sack as she seemed to. There was no question of letting her go, however; she was the niece of the cook who had worked for their mother, and it would have been as unthinkable to them to fire her as to disown a relative. Still, something had to be done, and Mother and Aunt Berta, not being inventive, decided to do what all the world was doing. One night, over an economical supper of calves' brains and scrambled eggs, my aunt said, "We'll have to rent a room. With all this empty space, whatever we get will be pure profit."

Aunt Berta put an advertisement in the newspaper. A woman answered it. Her impoverished state made Mother and my aunt exchange immediate glances of dismay. But she was respectable, for they recognized her name as the name of an old Atlanta family that had lost all its money. She paid a week's rent in advance and was given one of the unused upstairs bedrooms.

Our roomer was in her fifties. She did not work, but she was busy. Once or twice a day, she caught the streetcar downtown and returned with small packages and bundles. She had no friends and apparently was alone in the world. But from the number of her errands she seemed to be taking on herself all the arrangements of a large family wedding.

Her taste in clothes was as bright as her life was drab. One day she stopped Mother in the hall, opened the bag she was carrying, and, displaying a piece of gaudy red-and-black printed cotton, said, "Isn't it lovely?"

"Lovely," Mother agreed. She escaped, with her mind full of conjectures. Our roomer might have been sewing for herself or for others, but the piece of material Mother had seen was too small for a dress, too small even for a shirtwaist; and, anyway, clothes would not account for the bundle of imitation leather that my aunt had scented out one day when she was supervising Lily Mae's cleaning of the rented room.

Our roomer was not secretive, however. The truth was soon out. It was dolls. Cloth and imitation-leather dolls, with heads at either end, faces on either side of the heads, and a single skirt in

The Maisonette

Colonel Obolensky Presents

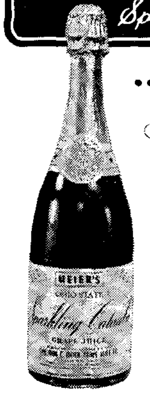
JOANNE GILBERT

Milt Shaw and his orchestra,
and the Walter Kay trio—
Closed Sunday and Monday—
a la carte Theatre Dinner 6-8 PM
(No entertainment tax)

HOTEL *St. Regis*

Fifth Ave at 55 St., N. Y. · Pierre Bultinck Gen Mgr

MEIER'S
Sparkling Catawba



...NON-ALCOHOLIC *Champagne!*

Ideal for guests who prefer non-alcoholic beverages, and for teen-age parties. The original non-alcoholic champagne, made from the world's rarest white wine grapes! A bubbling, tingling, festive drink the whole family can enjoy.

THE JOHN C. MEIER *Grape Juice* COMPANY
Silverton, Ohio

RESTAURANT
VOISIN
Now open 7 Days a Week for
LUNCHEON & DINNER
TEmpleton 8-6490
575 Park Avenue at 63rd St.

Mario's
VILLA BORGHESE
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
Superb French & Italian Cuisine
OPEN 6 DAYS CLOSED SUNDAY
Pre-Theatre Dinners
65 East 55th Street PL 1-2990

the middle, which could hang in either direction. Her trips downtown were to buy materials, or to sell the finished dolls.

"You should try making them," she told Mother.

Mother demurred. "I don't think I could."

"I can teach you. Look, I'll show you. You just cut out the heads with scissors, two at a time, from a pattern. The eyes are buttons you sew on. Then . . . wait a minute." She rummaged eagerly in her handbag.

Mother took the opportunity to say, "Some other time. Right now I—"

"All right, dear. You come up and knock on my door any time you aren't busy."

In the chifforobe there was a pad of rent receipts Mother had bought at the dime store, for our roomer, but after the original advance she paid no rent. The second week, she said she would have the money as soon as she went downtown to the bank. The third week, she brushed the matter aside as an unimportant detail. The doll market was not flourishing, but she met misfortune by making ever grander plans. The trouble, she said, was that the stores did not want to bother with the few dolls she could make; they wanted lots and lots, and she renewed her efforts to enlist Mother, and my aunt, too, in her enterprise. "I know where I can get enough remnants for all three of us," she confided.

She did not avoid encounters. She knocked on the living-room door on her way in and out of the house, to speak to Mother. But my aunt and her children, whose bedrooms were on the second floor, encountered her more than we did, for her room was at the head of the stairs, next to the two bathrooms, which were built side by side, as they usually were in those days, and my aunt couldn't go to the bathroom or downstairs without encountering her.

"She listens through her door until she hears someone in the hall, and then she comes out," my aunt said. "Then nobody can get away from her. It would be bad enough to have her here for such a little bit of money. It's too much for nothing at all. She simply has to go."

"But how can we make her go?" Mother asked. "When you told her that she had to pay the rent, she simply said for you not to worry."

She had said the same thing when my aunt pointed out that she was keeping food in her room although she had agreed not to. And she did not avoid further reminders about the rent any

ONE OF A SERIES OF WILLIAMSBURG PORTRAITS BY FABIAN BACHRACH

Bartlett's Pair

MR. Junius Bartlett drives the handsomest pair of black mares in all of Colonial Williamsburg. This coachman is as proud of his equipage today as his predecessors must certainly have been two centuries and more ago.

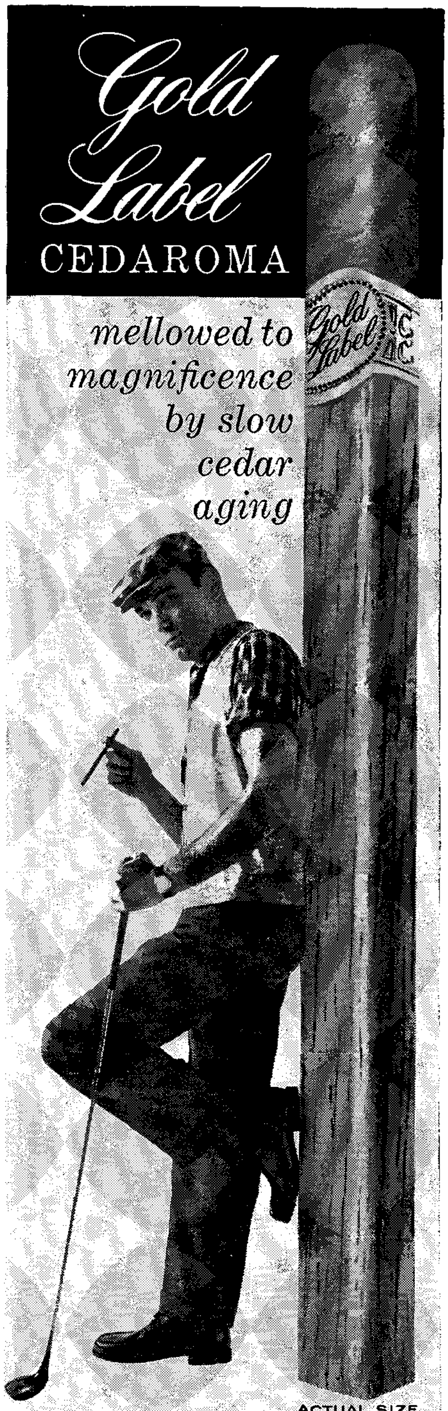
When you visit the magnificent restoration that is Williamsburg, Mr. Bartlett will be happy to drive you along the tree-shaded Duke of Gloucester Street, past lovely old houses, shops and the stately Capitol, and right up to the gates of the Governor's Palace. You actually become a part of the colorful and ever-changing pageant that flows along these colonial avenues.

There's something about a carriage ride that puts one in closer touch with the past. The rattle of wheels, the creak and jingle of harness, the gently swaying coach, these give you the feeling that you've been where history was made, where our America was born. When you visit Colonial Williamsburg, you'll *see.*

Write Box 718, Colonial Williamsburg for color folder, see travel agent or call CIrcle 6-6820 in New York, FEderal 8-8828 in Washington, D. C.

COLONIAL Williamsburg VIRGINIA

Gold Label
CEDAROMA

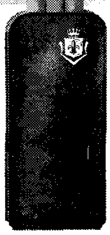


mellowed to magnificence by slow cedar aging

ACTUAL SIZE
35¢ • 3 for $1

Seven streamlined inches of the costliest Cuban vintage tobaccos, individually jacketed in Spanish Cedar to preserve their matchless mildness and flavor.

Special offer to cigar connoisseurs



To add to your smoking pleasure, this elegant Nappa Calf cigar case, packed with 3 Gold Label Cedaromas, is yours for the price of the cigars alone. (Offer limited. Only 1 to a smoker.) Send $1.00 with your name and address to:

Gradiaz, Annis & Co., Dept. E, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Fla.

The Customrold Vintage Havana Cigar

more than she avoided encounters. Her excuses seemed wholly negotiable to her, and she had begun to bring up the subject herself.

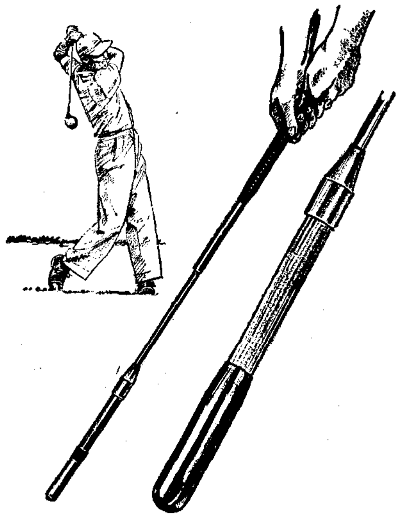
"We'll have to tell her that it isn't the rent," my aunt decided, "but that our brother is coming back home and has to have his room again."

Aunt Berta stood her ground against our roomer's affable insistence that it did not matter what room she had, and against her sudden switch to the offensive, in a threat to exclude Mother and my aunt entirely from her doll business. At last, seeing that she had no alternative, she agreed to go. Mother, as sorry as she felt for her, was glad to see her leave. The whole incident was too close to that of the hand-painted handkerchiefs.

ONCE more the privacy of the homeplace was inviolate. The whole gamut of Mother's and my aunt's financial ingenuity, however, had been run, and they were back where they had started. There was nothing to do but to call their oldest brother, Clark, the administrator of the estate and the one member of the family who had been working regularly all this time, and tell him that they needed money. Uncle Clark was not only the head of the family since my grandparents' deaths, he was the only one of the brothers who had his father's firmness of character, and, like his father, he had established himself in local politics. In my eyes, he possessed Aunt Berta's formidability, but to a much greater degree; and even for Mother and my aunt it was not as casual a matter to call him as it was to call their less businesslike brothers and sisters. Nevertheless, they had no choice. They telephoned him and told him that they needed ready cash. There was no cash, he replied. The property that remained in the estate, as he had explained before, was only eating up money in insurance and taxes. Recently, he had been forced to advance money from his own pocket to pay them. The value of property was continuing to go down, and there was no reason to believe that things were going to be better any time soon. Ironically enough, it seemed that this last fact was going to save them. There was no use in holding on to the property any longer. My uncle was going to wind up the salable part of the estate. He had already started. The process would take a few days more, and he could not give them anything until then. But in a week or ten days they should have what was coming to them.

This conversation greatly relieved

A&F



Swing-Rite

You've been hearing about our amazing golf trainer that's proving the best coach of them all. Just swing. When there's a solid "click" you know your timing is right. No click? Swing until you groove it! . 24.95

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
360 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Superb Winter
GOLF
in sunny
Phoenix
THE WIGWAM
INN • BUNGALOWS • COUNTRY CLUB
LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA
Reade Whitwell, Manager
Reservations: Consult your Travel Agent, write, wire or phone **WEstport 5-3811.**

Sun Luck

Restaurants . . .
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING cooking. For those who want variety & the ultimate in Chinese cuisine
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner—Banquet Facilities
Park free after 6 P.M.
75 E. 55 St.-cor. Park
PL 3-4930
143 W. 49th ST.
bet. 6th & 7th Ave.
PL 7-1170

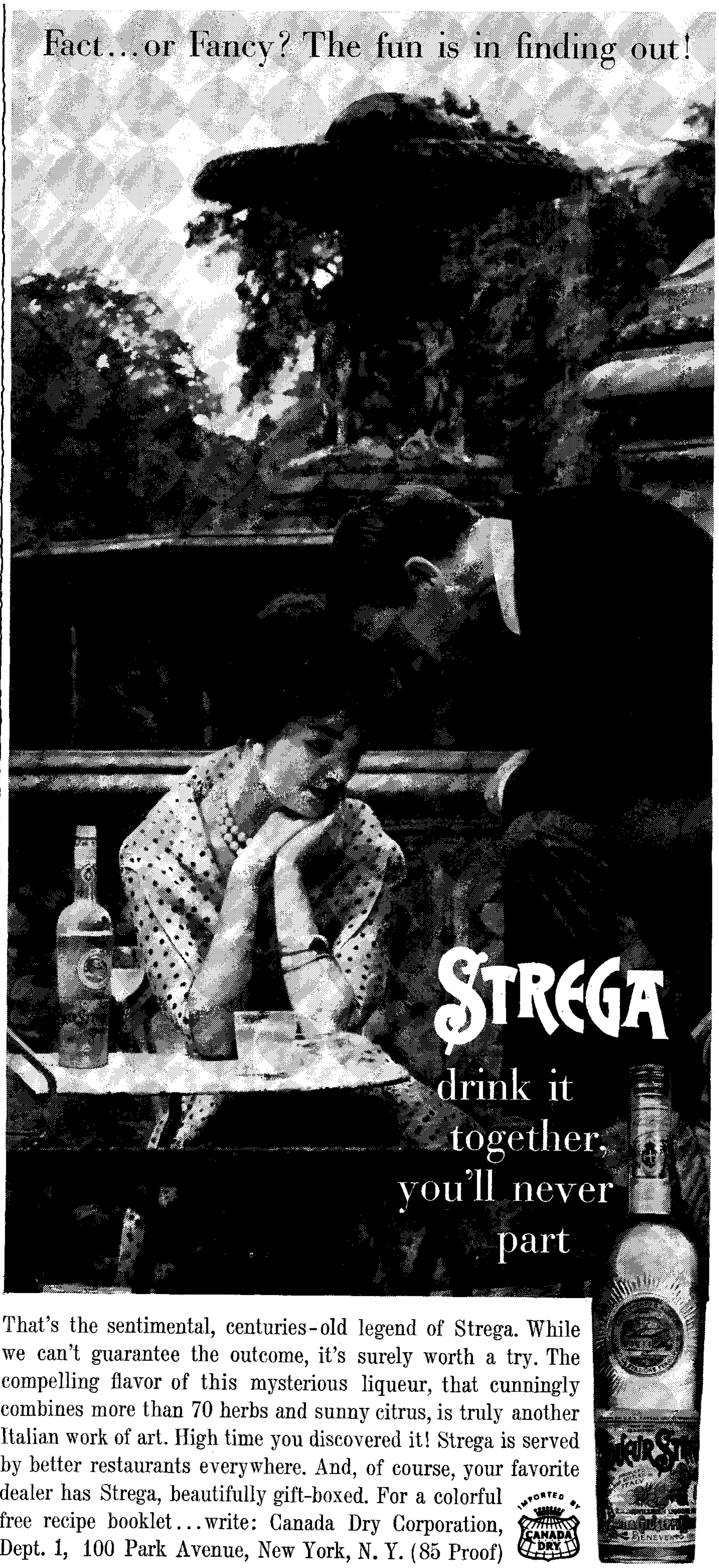
RESTAURANT
MAYAN
INTERNATIONAL CUISINE
FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL DISHES
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
ROCKEFELLER CENTER • 16 W. 51st STREET, N. Y. C. • Circle 6-5800

Mother and my aunt. They did not know exactly what remained of their father's property, but they knew that the estate still owned a third of the LaSalle Hotel, which their mother and her brother and sister, their Uncle Lee and Aunt Ella, had inherited from my great-grandfather; a piece of downtown property like that was certainly salable, and they put their hopes on it. They did not need to think up new schemes for the future; they needed only to hold on for a few days longer.

But even holding on turned out to require more ingenuity than they had imagined. When the bill came from the chain store, there was no money to pay it, and the chain store would not carry the bill over as the meat market had.

Suddenly Mother and my aunt found themselves in the position of being able to buy meat and groceries only if they paid cash for them, and there was no cash in the house. Lily Mae, who several times had reluctantly taken a week off, still came to work, although we were behind in her salary; but there was very little work for her to do, outside of cleaning, and almost nothing for her to carry home in her sack at the end of the evening. As a makeshift disguised as a treat, the day that the chain-store manager explained the situation to us, we had for a week-night supper what, after large Sunday dinners, had always been a Sunday-night treat—Parker House rolls, butter, and jelly. The Parker House rolls my aunt made were delicious; the odor of them cooking was mouth-watering, and it was impossible not to think how good a little cold baked ham would be with them.

The next night, we had them with ham. The ham was brought to us in the afternoon by Mother's Uncle Lee, the co-owner of the hotel that was to be sold. He must have heard of Mother's and my aunt's penniless state in his discussions with Uncle Clark about the sale of the hotel, but he did not mention it. He acted as though his stopping by the house on this day were a coincidence, and his visit purely social. He drove his automobile into the driveway only as far as the corner of the front porch, instead of going all the way into the back yard, as the butcher's truck had in the past when it was delivering meat. He got out and carried the ham up the porch steps to the front door. He made light of his gift; it had become impossible to obtain real country hams in the city, so he had gone down to the country earlier in the week to buy one, and while he was there it had occurred to him that we might like one, too. But his automo-



Fact...or Fancy? The fun is in finding out!
STREGA
drink it together, you'll never part

That's the sentimental, centuries-old legend of Strega. While we can't guarantee the outcome, it's surely worth a try. The compelling flavor of this mysterious liqueur, that cunningly combines more than 70 herbs and sunny citrus, is truly another Italian work of art. High time you discovered it! Strega is served by better restaurants everywhere. And, of course, your favorite dealer has Strega, beautifully gift-boxed. For a colorful free recipe booklet...write: Canada Dry Corporation, Dept. 1, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. (85 Proof)

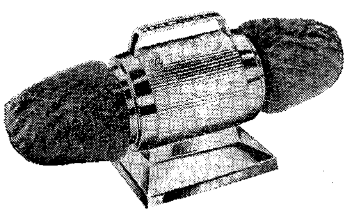
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery... WE'RE REALLY FLATTERED!

The Tuscany was the FIRST HOTEL to equip each room with:

COLOR TV
•
TELEFUNKEN RADIO
•
BARCALOUNGER CHAIR
•
AIR CONDITIONER
•
EXTENSION TELEPHONE IN BATHROOM
•
BATHROOM SCALE
•
"CATNAP THROW"
•
WHITE BEDSIDE FOOT RUG

...And Now
TO BOOT



an Electric Shoe Polisher in every room!

True, our rates are high . . . but certainly not for the quality of our service nor for the long list of practical innovations which we offer. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!

May we send you a brochure?

"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

THE Tuscany

Bertram Weal, General Manager
39th Street Just East of
Park Avenue, New York 16
MUrray Hill 6-1600 • Teletype NY 1-392

LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.

bile was at the corner of the house only a short while before he came out, backed it from the driveway, and was gone; and to me his visit seemed a variation of the visits that formerly had been made by the butcher's truck to the back yard.

After he had gone, his visit began to seem odd to Mother and my aunt, too. He had not mentioned the sale of their jointly owned property, and the fact that he surely had known more about their financial affairs than they knew and yet had not brought up the subject made them uneasy. They began to feel that he had not acted like his usual self, and that possibly there was going to be some difficulty about the sale. My aunt, in particular, was certain that she had detected a touch of condescension in his attitude, which had not been there before our finances had begun to wane.

"Anyway, it was kind of him to remember us," Mother said.

"Well," my aunt replied, "I guess he can afford to be kind."

She took the ham back to the kitchen and busied herself with skinning it.

Mother went to her bedroom. Her wardrobe trunk, lined with a cloth of bluebirds flitting in the leaves of trees, was there, opened back against the wall and facing out into the room. The trunk had been given her by her mother as a wedding present. She had used it during all the years she had lived with my father, who was a salesman, and had travelled frequently from town to town. Now, from habit, and because there were not many closets in the house, she continued to keep some of her dresses on hangers in the trunk. On the other side, her jewelry was kept, in the shallow drawer at the top. She opened it and took out an antique necklace that had been a present from her grandmother—the only piece of real jewelry that she still possessed. Until a few months before, the compartment had also contained her diamond brooch and diamond engagement ring. One of her brothers had pawned them for her. She had thought that she would have redeemed them by now. But there was only the necklace. And, despite her fondness for it, it was not worth much.

The night after the ham was gone, two of my younger uncles came by the house on their way home from a hunting trip in the south of Georgia. Dressed in khaki shooting jackets and pants, with bags of quail, doves, and rabbits hanging from their waists and the cold air and fresh odors of outdoors still clinging to them, they appeared at their best on visits like this. Red-cheeked and smiling, they went straight to the kitchen and

Finchley

Soft and Leisurely
TYCORA KNIT SHIRT

Prepare yourself for the most luxurious touch and texture of any sport shirt you've ever worn. The yarn is Tycora®, costliest of man-made fibers, washes well, holds its shape. Styled by Peerless in lattice-weave pattern. Gold, olive, black, honey, red, grey, tan, lt. blue or white. (Also available in smooth knit. $12.95.) S, M, L, XL............... **$13.95**

For shipping outside delivery zone add 45c

Finchley
564 Fifth Ave. at 46th, N.Y., JU 2-3230
19 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, WA 2-5200

NOV. 1 thru 8
Mats. & Evgs. Daily & Sun.

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW

Special Exhibitions at Every Performance

INTERNATIONAL JUMPING CONTESTS
Canada • Ireland • Mexico • Venezuela • United States
Nightly & 6 Matinees
Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $1.50, $2, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7, $8.
Other Evgs.: $1.50, $2.50, $3, $4, $5, $6, $8.
Mats.: $1.50, $2.50, $3.50. Prices tax incl.
MAIL ORDERS: add 25c per order for handling.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN

FALL-DER-ALL

Whether you like dancing plain or fancy, it's best of all for Fall at DANCE CITY, America's most *beautiful ballroom. Listen to the tempo, rejoice in* sumptuous surroundings, enjoy sensibly-priced refreshment and relax to the happiest dancing ever!

RUSS CARLYLE ORCH.
ARGUESO
& His Latin Rhythms

Roseland
DANCE CITY

CONTINUOUS DANCING • 2 GREAT BANDS
EVENINGS EXCEPT MONDAY • MATINEES
THUR. & SAT • SUN CONT. FROM 3.30

TERRACE RESTAURANT • BAR
52nd ST., WEST OF BROADWAY

The Waikikian
HAWAII'S MOST BEAUTIFUL HOTEL
See your travel agent

gave Mother and my aunt enough birds and rabbits for a large meal. Then they came back up the hall with their sisters, pausing and talking in loud voices about their trip. Just before they reached the front door, Mother drew one of them aside and told him that she wanted to speak to him privately for a moment in her bedroom.

The next day, he brought her a pawn ticket for her necklace and the three dollars that was left after he had paid the interest on her other jewelry. Instead of putting the ticket in the trunk, where the necklace had been, she placed it with the other pawn tickets in the chifforobe in the living room, on the same side with the cardboard box of aniline dyes and where she kept her pocketbook and "business papers." Beside them was my grandparents' Bible. Mother's father had read it aloud to the family each evening when she was a child; and often, in imitation of him, she had started reading it to my brother and me, a chapter an evening, intending to go all the way through. But, sooner or later, something inevitably interrupted the readings. Our place became lost in Leviticus or Numbers. And when we started again, we went back to the beginning. The Bible had not been out of the chifforobe for the last few months, but the sight of it and the thought of her father gave her a certain comfort. He had started out a poor man after the Civil War, in a world in which people lived on salt pork, corn bread, and syrup, and he had risen to a position of wealth and security in a society where no one ate such rations except Negroes, sharecroppers, and convicts. When he was alive, he could not have conceived of one of his daughters with only three dollars to her name; such predicaments did not come about in a God-fearing and respectable world, and the fact that he could not have pictured her in the present situation helped her to believe that it could not last.

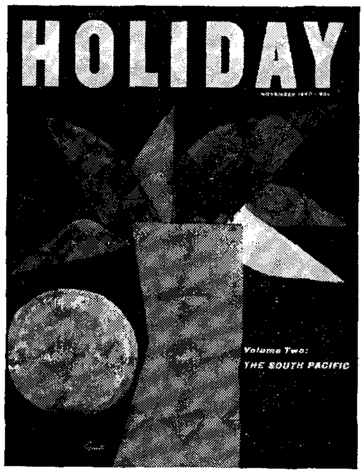
She took the Bible out of the chifforobe and began reading at the first page: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

The voice she heard in memory that evening was forceful and authoritative, but the one I heard in the living room was uncertain and faint.

FOR Mother it was not a long way from thoughts of her father to thoughts of her oldest brother. She decided that it was not possible that he, any more than her father, could really comprehend the situation she was in. At breakfast the next morning, she remind-

aotearoa means the "long white cloud," later renamed New Zealand. What kind of country is this South Pacific island? Its people claim they have the highest standard of living in the world. Has New Zealand—a *welfare state*—been more successful than most democracies? Read Ngaio Marsh's colorfully illustrated appraisal of her native land.

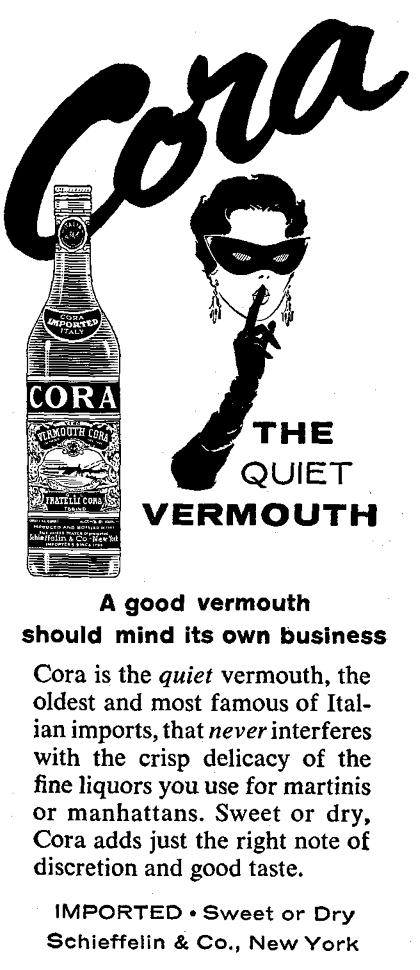
IN
THE
NOVEMBER



vahine is the name given to the lovely, legendary ladies of Tahiti. Why should this island—out of thousands — exert a magical power over men? It *is* a place where the life of love and love of life are far more important than anything else. But is Tahiti God's Pacific paradise — or a palm-lined Tobacco Road? See the brilliant photographs and fascinating report of this fabled isle of dreams in Holiday's 14-page picture story by well-known author James Ramsey Ullman.

miti haari is raw fish marinated in lemon —credited with saving the life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Would—or *could*—you enjoy the foods served in the South Seas, often called a "gastronomic museum"? Don't miss this gourmet's tour of the South Pacific. You'll find recipes telling you how to prepare dishes as delicious as they are exotic.

and *the fascinating—and frightening—story of World War II in the Pacific . . . Burt Glinn's 16-page pictorial essay of New Guinea's Primitive Art . . . Adventurers in the Sun . . . Magic' Unmasked . . . Wake: The Forlorn Island . . . Anatomy of the Hunter . . . Holiday Handbook of Freighter Travel . . . Party of One, with V. S. Pritchett . . . Reading I've Liked, by Clifton Fadiman . . . Billiards: The Gentleman's Game . . . Antic Arts, with Art Carney. Be sure to get the November Holiday. On sale now. A Curtis Magazine.*


Cora

CORA

THE QUIET VERMOUTH

A good vermouth should mind its own business

Cora is the *quiet* vermouth, the oldest and most famous of Italian imports, that *never* interferes with the crisp delicacy of the fine liquors you use for martinis or manhattans. Sweet or dry, Cora adds just the right note of discretion and good taste.

IMPORTED • Sweet or Dry
Schieffelin & Co., New York

John Golden Theatre
PLAYBILL
a weekly magazine for theatregoers

GOLDEN THEATRE W. 45th STREET

ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM

Mercury RECORDS

AN EVENING WITH
MIKE NICHOLS & ELAINE MAY

"SMASH MUSICAL HIT!"—LIFE

MARY MARTIN
in
THE SOUND OF MUSIC
Music and Lyrics by
RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN
Book by LINDSAY & CROUSE
with THEODORE BIKEL
Entire Production Directed by
VINCENT J. DONEHUE

LUNT-FONTANNE, 46 St. W. of B'y • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ed my aunt that it was longer than Clark had said it would be before he talked to them again, and asked my aunt what they should do. Going back to the beginning, as in the case of the Bible, they examined their situation and once more decided, as though it were some entirely new idea that they had not presented to him before, that they would call him and tell him they absolutely had to have some ready cash.

"When do you think would be the best time to telephone?" my aunt asked.

"What about right after breakfast?" Mother suggested.

Their brother's wife answered, which they considered a bad omen, but when he came to the telephone to speak to them he said, to their relief, that he was glad they had called. All the papers were ready. He could not come by the house that day, but he would come tomorrow. It would be as much of a relief to him as it was to them to get everything settled, and he hoped that everyone would be satisfied with what he had arranged.

Mother and my aunt were delighted. There was never anyone more optimistic, who more enjoyed happiness, and more expected it, than my mother. She did not smile by turning up the corners of her lips; she opened her mouth wide, showing her beautiful, even teeth, and beamed. The difficulties she had been through had not dulled her youth or added the thinnest protecting caution over her optimism. There was something out of place, something awkward and unnatural in expressions of concern on her countenance. She seemed to be "making a face" all the time she was unhappy. I longed to stop her, and it was like having a blemish removed to see her smiling again.

To celebrate, we had steak that night, cooked a long time, smothered in thick milk-and-flour gravy, with Lily Mae's biscuits to sop up the gravy.

"Thus the heavens and the earth were finished," Mother read after supper, when she took the Bible out of the chifforobe again before my brother and I went to bed, "and all the host of them."

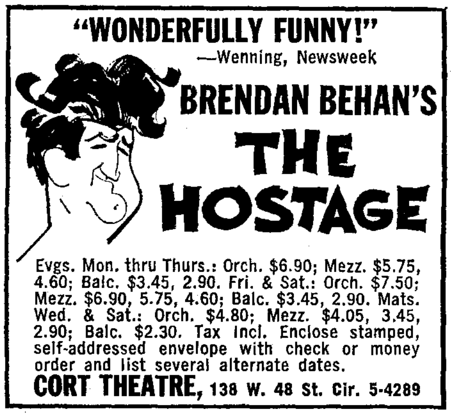
IT was a cold, dry winter day. Every few minutes, through the living-room window, the trolley cars could be seen showering sparks from the overhead wires as they passed up and down Peachtree Street. Mother had taken the pen and the bottle of ink from the chifforobe and put them out on the living-room table before my uncle arrived, ready to sign whatever he

"THE BEST MAN is explosively comic"
—ATKINSON, N.Y. Times

MELVYN DOUGLAS LEE TRACY FRANK LOVEJOY
IN GORE VIDAL'S "THE BEST MAN"
DIRECTED BY JOSEPH ANTHONY

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Eves., Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Eves., Orch. $7.50; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. — Orch. $4.80; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30.

MOROSCO
THEATRE • Air-Cond.
217 W. 45 ST., N.Y 36
Circle 6-6230


"WONDERFULLY FUNNY!"
—Wenning, Newsweek

BRENDAN BEHAN'S
THE HOSTAGE

Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75, 4.60; Balc. $3.45, 2.90. Fri. & Sat.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60; Balc. $3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90; Balc. $2.30. Tax Incl. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with check or money order and list several alternate dates.

CORT THEATRE, 138 W. 48 St. Cir. 5-4289

BEST PLAY 1960 4 "TONY" AWARDS

FRED COE presents
ANNE BANCROFT
PATTY DUKE
in
The Miracle Worker
A new play by WILLIAM GIBSON
Directed by ARTHUR PENN

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

Eves. Mon. thru Thurs.—$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 2.90. Eves. Fri. & Sat.—$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat.—$4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. List several alternate dates.

PLAYHOUSE Theatre, 137 W. 48, N.Y. 36. Cl 5-6060

"A FABULOUS and ENCHANTING PLAY!"
—Atkinson, TIMES
SAINT SUBBER & ARTHUR CANTOR present
PADDY CHAYEFSKY's HIT COMEDY!

THE TENTH MAN

Directed by TYRONE GUTHRIE

Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50 (Tax Incl.). Encl. self-addressed, stamped env. and suggest 3 alternate dates.

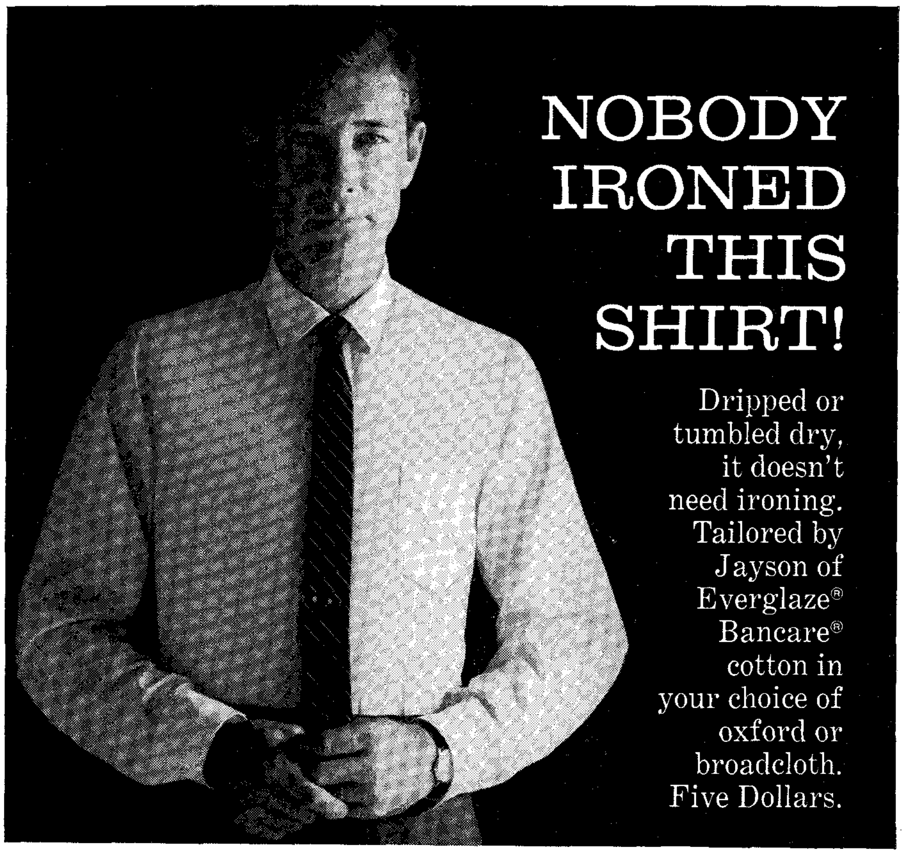
BOOTH THEATRE, 228 W. 45 St., N.Y. 36
—Air-Conditioned—

Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
Russian Tea Room
Open Daily including Sunday
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

brought. He came in the early afternoon. When Mother and my aunt let him in the front door, he took off his hat but kept on his overcoat. As soon as the three of them were in the living room, the two women simultaneously mentioned the hotel. Their brother stopped and looked at them in surprise. The papers he had brought were not for the sale of the hotel. There had never been any question of selling the hotel. That was the unsalable part of the estate. With real-estate prices so far below values, it would be foolish of the co-owners, who did not need money, to even think of selling it. As an example of how low real-estate prices were, he did not mind telling them that their mother, the year before she died, had been offered a hundred thousand dollars for the homeplace, the house in which they were living. The best sum that could be obtained for it now was twenty thousand. Nevertheless, with no money in the bank to continue paying insurance and taxes, and no income, the estate had no choice but to sell; and the papers he had brought for their signatures were for the sale of the homeplace. The twenty thousand would be paid as soon as the papers were signed, returned to him, and passed on to the purchasers. His sisters could have their money in a day or two. However, with the price as small as it was, the members of the family who had already been deeded pieces of property would do well to remember that their shares from the sale of the homeplace were apt to be very little.

My uncle was leaving when I came home from school. As he drove his automobile out of the driveway and turned into the street, I stood on the sidewalk, waiting to cut across the drive and over the lawn to the house. He looked straight at me as he passed, and drove on with no sign of recognition. Inside the house, I found Mother and my aunt in the living room, the ink and pen and papers still on the table, the door of the chifforobe swung all the way back, as though it had been forgotten, revealing my brother's overshoes and mine, and Mother's umbrella, on the floor inside.

Mother and Aunt Berta, in an effort at comprehension, were repeating back and forth to each other fragments of the conversation that had just taken place. Their brother had informed them that by the terms of the sale the house would have to be vacated in two months. Faced with the fact that they would soon be as homeless as their recent lodger, they had told him that he would have to help them get jobs. He had replied that, as far as he knew, they had no

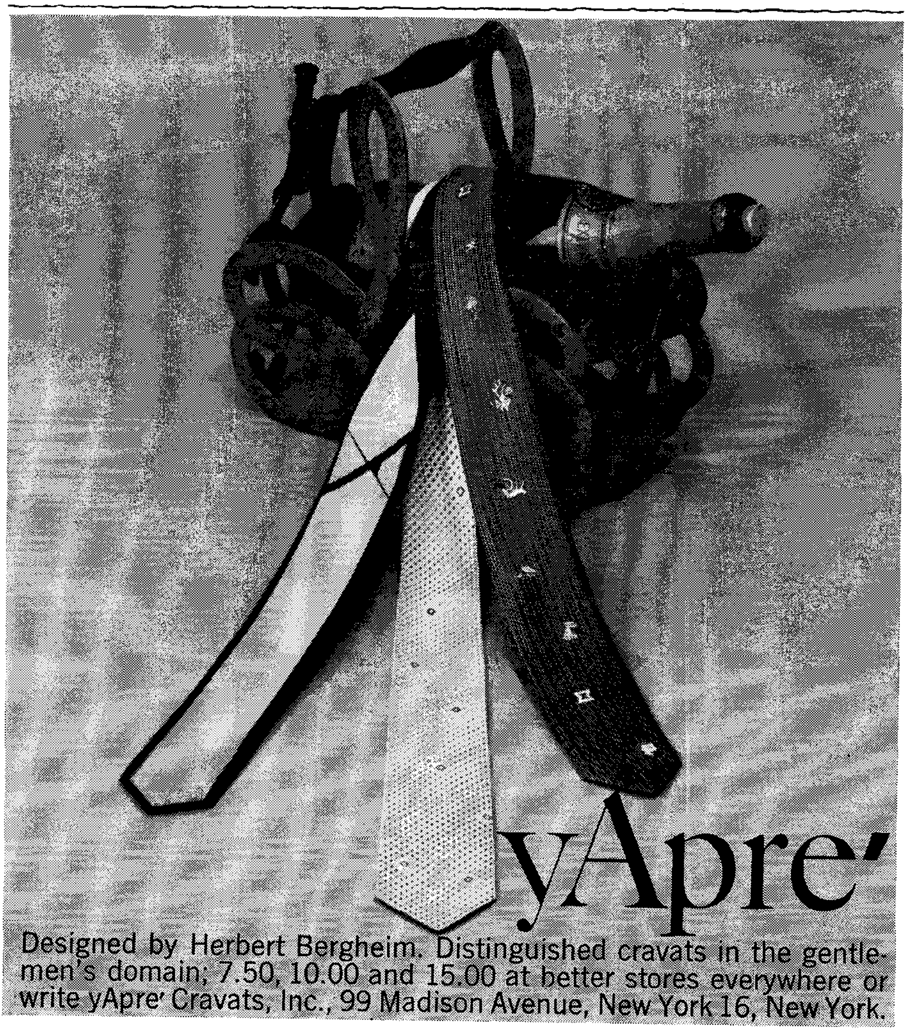


NOBODY IRONED THIS SHIRT!

Dripped or tumbled dry, it doesn't need ironing. Tailored by Jayson of Everglaze® Bancare® cotton in your choice of oxford or broadcloth. Five Dollars.

JAYSON BANCARE®

Available at: WEBER & HEILBRONER, New York • HALLE BROS., Cleveland
and other leading stores, or write: JAYSON, Inc., 390 Fifth Ave., New York 18



yApre'

Designed by Herbert Bergheim. Distinguished cravats in the gentlemen's domain; 7.50, 10.00 and 15.00 at better stores everywhere or write yApre' Cravats, Inc., 99 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

stores in : arlington • atlanta • corpus christi • decatur • houston • lancaster • memphis • milwaukee • providence • silver spring • springfield • syracuse • washington • worcester • west hartford

THE GIRL THEY LOOK AT TWICE

WEARS MR. PANTS!

(SKINNY PANTS IN PURPLE OR GOLD MONOTONE TWEED, SIZES 8-16, 19.98 HARMONIZING SWEATER, S.M.L., 22.98)

FROM

CASUAL CORNER

For Travel-Wise Men and Women

BARBIZON-PLAZA

features large luxurious

ROOMS WITH A VIEW

in the very heart of New York

Overlooking Central Park on the finest boulevard in N.Y.C. Every hotel room newly decorated, luxuriously furnished, with bath, radio, TV. 100% Air Conditioned.

Singles $9 to $14 • Doubles $14 to $22

Teletype NY 1-3949
Phone CI 7-7000 • Write for Booklet NY.

BARBIZON-PLAZA
106 Central Park So.
at 6th Avenue

qualifications for jobs. Then he had gone, leaving the papers on the table, with instructions for the two of them to obtain the signatures of the rest of their brothers and sisters and to return the signed papers to him.

"Why should we get the signatures for him?" my aunt said. "He has an automobile and can go around to everyone and get them himself. And furthermore . . ."

Mother saw that I was listening. Indicating my presence to her sister, she went to the chifforobe, that solid monument of security out of which she so often had seen her own mother fetch something practical and protecting and matter-of-fact, and took from it her pocketbook. Then she turned to me, held out a coin, and said, "I want you to go to the store. Here's the money. Tell the butcher that you want a pound—no, two pounds—of salt pork. Hurry, now. It has to be soaked before it's cooked."

Aware that whatever had happened had upset the accepted standards of value, that sparks had fallen from something more than the trolley wires that day, and that my mother, who never concealed anything pleasant from me, was concealing something, I went on my errand.

LATER, when the second-hand dealer came to look over the furniture none of the family wanted, I learned that, in his eyes, very few of the pieces were worth much, and that for the chifforobe in the living room he would give nothing at all.

—DONALD WINDHAM

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Douglas Watt in the News*]

Last Wednesday evening, the Melvin Bermans of Passaic were having dinner with another couple at Stampler's before cabbing down to the Broadhurst to catch "Fiorello!" They had just ordered when, for some reason or other, Melvin took out the tickets to look at them and discovered they were for that day's matinee showing. Excusing himself, he rushed down to the theatre to try to buy some more seats, only to learn that the house was sold out. But Clancy, the house manager, told Melvin to bring his party back after dinner, anyway; he'd try to get them in somehow. And he did. He set up chairs behind the railing in back of the second balcony and Melvin and his party watched the show from there. Clancy didn't charge Melvin for the seats nor did he know that the evening had a kind of special significance. For it was almost exactly 15 years earlier that Melvin Berman had been a crew member on the plane that dropped the A-bomb on Hiroshima.

Lake Roselle

Wine for anytime— There's always a sense of luxury and quiet dignity about it.

New York State
CANANDAIGUA
LAKE
ROSELLE
Brand
SEMI-DRY LIGHT WINE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED AT THE WINERY BY WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC.
NAPLES, NEW YORK

Widmer's
Wine Cellars Inc., Naples, N. Y.

Write Dept. N for "Wine Time" Recipe Booklet

A Tropical Adventure!

FOR YOUR COCKTAIL HOUR NIBBLING

Cachita's

PLANTAIN CHIPS

New and intriguingly different . . . tendercrisp plantain chips from Puerto Rico. You'll be enchanted by their elusive come again flavor, subtly enhanced by discreet salting. Vacuum-packed to keep fresh indefinitely.

Use as is, or with dips, or as a base for savory hors d'oeuvre mixtures.

Keep a can or two on your emergency party shelf to welcome unexpected guests—and open a can to enjoy with your cocktails tonight!

At fine stores everywhere, at 79¢ per tin.

Exclusive Sales Agents U.S. and Canada

James P. Cresswell Co.
75 West Street   BO 9-5248   New York, N. Y.

Have you looked at your watchstrap lately?

Straparama®

World's Largest Collection of fine leather watchstraps for men and women. All sizes and colors; $2.50 to $6.50. *Attached in one minute.*

TIME MART • 425 MADISON AVE.
Bet. 48 & 49 Sts.   New York 17, N. Y.

This Evening

You have a date in Adventurous Dining at the elegant

New Town House East Restaurant

French American Cuisine

108 E. 38th ST. East of Park Avenue
For Reservations — LE 2-6727

LETTER FROM SCARBOROUGH

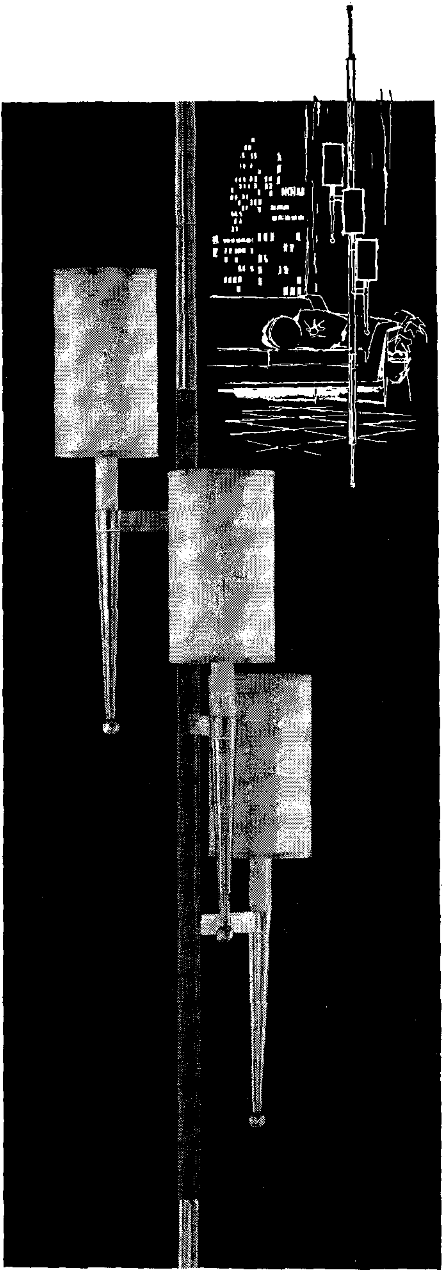
OCTOBER 12

BEFORE its five-day annual conference, held this year in this pleasant East Coast town, broke up last week and the delegates streamed away to continue the argument up and down the country, the British Labour Party dispatched a message of no particular cheer to the free world, and pretty certainly of farewell to its chances of returning to power at an early date. By an unexpectedly narrow vote against the Party's official defense policy, the conference came out in favor of Britain's going it alone on neutralism and nuclear disarmament, thus implying withdrawal from NATO and the end of American bases in this country. Far though Scarborough's shabby old Spa Hall, at the foot of the Yorkshire cliff, may seem from the present preoccupations in the United States, this serious decision must have caused thoughtfulness among many of the delegations at Turtle Bay, and will doubtless be carefully noted by the foreign-affairs advisers to the new President. It is true, as is now being said, that the voice of the conference is not the voice of the worried little local Labour Parties throughout Britain. Yet the representatives of the more than twelve million Britons who voted for Labour in last October's general election have apparently voted this October for opting out of world politics and relying only on a moral position in the awful event of wrath to come—even though few except the jubilant nuclear-disarmers themselves consider that the vote is likely to improve their hopes of putting forward these ideas any way but academically. However, neutralism is in this house like mice, and though Mr. Gaitskell and his supporters appear to be sanguine that they will be able to eradicate it before next year's conference, it can have done a vast amount of damage by then.

WHEN I managed to find a seat in the packed press gallery of the Spa Hall on Monday morning, the armful of newspapers I had bought at the door all assured me that defeat for the leadership in the crucial defense debate, on Wednesday, was a virtual certainty. Under the complicated system by which Labour Party conferences arrive at policy decisions, the enormous card vote wielded by the trades-union leaders on behalf of their absent members had been stacked up by the Left Wing unions against Mr. Gaitskell, and in favor of unilateral nuclear disarmament, before a word was spoken. There was just a chance that the Amalgamated Engineering Union, which was still uncertain whether to support the unilateralists or not, would decide to sidestep at the last moment, but the prospect was gloomy.

The conference had got under way while I was digesting this information, and someone on the platform was reading out the list of resolutions that had been chosen for debate from the agenda booklet, in which, I noticed, more than twenty-one close-printed pages were taken up by resolutions on the urgency of Britain's setting the world an example by renouncing all nuclear armaments. Above a bank of appropriately scarlet salvias massed with violently clashing pale-puce stocks—a floral hint that hardly seemed to promise us much of the unity for which another four pages of agitated resolutions in the agenda booklet called—the national Party Executive sat in a glare of television lights to the right and left of Mr. George Brinham, the conference chairman, a man with a West Country voice, which he raised throughout with admirable firmness and good humor. The target of everybody's eyes was, of course, Mr. Gaitskell, who wore dark goggles against the lights. These large black circles also served effectively as a protection against the conference's curious mass stare, lending an impassive, panda-like appearance to his countenance, but the general impression in the press gallery was that the areas of surrounding skin looked glum. The faces of many of his colleagues on the platform, however, seemed to glow with good cheer. These were the members of the Left Wing group that used to support the late Aneurin Bevan in his old rampageous days of attacking the leadership and that now sits firmly entrenched in the Party Executive. They and their adherents have long made no secret in the pages of the *New Statesman*, in the Labour Party's weekly *Tribune*, and elsewhere of their feeling that a change in the leadership—to one, they insist, that would give the country a dynamic new Socialist lead and thus stop the discouraging drift away from the Party—is now essential. On Monday morning, they all looked as fresh as daisies. Mr.

STIFFEL
The Royalty of Lamps



The Penthouse Lampole® *in a highly sophisticated interpretation. Three translucent shades afford an ever-interesting variety of lighting effects controlled by E-Z-Lite 3-way switch. Center section of pole is beautifully grained walnut flexwood. Ends, self-adjusting floor to ceiling, and all fittings finished in rich brass, $75.00.* Two-light version also available at $60.00*. For descriptive literature address The Stiffel Co., Chicago 10, Illinois.*

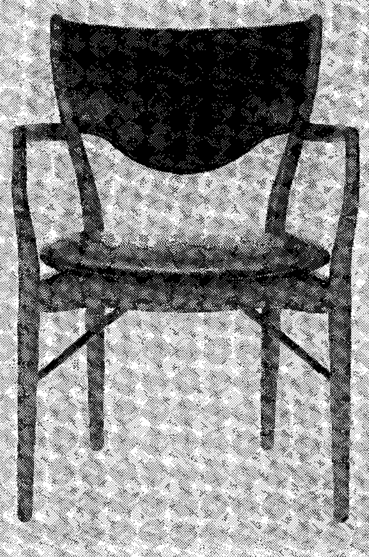
Pat. No. 2793286 **Slightly higher West and South.*

So much more-- at the Commodore!

Bigger 'n better drinks, by master mixers, at this, the largest bar in New York! More of everything — five wonderful restaurants, the best of service, the most central location. No doubt about it, there's . . . SO MUCH MORE — AT THE COMMODORE!

HOTEL COMMODORE
42ND ST. AT LEXINGTON AVENUE N. Y. 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 6-6000 A ZECKENDORF HOTEL

CHAIR BY
FINN JUHL



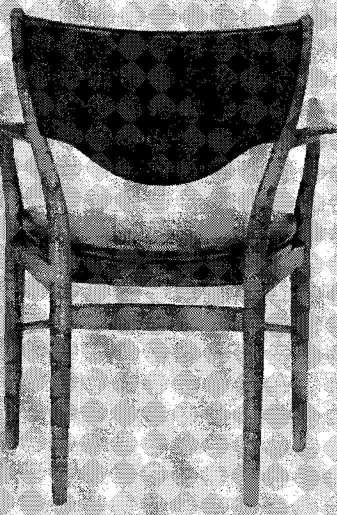
IMPORTED FROM DENMARK BY
GEORGE TANIER INC.
521 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • PROVIDENCE
THROUGH DEALERS, DECORATORS, ARCHITECTS

Frank Cousins, the powerful leader of the Transport and General Workers' Union, who had come here with a card vote representing a million members to plank down against Mr. Gaitskell, was sitting in an aisle seat, and he, too, looked as though he had lost no sleep the night before. He is a large, imposing man, who does not add up to one's idea of a rugged trades-union boss. In his well-tailored suit and discreet maroon necktie, he might have been taken for a prosperous professional man—a bank manager, say, about to speak firmly to a depositor about his overdraft.

ON that first day of the conference, a thick fog of apathy appeared to hang in the air with the cigarette smoke. The delegates clearly had their minds elsewhere, like people sitting through commercials while waiting for the big fight, and though the subjects debated included pensions (with talk of the poverty that still grimly afflicts some sections of the community in the middle of the Tories' affluent society) and South Africa (which can always set a Labour gathering alight) and housing (with frequent angry references to the unpopular Government step of taking the controls off rents), the cheers never really sounded more than perfunctory. All the conference life was in the refreshment bar, where arguments about Gaitskell and Cousins swelled over the eleven-o'clock coffee cups, or in the gossip in the entrance lobby, where, as we arrived that morning, young men had stood holding long sticks from which hung little pennants bearing the device of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament—a three-pronged inverted Y in a circle, which looks like a traffic sign and is undoubtedly meant to be read as a "Halt" uttered to the suicidal world by the earnest young men and women who wear it on badges pinned to their sweaters or duffel coats. Outside, the day was beautiful. The sea sparkled, children and wet dogs ran along the sands, and the breeze fluttered the little pennants, which are the symbol of many people's simple, instinctive vote for a continuation of beautiful autumn mornings, running children, and wet dogs.

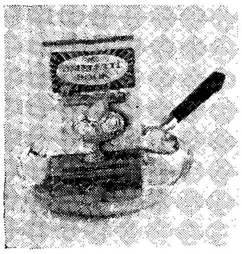
On Tuesday, the coming tussle of wills in the defense debate was closely tied up with a highly important debate on a subject that has caused a bitter schism between the Right Wing intellectuals—the clever chaps who think they know why Britain has three times sheered off from the look of Labour and who want to make some changes—

CHAIR BY
FINN JUHL



IMPORTED FROM DENMARK BY
GEORGE TANIER INC.
521 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • PROVIDENCE
THROUGH DEALERS, DECORATORS, ARCHITECTS

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.



PRESENT FOR AN OMELETTE COOK
Polished Aluminum Omelette Pan Heat Proof Handles Black, Blue, Red or Yellow
10½" 7.50 pp.
8½" 5.50 pp.
The Omelette Book by Narcissa Chamberlain 3.50
DUE TO REVISION OF MAILING LIST, WE RESPECTFULLY INFORM CUSTOMERS THAT CATALOGUES WILL NOT BE MAILED AUTOMATICALLY THIS FALL, BUT ON REQUEST ONLY.
903 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Your hosts: Rene and Maurice Dreyfus
18 EAST 49th STREET • PL 5-7731
MEMBER DINER'S CLUB • CLOSED SUNDAY

THE OYSTER BAR...
WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SEAFOOD RESTAURANT
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

and the faithful Labour rank-and-file and the Left Wingers. The motion under debate declared that Labour Members of Parliament must abide by, and express in the House of Commons, the policy decisions hammered out by the Party conference—a sacred old tradition that many Gaitskell supporters would like to see abolished. It was thus a tripwire for Mr. Gaitskell, who appeared to be about to receive a tart reminder from the conference that he must accept its decisions, including the coming policy directive on defense. Some of the newspapers seemed to feel that he would in that case probably prefer to resign. In this debate, the Gaitskell men, including several M.P.s, began to come to the rostrum with their elbows squared. The Parliamentarians spoke glowingly of their leader, asked how they could reverse all they had said on defense in the election, and warned the conference against sending out any message that would damage Britain or the hopeful shoots of parliamentary democracy now being tentatively nursed along in other parts of the world. The applause was only so-so. Finally, the conference found itself confusedly voting, in the middle of loud uproar, for a resolution on its power to dictate policy to Labour M.P.s—a resolution that had been skillfully fixed by the platform to have all the sting taken out of it, and that, to judge by the countenances of some anti-Gaitskell members of the Executive, was as much a surprise to them as it was to the bewildered delegates. Mr. Gaitskell appeared to have won the tactical first round, anyway.

Next morning, on my way to the defense debate, I looked down at the beach and saw that some nuclear-disarmer had been up bright and early and drawn the campaign symbol in the sand, adding beneath it, "A vote for the deterrent is a vote for—" but here the artist must have felt the call of breakfast, for it ended in squiggles. My armful of newspapers now told me that the outlook for Mr. Gaitskell had gone from bad to desperate. The Amalgamated Engineers had decided the previous evening to get behind Mr. Cousins and the legions of the Transport and General Workers, and a crushing defeat for the official policy was inevitable. People were streaming in extra early that morning to be sure of a good seat. Mr. Gaitskell's Left Wing colleagues were settling themselves on the platform, arranging their papers and beaming at their friends, while bright music coming through the loudspeakers swung into "Don't Ever Leave Me"—not a re-

AFTER DINNER...
CHARM YOUR GUESTS WITH
VERY CHEERING
CHERRY HEERING
CHERRY HEERING
PRODUCED BY PETER F. HEERING COPENHAGEN-DENMARK
49 PROOF
Denmark's Liqueur Delight Since 1818

FREE DANISH RECIPE BOOKLET, BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
Write Dept. NY-2, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y.1, N.Y.

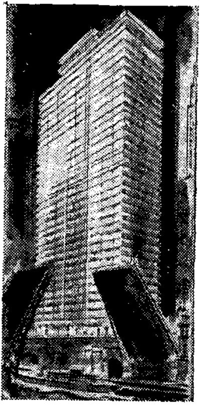
BACCARAT ... the crystal of Kings ... since 1764

BACCARAT ... for brides ... for gourmets ... for social distinction

BACCARAT ... for gifts ... imported from France

BACCARAT'S five top sellers, from left to right: HAUT BRION, $5.50 and $5.75 each, CHAMBOLLE, NORMANDIE and MONTAIGNE UNI, $4.50 each, PERFECTION, $5.50 and $5.75 each. In the background, The Hall of Mirrors, in The Versailles Palace, made into a magnificent dining room for a State luncheon honoring H. M. Queen Elizabeth, of Great Britain, at which BACCARAT Stemware was used. Write for Stemware brochure Number N22.

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57 St., N.Y.C.



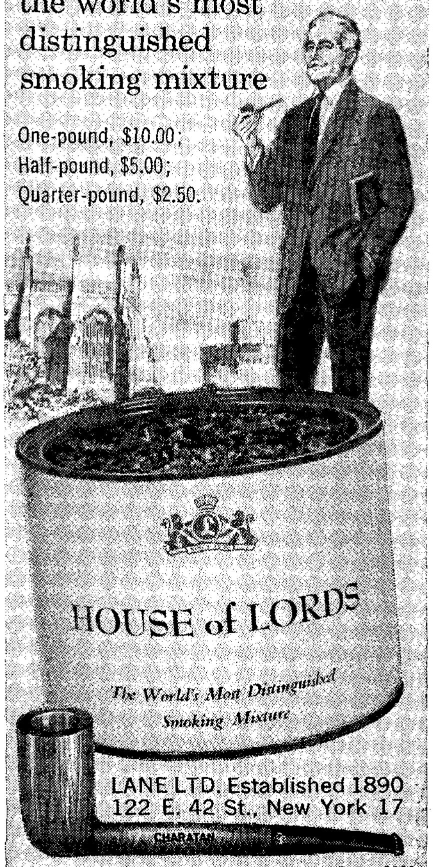
Chicago's
luxury hotel

Executive House®

Drive-In Parking • Restaurant and Lounge
Private Meeting & Banquet Rooms
Write for colorful brochure
EXECUTIVE HOUSE
Dept. NY, 71 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.
Financial 6-7100
A. M. QUARLES,
General Manager
EH

acknowledgedly
the world's most
distinguished
smoking mixture

One-pound, $10.00;
Half-pound, $5.00;
Quarter-pound, $2.50.

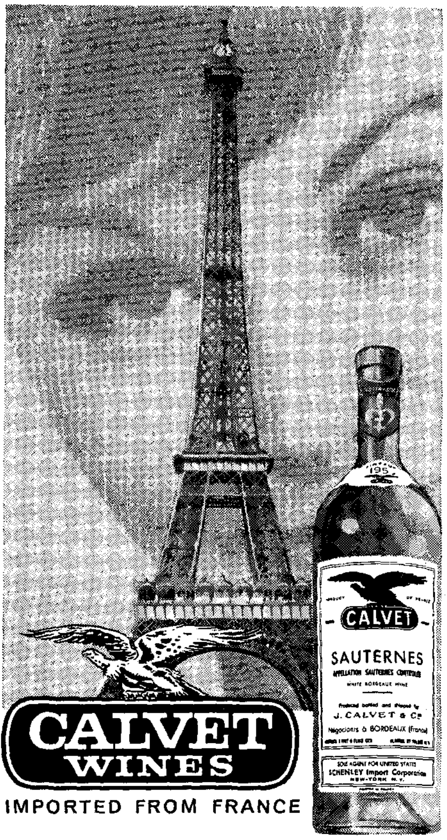

HOUSE of LORDS
The World's Most Distinguished Smoking Mixture
CHARATAN

LANE LTD. Established 1890
122 E. 42 St., New York 17
England's world renowned CHARATAN pipes $15 to $100.

quest, I concluded, that any of them would be addressing to their leader that day. When he arrived, he received from the conference one of those curious demonstrations of affection that the British, who react warmly to losers, are apt to give someone they expect to see thoroughly trounced. The delegates rose to their feet, clapping and shouting, while Mr. Gaitskell stood smiling down at them from among his colleagues, some of whom were still sorting their documents with a concentration wonderful to see.

It was, as everybody appeared to agree when it was over, a pretty good debate. As far as I could see, the majority of delegates sat riveted in their seats all through, instead of ducking out for coffee and a breath of air when a boring speaker came to the rostrum. There did not seem to be any bores that day, because all the speakers were so much in earnest that what they had to say, however badly expressed or haltingly delivered, seemed to take abstract shape beside them on the rostrum. They spoke of fears that have become a familiar part of everyone's daily life, which maybe is the worst thing of all—fear of instant annihilation or mass destruction from the pressing of a button by a Russian or an American finger, fear of trigger-happy accidents, fear of American patrol flights from Britain, fear for children and homes. "If the mad groups in the world want to have a go at each other, let us have no part of them!" shouted Mr. Cousins. "Let us stop being an expendable base for the Americans," urged someone else. Last year's winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, a gray-haired, distinguished man with a gentle face, came to the rostrum like an anxious father, to warn the children that if they changed their views on the urgency of working for collective disarmament they would never win the country to their side. He asked, "Who would follow our example? Russia? Ask Mr. Khrushchev. The United States? Read the speeches in their electoral campaign. France and Germany? We should increase the chance that Germany would still have nuclear arms." A lady whose name I did not catch but who sounded like Joyce Grenfell imitating a games mistress roared brusquely that the scientists were now killing goats by rays, and that she would rather be blown up, thanks very much, adding to this information the reminder that there would be no Labour Party under the Russians. We listened to Right Wing trades-union leaders saying that the unilateralist vote

it's chic to say..."CAL-VAY!"



PRODUCED, BOTTLED, SHIPPED BY J. CALVET ET CIE., BORDEAUX—BEAUNE, FRANCE, SCHENLEY IMPORT CO., NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE AGENT FOR THE U.S.A.

Nearby Enjoyment
IN PRINCETON
Enjoy fine food and attractive accommodations in a lovely setting adjoining the Princeton University campus. 100 charming guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Function rooms. Excellent golf.
DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200
PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.

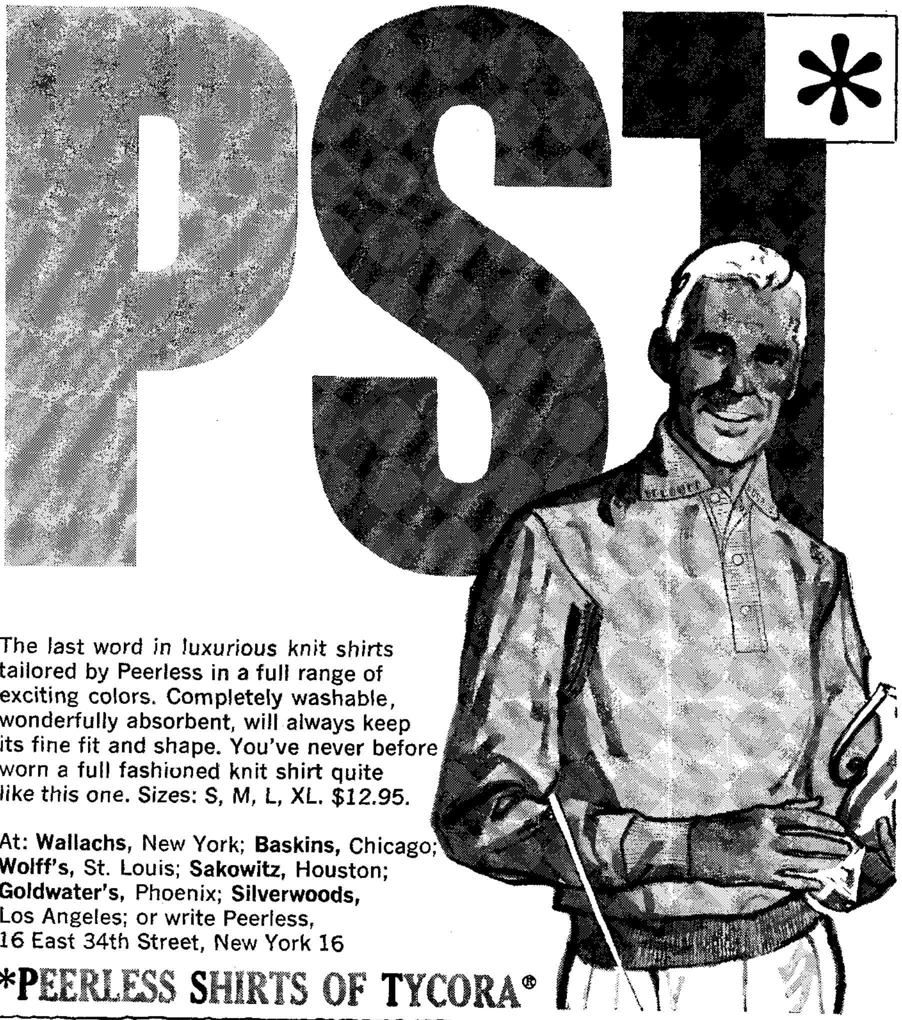
Beau Sejour
RESTAURANT
Bethpage, L. I Phone: WElls 1-0091
Closed Tuesdays Air-Conditioned

Open Sat. for lunch and dinner, Sun. after 5.
RESTAURANT
Laurent
We Park Your Car at Dinner
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-2730

was not the true opinion of the Labour rank-and-file, and to Left Wing speakers, like Michael Foot, who believed that they could win the next election on it.

As it turned out, if anyone won the Scarborough battle it was Hugh Gaitskell, who, on paper, lost the day. It is now being said that if he had made his defense speech months earlier he would not have been defeated in the voting, either. Mr. Gaitskell is an intellectual (the word was scornfully used several times during the conference, which is odd for a party that has always worked toward the ideal of the highest educational advantages for all children with good brains), and the idea has been put about that intellectuals are cold fish, inferior in heart and feeling to men who have come up the hard way. But when he at last got up and began to speak into the suddenly absolutely silent Spa Hall, it was evident that he was transformed with passion and was going to hit as hard as he could. It was a magnificent performance. He hammered home his intention of continuing as leader until the Parliamentary Labour Party decided otherwise, and of fighting neutralism to the last ditch. He stated the clear choice for the Labour voter, which the Cousins resolution had perhaps purposely left vague—to be inside the NATO alliance and pressing for collective disarmament, or to be outside, "defenseless and alone." The part of the speech that particularly infuriated the nuclear-disarmers and caused many angry, gesticulating young men to rise, as though they intended to rush the platform, was his asking, also in anger, "Do you think we can simply accept a decision of this kind, become overnight the pacifist unilateralists and fellow-travellers that other people are? How wrong can you be?," and adding bitingly, "As wrong as you are about the attitude of the British people." At the end, the conference and some—though noticeably not all—of his colleagues on the platform rose to cheer him loudly, and the mingled cheers and unilateralist boos will probably be the mixed discouraging sounds emerging from the Party to the ears of the British electorate for some time to come. To judge from the astonishingly narrow margin by which the Cousins motion got home, Mr. Gaitskell's speech had clearly swung the uncommitted ordinary Party members over to him in large numbers.

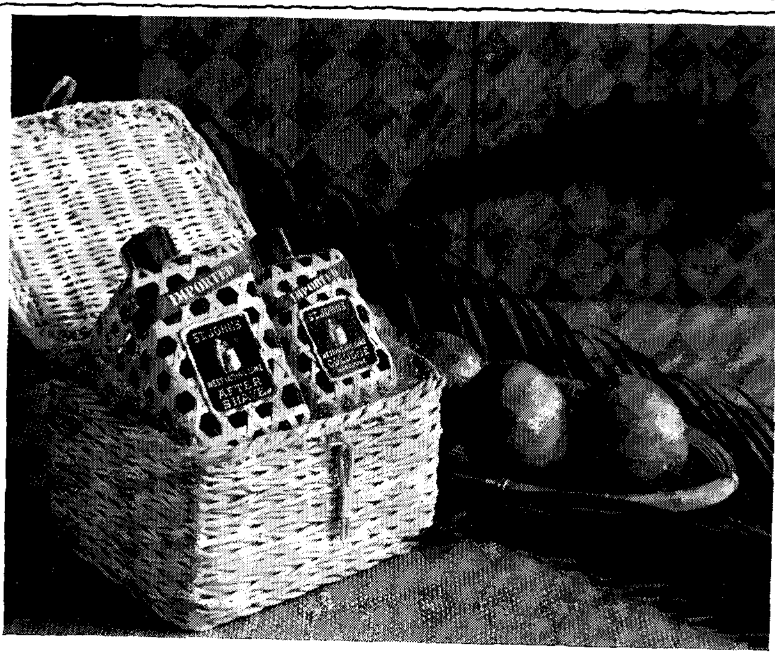
There was still half an hour or so of the afternoon session to run, during which the platform and the floor were supposed to keep their minds on a mo-



The last word in luxurious knit shirts tailored by Peerless in a full range of exciting colors. Completely washable, wonderfully absorbent, will always keep its fine fit and shape. You've never before worn a full fashioned knit shirt quite like this one. Sizes: S, M, L, XL. $12.95.

At: **Wallachs,** New York; **Baskins,** Chicago; **Wolff's,** St. Louis; **Sakowitz,** Houston; **Goldwater's,** Phoenix; **Silverwoods,** Los Angeles; or write Peerless, 16 East 34th Street, New York 16

***PEERLESS SHIRTS OF TYCORA®**



West Indian Lime Shave Set

A perfect gift discovery . . . a magnificent pamper-yourself purchase. Eight ounces of West Indian Lime After Shave, four ounces of West Indian Lime Cologne. Refreshing as a Caribbean breeze, masculine as a pistol, St. Johns West Indian Lime After Shave captures the eternal freshness of true Indies limes. West Indian Lime Cologne discreetly blends the freshness of limes with tropical woody spices. Distinctive hand-woven palm frond hamper. At finer shops. Ten dollars and fifty cents—plus tax. Each product also available individually.

West Indies Bay Company, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
U. S. Agent: Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Ave., New York

HAWAII IN FALL

You'll Be in a State of Enchantment

It's practically guaranteed when you stay at one of the five Sheraton Hotels all facing famous Waikiki Beach — center of sun, fun, and wonderful shirt-sleeve weather year 'round. Glorious sights surround you: dramatic Diamond Head, Oahu's cloud-high mountains, acres of white-capped breakers racing surfboards to shore. Want to know more? Huddle with your travel agent now, or phone your nearest Sheraton Hotel. Diners' Club card honored for all hotel services.

By JET: 5 hours from West Coast . . . 10 hours from East; by SHIP: 4½ days

ROYAL HAWAIIAN
Single, from $17;
Double, from $22;

ROYAL MANOR
from $13.50
from $17.50

MOANA AND SURFRIDER
Single, from $10; | from $13.50
Double, from $14; | from $17.50

PRINCESS KAIULANI AND DIAMOND HEAD WING
Single, from $10;
Double, from $14.

Special Aloha Rates – 25% discount, all rooms, Nov. 22 – Dec. 22; Jan. 2–15.

SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII

ALSO COAST TO COAST IN THE U.S.A., AND IN CANADA

tion about the nationalized coal industry, but most of the delegates poured excitedly out of the hall to talk over the way things had gone. The conference itself still had a day and a half to go, but to all intents and purposes it was over. When I got outside, groups of people were already standing about arguing, and I wondered how they would try to describe the conference to their local Party members who had stayed home. All that can be said with certainty is that millions of other British who were not at Scarborough will be drawing their own conclusions from what happened there.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THE CREATIVE LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

[*From "The Free Screen," a statement presented by the Motion Picture Association of America before a committee of Congress*]

"SERENADE"

This novel was one of the early outstanding examples of the hardboiled school of fiction. Our file on it goes back to 1937. In our first letter to a studio, we listed the following Code problems, and I quote:

"The story as a whole is generally sordid and low-toned. Specifically and generally, illicit sex relationships are repeatedly treated unacceptably. The subject of prostitution is treated unacceptably in detail, and the leading female character is herself a prostitute.

"The treatment of homosexuality is a basic sub-plot.

"Religious feelings are treated blasphemously and sacrilegiously.

"Murder is justified and legal authority is evaded and flouted.

"Rape and nudity are shown."

Over a period of eighteen years, three different studios tried to work out a suitable treatment. The picture was finally produced in 1955, starring the late Mario Lanza, the singing star, and the objectionable features were so entirely eliminated that the film was universally rated as A-1 family entertainment.

•

QUESTION: When you are attending an informal party and start talking with an attractive gentleman standing beside you, only to have him draw back and stiffly say, "Madame, I am the butler," what do you do? Run?

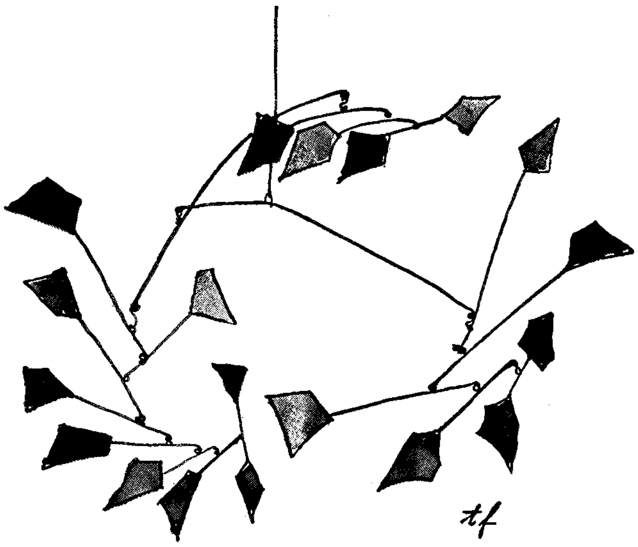
ANSWER: No! Smile sweetly and move over to chat with others standing nearby. Your hostess is at fault in this case. Usually a white coat is worn by a man assisting at an informal party to distinguish him from the guests.

If this is not done, the man himself should make it obvious by his actions that he is assisting. As far as talking with him is concerned, while perhaps embarrassing to you both, no great harm is done.—*Carolyn Hagner Shaw in the Journal-American.*

Well, now, that's going pretty far!

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

CALDER REVISITED



TAX lawyers who have their eyes open to the capital-gains and gift-deduction beauties of modern art and who have been advising clients to buy de Kooning, Rothko, and Jackson Pollock (along with Union Carbide and International Nickel) and hold them for a rise in the market would do well to adduce also the example of Mr. Alexander Calder, the mobile, stabile, and stabile-mobile sculptor, known to his friends as Sandy. I first met this excellent investment around 1940, when the flowering of his national and international reputation—not altogether unlike the transformation of Electric Boat into General Dynamics—was in its early stages. Let me explain. Calder was born in 1898, the son and grandson of orthodox sculptors. By 1929, when he was living in Paris and was a recognized painter, wood carver, wire sculptor, and designer of ladies' jewelry so *sui generis* as to make its wearers feel they belonged to a kind of club, it was still possible for the *Times*, in a review of his wood carvings at the Weyhe Gallery, to refer to him as Alfred Calder, and for *La Rumeur*, a French magazine, commenting on a Calder exhibit called "Sculptures Bois et Fil de Fer," at the Galerie Billiet, to kiss him off with an

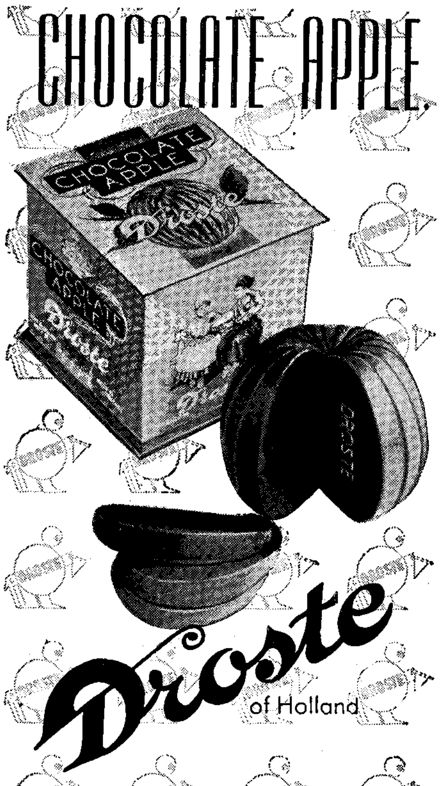
> *Il nous faut envisager trois hypothèses: ou M. Alexandre Calder s'adonne à la boisson, et c'est dans les crises de delirium tremens qu'il pétrit son fil de fer de son pouce désordonné; ou, encore, il est un prodigieux humoriste et il a décidé de se jouer éperdument de l'ineptie de ses contemporains; ou . . . il est fou. M. Alexandre Calder! Relevez bien ce nom—aujourd'hui environné d'un petit succès de ridicule—car demain vous n'en entendrez plus parler. . . . Suis-je allé voir des œuvres d'art? Ou me suis-je rendu dans un cabanon?*

Two years later, M. Calder, still working in Paris, was interviewed by the magazine *Nord-Sud*. "Why do I live in Paris?" he said. "Because in Paris it's a compliment to be called crazy." By that time, he had graduated from the *cabanon*, or padded cell, of wire and wood to that of mobiles, which combine wire, wood, sheet metal, occasional pieces of glass, and constellations of discs, and the Museum of Modern Art had bought its first Calder mobile, for sixty dollars. (Calder had proposed a hundred dollars but had settled quickly enough; he was not much interested in money.) Soon afterward, he began producing stabiles—heavy, abstract stationary objects of sheet iron, meant chiefly to decorate lawns and terraces. In 1933, he and his wife, Louisa, bought a farmhouse in Roxbury, Connecticut, and seven years later, when I came to know him, he was turning out twenty or thirty mobiles a year there, and selling most of them for three or four hundred dollars apiece. I visited him in Roxbury one weekend, and when I asked him about the stabiles, which were in far less frequent production, he said, "The big ones are seven hundred dollars, but we'll take any reasonable offer." He was a hero in avant-garde circles; Fernand Léger, the painter, had called him the most important living American artist, and Mr. James Johnson Sweeney, who until a few months ago was the *doyen* of the Guggenheim Museum, said of his work (to me, who have miraculously preserved my notes):

> A mobile [there were, in those days, no non-Calder mobiles] is a construction having no practical use, which embodies the element of movement of a variety of materials, organized along architectonic lines and put together out of many different pieces, rather than carved. Its mobility is intended to show the contrast between three-dimensional planes. Calder's mobiles measure the space by the movement of this element, and give an emphatic sense of distance. They demonstrate their space relationship for you; you don't have to walk around them. He makes the object do for you what the movie camera does—the object turns, and features of it grow out of it, too. Also, it gives you a sense of the inside. It's a big problem, though he jokes with it. . . . As for his naïveté, Giotto had a certain playfulness; all primitives do.

For all his celebrity, though, Calder was still a tax lawyer's dream, had Sullivan & Cromwell and Davis, Polk (and I) but known. As early as 1935, he had executed a mobile twenty-two feet high for five hundred dollars for James Thrall Soby, a Hartford tobacco scion, collector, and art critic then residing in Farmington, Connecticut, but it is only during the past three or four years that examples of his work, which would take longer and longer to stroll around if you were so inclined, have sold for as much as twenty thousand dollars. These major abstractions now grace not only the lawns and terraces of private homes but, in their grandest manifestations, such public spots as the International Arrival Building at Idlewild Airport, the Terminal Building at the Pittsburgh Airport, the UNESCO grounds in Paris, and the ceiling of the main banking room of the Chase Manhattan Bank's branch at 410 Park Avenue, and a Calder stabile-mobile—that is, a stabile with a mobile element—adorned a fountain in the United States Pavilion of the Brussels World's Fair in 1958 and has since been given to the Belgian government. His smaller mobiles now fetch from fifteen hundred dollars to five thousand. A recent show at the Perls Galleries was devoted entirely to five large Calders—one mobile and four stabile-mobiles—priced at from nine thousand to twenty thousand dollars. The mobile, nine feet high and fifteen feet long, was bought by a Texan named John de Ménil for the entrance to an office building that Philip Johnson has designed for him in Houston.

Some time ago, visiting this exhibit, I asked Mr. Perls whether Calder's emergence into the big objects and the big money had changed Calder the man. "Not a bit," he said. "He was astonished a year or two ago when I raised the prices of his things. After all, he's the best-known American artist in Europe, and even now his prices aren't as


CHOCOLATE APPLE

Droste of Holland

A name that has meant chocolate excellence the world over since 1890.

Wherever fine confections are sold.

Importers, H. Hamstra & Co., Clifton, N. J.

Carel Carter

CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS

1960 COLLECTION OF CLASSIC DISTINCTION

RESIDENT REPRESENTATIVES IN MOST CITIES

PRIVATE PRESENTATION BY APPOINTMENT

INQUIRY IS INVITED

CAREL CARTER
1950 North Fairfield, Chicago 47

high as those for de Kooning or Pollock. He still likes to give big parties and dance around like a bear, and he still falls asleep at his parties and other people's parties, especially when the conversation takes a turn he doesn't approve of. Too bad you missed the opening. Four hundred people showed up, and he took fifty of them to dinner at Del Pezzo's and for dancing afterward at Roseland. The piece in the back room—'The City'—weighs over two thousand pounds, and before installing it he had the floor tested for that weight. He didn't realize that ten thousand pounds of people were going to stand around it. Anyway, the floor didn't cave in. He has a good many imitators these days, at least in the mobile field. You can buy mobiles in department stores—not Calders, of course. I've persuaded him to sign a number of his things that I have on hand." Before I left, Mr. Perls took me to the basement and showed me several smallish mobiles, each of which had the symbol CA hammered into one of its leaf-like shapes.

I began to reflect that Calder's earning capacity must be easily four or five times what it had been when I last had any sort of talk with him, and that his works were now dangling importantly from the ceilings of banks and air terminals as well as from the necks and ear lobes of ladies in France and Connecticut, and I resolved to call on him in order to find out what all this, and time, had done to him. I telephoned him, and he invited me, just as he had twenty years ago, to come up to Roxbury and stay overnight. On the way up, I had occasion to telephone him again. My car broke down two miles from his house, and I called him from a neighbor's. He rescued me in a '58 Plymouth, arranged for a garage to pick up my car, and drove me to his place. He was wearing blue jeans and an L. L. Bean scarlet flannel shirt, and he seemed every bit as genial, as suspicious, as slyly observant, as pink-cheeked, and as bearlike as he had in 1940. Mrs. Calder, looking every bit as cool, calm, and pretty as she had then, greeted us, and we sat down in a large glass-walled, brick-floored, patiolike room full of plants, books, and mobiles. I had explained the purpose of my visit, and I made some reference to my host's widened reputation.

"I still think my work's avant-garde," he said.

"When you think of de Kooning," Mrs. Calder said, "he was accepted immediately—or, anyway, in a few

Where summer never leaves

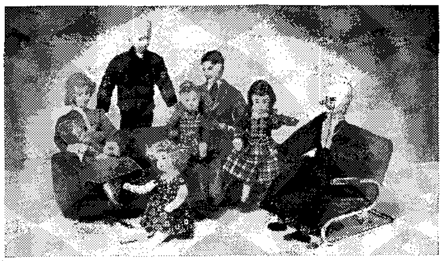
the Caribe Hilton
SAN JUAN • PUERTO RICO • U.S.A.

Look at the sun beckoning a dip in ocean or pool . . . the moon whispering romance. Everything is here for a delightful vacation or honeymoon . . . sandy beaches, private balconies, air-conditioned rooms and the smart Club Caribe. Seventeen exciting acres in San Juan . . . all yours to enjoy!

EUROPEAN PLAN

Singles from $20. Doubles from $25.

RESERVATIONS—See Your Travel Agent or call Hilton Carte Blanche Reservation Office—LOngacre 3-6900 in New York City.


MINIATURE DOLLS for DOLL HOUSES

Imported from Germany

THE MOST unusual dolls ever imported, these winsome little people have beautifully expressive faces and flexible bodies which you can bend to any position. The little girl who receives these dolls will be especially delighted with the exquisite clothes they wear.

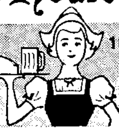
GRANDMA, GRANDPA, MOTHER, FATHER and the CHILDREN (Furniture not available) Adults 5¾" high, children 4½" high. $11.50 ppd.

GINA & SELMA, INC. 1048 LEXINGTON AVE. NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

CONTENTED LEATHERS LOVE LEATHERCRAFT!!

They know that experts clean them best! COATS • JACKETS • HANDBAGS • GLOVES . . . Cleaned & Reconditioned Like New! Send $1.25 p.p. for LEATHERCRAFTER® Cleaner for home use. Mail Order Svc. Pick-up 50 Mi. Radius N.Y.C.

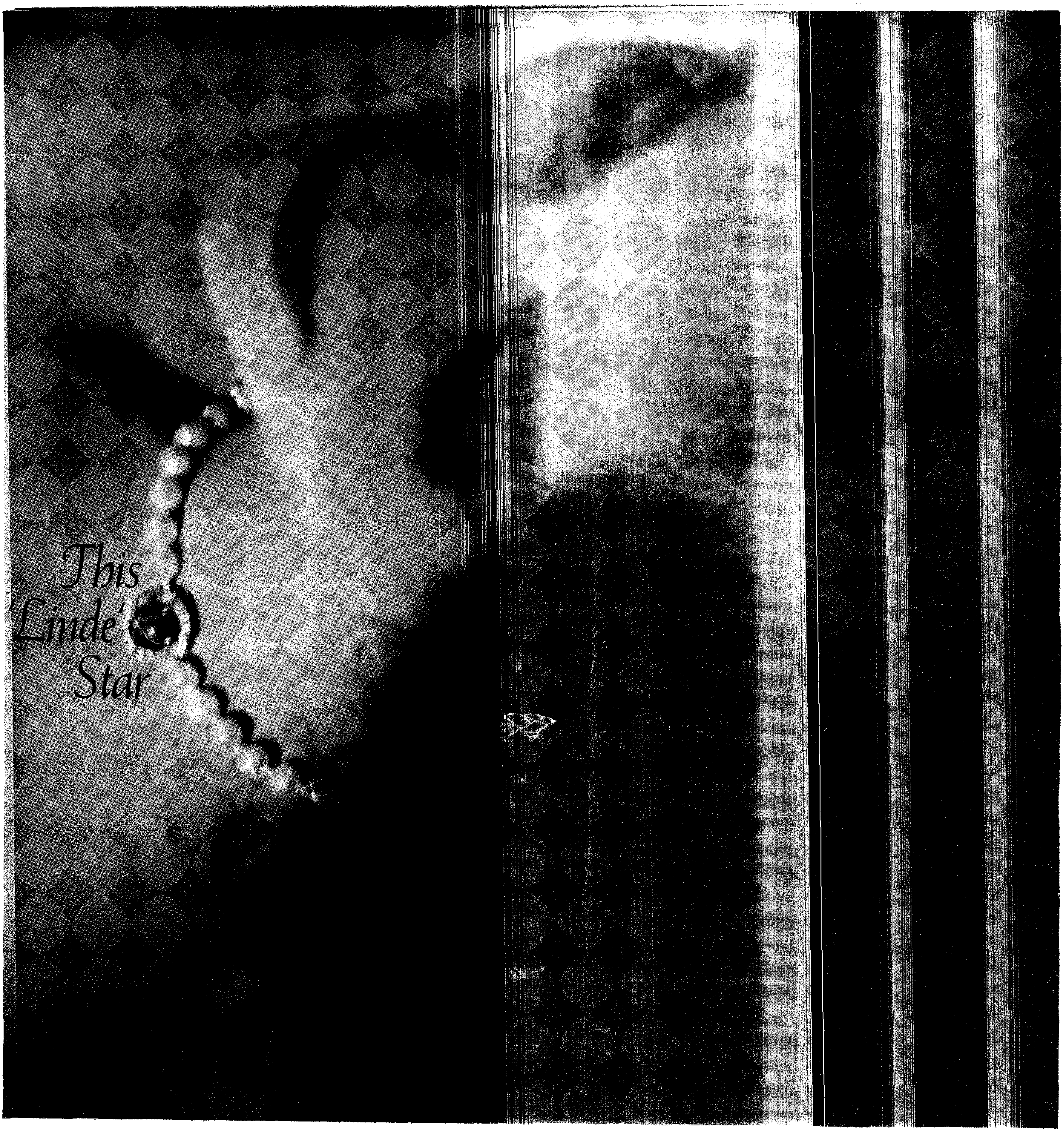
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C., JU 6-3737


LIVE IN NEW YORK...DINE IN HOLLAND!

Holland House Taverne

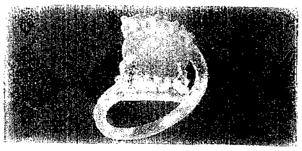
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
PRIVATE PARTIES

10 ROCKEFELLER PL.
AT 48th STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.
CIRCLE 6-5800

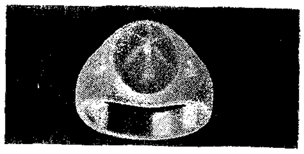


This 'Linde' Star is the focal point

of this shimmering wreath of cultured pearls. Here is a choker any woman would covet, every woman would cherish . . . a never-ending circle of man-created beauty. For just as man helped provoke the growth of the cultured pearl, his genius has captured a sparkling star in the rich blue bed of the 'Linde' Star itself. Have you ever seen a 'Linde' Star? Your jeweler can show you a breathtaking assortment of these thrilling possessions . . . mounted in a variety of settings for women and men. Mountings, of course, are karat gold or platinum . . . for a 'Linde' Star rests only in the mountings of fine jewelry. Prices start as low as $85 . . . soar to $5,000. Your choice is endless.



[illegible] two rows of sparkling diamonds. 14K white gold $400.

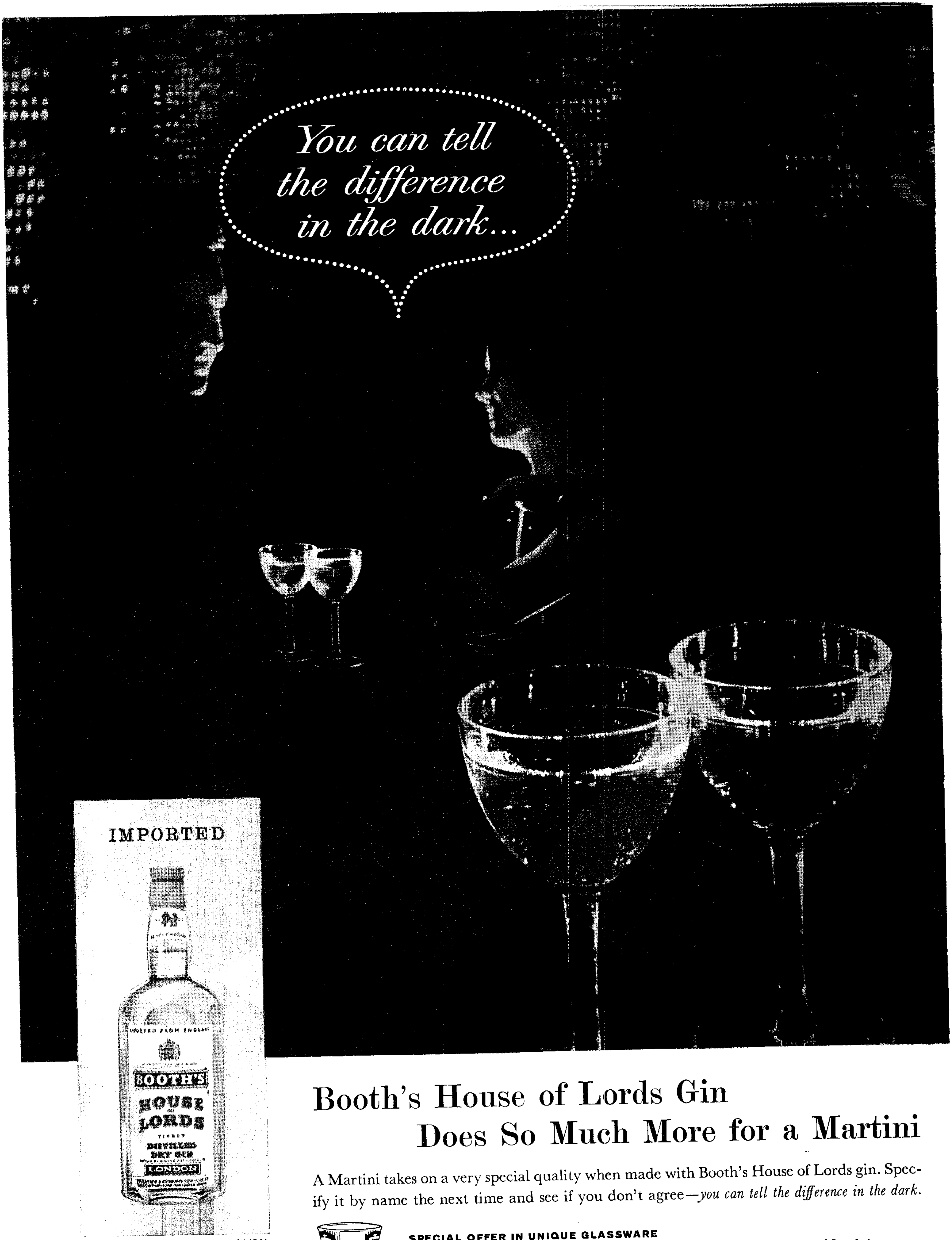


5 Carat 'Linde' Star of traditional blue coloring, in classic 14K white gold satin finish mounting, 2 diamonds. $300.

'Linde' Stars are available at these, and other fine jewelers throughout the country:

Constant Auger, San Francisco, Calif. • Rogers Jewelers, Columbus, Ohio • George Sloan, Tulsa Okla. • Charles Schwartz & Son, Washington, D. C. • Maier-Berkele, Atlanta, Ga. • Wm. Lambrecht & Sons, Chicago & Wilmette, Ill. • Churchill's Jewelers, Santa Barbara, Calif. • Graubart & Sons, Schenectady, N. Y. • All Michaels, Inc., Stores in New England • Linz Bros., Dallas, Texas.

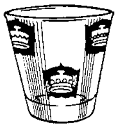
'Linde' is a registered trade mark of UCC


You can tell
the difference
in the dark...
IMPORTED
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON

DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—86 PROOF—IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

Booth's House of Lords Gin Does So Much More for a Martini

A Martini takes on a very special quality when made with Booth's House of Lords gin. Specify it by name the next time and see if you don't agree—*you can tell the difference in the dark.*



SPECIAL OFFER IN UNIQUE GLASSWARE
Four "on-the-rocks" glasses with coronets of the five peers of the House of Lords in permanent gold design. $1.00 postpaid. Send cash or check payable to Glasses, P. O. Box 32D, Mount Vernon 10, N.Y. Offer good for limited time, and open only to residents of U. S. A.

years. Sandy worked for thirty years before he was accepted."

"Betty Parsons hadn't been invented when I started," Calder said, referring to the chatelaine of a well-known Fifty-seventh Street avant-garde gallery. "You know, I've begun to join academies. I belong to the Academy of Arts and Letters in Boston, and last winter I was elected to an academy in New York. I went to a dinner given by it, but I didn't get to the induction ceremonies. I never went to the Boston one at all—I did it all by mail."

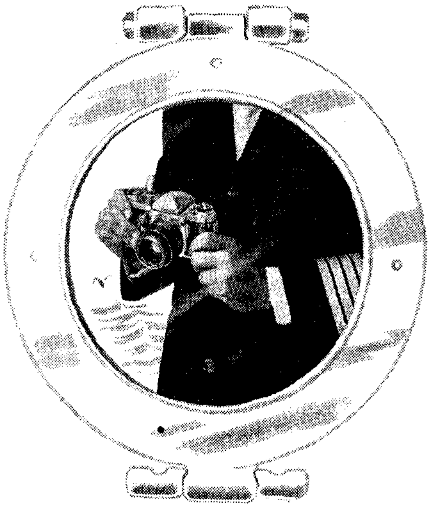
"The New York one is the National Institute of Arts and Letters," Mrs. Calder said. "Your father belonged to the Boston one, too—I found his purple-and-yellow membership button among your mother's things the other day."

She told me that her husband's mother, who had been a painter, had recently died at the age of ninety-three, and then suggested that we continue our conversation in the kitchen. It is a big, light room hung with mixing spoons, forks, and other utensils made by Calder, and we sat down on stools at a long wooden table decorated with bottles of wine, cheese, and loaves of home-baked bread. I admired a flourishing potted tree, which looked to my urban eyes as though it had cost ninety dollars at Max Schling, and Mrs. Calder said, "I grew it from a grapefruit seed. It took twenty years."

Calder poured out some 1953 Saint-Émilion in tumblers, and I remembered that during my last visit we had concentrated on a domestic Sauternes. I said that their way of life didn't seem to have changed much.

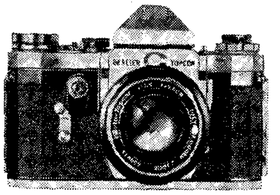
"I travel more than I used to," Calder said. "We're going to spend the next year abroad, beginning in a few weeks. I have a pleasant sensation of having arrived at a financial basis where I can go where I want."

"We live the same way and do the same things, except that we now have two places in France," Mrs. Calder said. "We dance all the time. We have a house at Saché, in Touraine, on the Indre River opposite the mill where our older daughter, Sandra, and her husband, Jean Davidson, live, and we have another house in Brittany, right on the sea. At high tide, the Brittany house becomes an island. We go to both places every summer; Brittany is wonderful for swimming and shrimping, and in August we're surrounded by all those beautiful yachts and fishing boats. The only thing we have is a little rowboat. Sandy has a workshop in Saché,



IN CIRCLES
WHERE ONLY THE FINEST IS ACCEPTABLE

BESELER C TOPCON

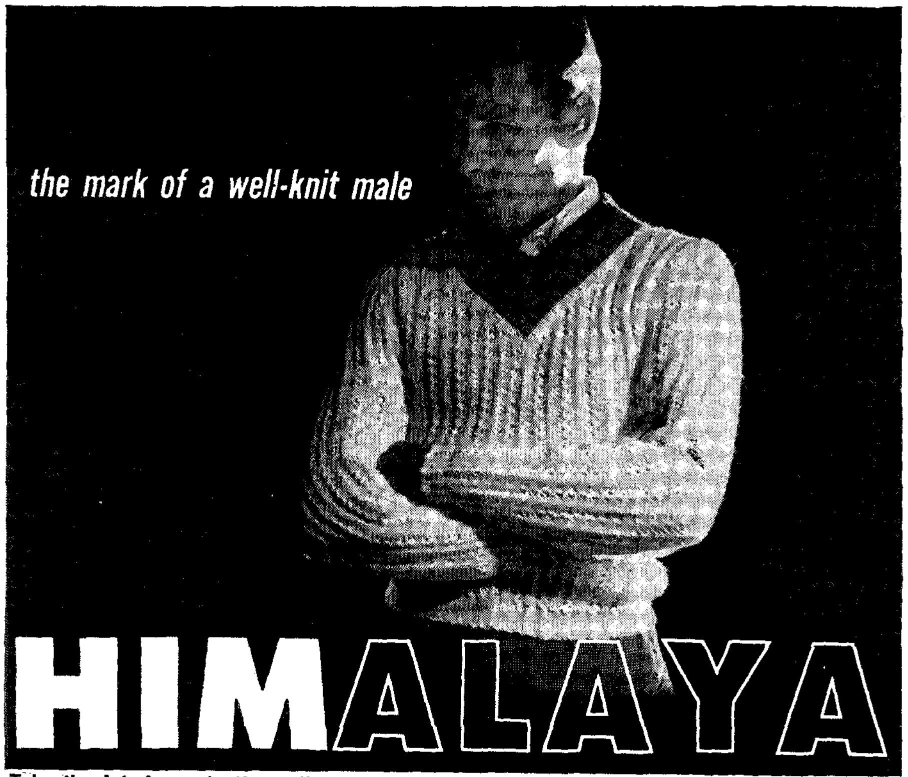


The intelligent buyer is entitled to know what a fine camera can do *before* he invests in it. Beseler C Topcon is the *only* 35mm single lens reflex camera built with such meticulous care that each camera is delivered with individual *documented proof of precision performance* –

A filmstrip of test exposures made in *your* camera, at every f stop, to prove lens quality; a shutter calibration chart to meet exacting requirements; free shutter recalibration, cleaning and check-up to maintain precision performance. With 58mm f1.8 or 35mm f2.8 lens $295.00.

See the new Topcon at select Beseler franchised photographic dealers . . . or write for informative brochure to the

CHARLES BESELER COMPANY, 240 S.18th St., EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

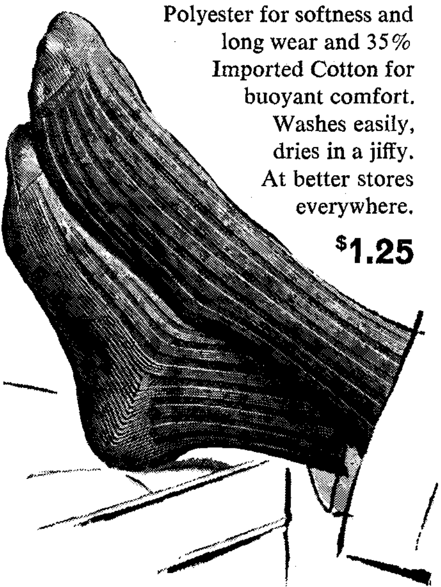

the mark of a well-knit male
HIMALAYA

Take the Interim—note the striking strength of stripes, spreading across the bulky textured Orlon weave. In accord with tradition, you'll see it in white, gold, taupe, black and olive—the bold bands carefully color coordinated. About $15.00 at these fine stores or write for store nearest you.

St. Louis, Mo.........................Boyd's
Wash., D. C. Raleigh Haberdashers
Kansas City, Mo.............Jack Henry
New York City, N. Y.......Roger Kent
Bronx, N. Y..........Alvin Murray Ltd.
Jackson Hts., N. Y. Town Squire Ltd
Brooklyn, N. Y.....Abraham & Straus
Detroit, Mich.................J. L. Hudson
Baltimore, Md............Hutzler Bros.
Columbus, Ohio........Smith Stevens
Tulsa, Okla......................Ben Estes
Orlando, Fla...Men's Town & Country
State College, Pa.......Levine Bros.
Houston, Texas.....................Mosk's
Chicago, Ill.........................Lytton's
Lexington, Ky................Graves Cox
Duluth, Minn....................Maurice's
Newark, N. J................Hahne & Co.
Burlington, Vt..........Miles & Riley
Allentown, Pa.........................Judd's
San Antonio, Texas........Frost Bros.

HIMALAYA KNITWEAR CO. INC., 40 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK

Luxurious comfort millions enjoy
"touch'n'tingle"®
SOCKS BY Camp
It's hard to believe such luxurious softness possible for only $1.25. 65% Dacron Polyester for softness and long wear and 35% Imported Cotton for buoyant comfort. Washes easily, dries in a jiffy. At better stores everywhere.
$1.25
Camp and McInnes, Inc., 40 E. 34 Street, New York.



THANE®
WEVE-KNIT VEST
Pure wool, in a birds-eye pattern of completely new knit construction. Weve-Knit makes it possible—because it's a knit that *looks woven!*
about $12.95
Available at: Dallas—Neiman-Marcus
New Orleans—Godchaux
For other fine stores, please write
THANE MILLS, LTD. 40 E. 34th St. New York 16

and he's going to build one in Brittany. As soon as he gets to France, he starts painting, which he doesn't do much here. He's unhappy if he doesn't work. If he doesn't work, he's just *around*, you know."

"I like to paint, and I don't feel I have to do objects in France," Calder said, sipping his wine. "Painting is more convenient than doing sculpture. You have to house sculpture. I have my stabiles and the big mobiles made in metalworkers' shops in Waterbury. I make a seventeen-inch model, say, for something that may be forty-five feet broad, and the shop cuts out the plates under my supervision. I've used three shops in Waterbury. The Idlewild and Pittsburgh Airport objects—both large mobiles—were made at the Waterbury Iron Works."

The Pittsburgh mobile, I knew, had won first prize for sculpture at a Carnegie Institute exhibit of contemporary painting and sculpture in 1958, and I asked Calder if he would discuss it a little.

"Gordon Washburn, director of the Institute's department of fine arts, told me it would be nice if I made a big object to fit the Institute's stair well," he said, "so I made a mobile twenty-eight feet wide and twenty-eight feet high. The Waterbury Iron Works has an eighteen-foot ceiling, so I had to make it piecemeal. I weighted it with a hundred and twenty-eight pounds of window weights, to get it to balance properly. The Waterbury Iron Works makes window weights, which is very convenient. The year after the competition, it was bought by a Pittsburgh steel man, who gave it to the airport. I had done it in white and black, but the airport authorities painted it green and gold, the county colors, without consulting me. I wrote them that it ought to be painted red, and sent them four cans of red paint, and I hear it's red now."

Mrs. Calder, who had been busy at the stove for several minutes, brought the conversation back to a prior point. "Sandra, who was six when you were here before, has a son of three and a half," she said. "Sandy also owns a big cave in Touraine, near Saché."

Calder said that he had bought the cave for four or five hundred dollars, from a lady who wanted to sell it. "It's on a hillside overlooking the Indre River," he said. "I thought, when I first saw it, that it was agreeably lugubrious and rather mysterious, and I thought that if Maeght, my dealer in Paris, ever didn't want to give me a show, I could

For Those Among Men Who Favour London Bravura
$15
London Line
London is only as far away as a Thomas Begg shop, if you have London styling in mind. Note narrow curl of brim and jaunty poise of crown. Char-grey, Black, Ancient Bronze, Tobacco Brown.
In rough country mixtures, grey or bronze. $16.50
Thomas Begg
GENTLEMEN'S HATTER
Add 50¢ Mail Orders. Free catalog. Credit cards honored. Open to 7 P.M.
480 Park at 58th St. 1427 B'way, Met. Opera Bldg.
400 Madison at 47th 3 Beaver at Bowling Green

NOW..under the Hilton Banner
THE MAGNIFICENT
Virgin isle Hilton
ST. THOMAS • U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
Water sports? Golf and other sports? Pleasures of the table? Relaxation, plain and fancy? Be our guest—now with the magic touch of Hilton hospitality. See your travel agent or in New York call LOngacre 3-6900.

Romeo Salta
formerly CHIANTI of HOLLYWOOD
exquisite italian cuisine
39 WEST 56 St. • N.Y.C. Circle 6-5772

FOOD . . . LIBATION . . . LODGING
Stonehenge
VICTOR GILBERT, Skinker
RIDGEFIELD, CONN., IDlewood 8-6511

have a show in the cave. I thought I'd show white objects in it."

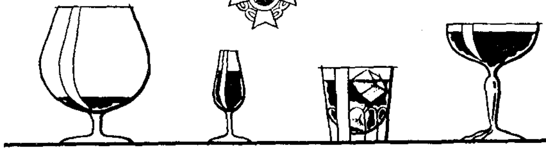
Mrs. Calder smiled at the idea of Maeght's not wanting to give her husband a show. "He exhibited ten of Sandy's stabiles last summer and bought them all himself," she said. "It's very unusual for a dealer to buy a whole show himself. The objects were later shown in Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Switzerland. The biggest one was eleven and a half feet high and had arches."

I asked Calder whether he thought his sculpture had changed much in the last couple of decades, except for combining mobile and stabile features and becoming monumental, and he said, "My work may have got a little more shipshape, but the general idea is the same." He mumbled something or other, and when I asked him to repeat it, he said he was afraid that artists were inclined to be inarticulate. This led to a somewhat inarticulate discussion, the burden of which seemed to be that, despite such articulate exceptions as Ben Shahn, the better artists didn't, and couldn't, talk much—at any rate, about art. "Miró never talks," Mrs. Calder said, summing it up. "We saw a long interview with him in the magazine *Twentieth Century*, but I think the reporter must have invented it. We've spent days and once even a week with Miró, and he's never said anything to us but '*Comment ça va? Ça va?*' "

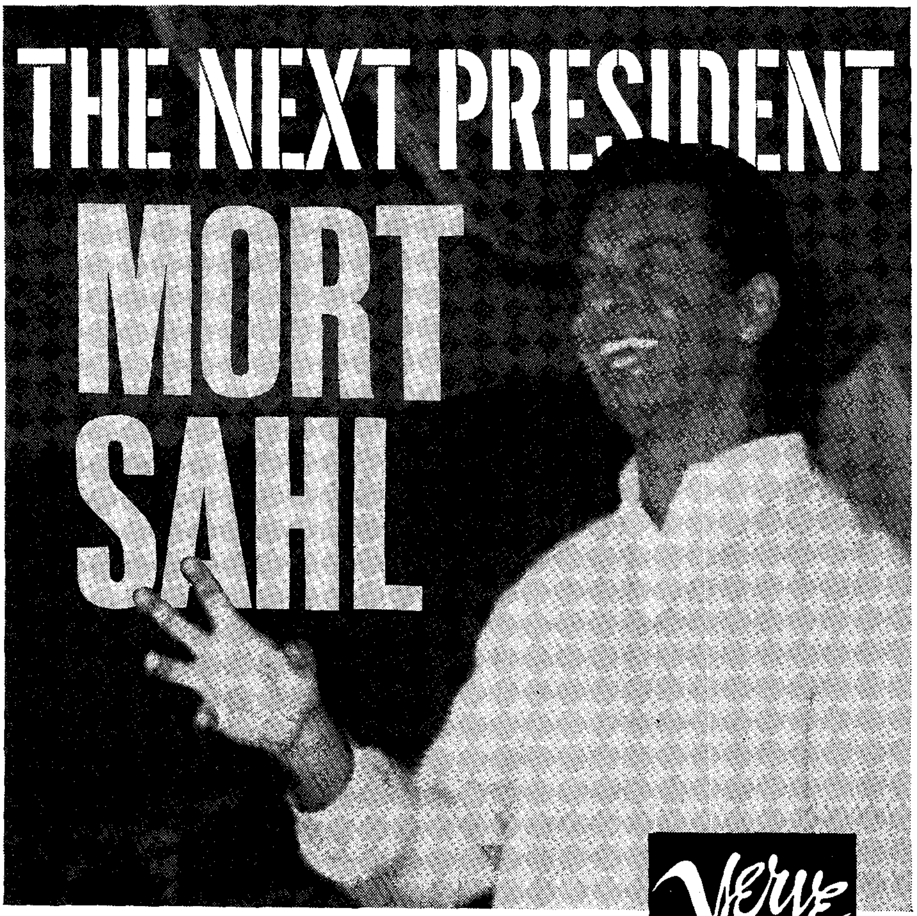
"There's been an *agrandissement* in my work," said Calder, who had apparently been thinking over his mumble. "As time goes on, I've developed new mechanical devices, such as a bearing that makes a swivel and fulcrum all in one, to cause the object to rotate *and* oscillate. It's true that I've more or less retired from the smaller mobiles. I regard them as sort of fiddling. The engineering on the big objects is important; they're mostly designed for a particular spot, and they have to fit properly and either support themselves properly or hang from the ceiling properly. Lots of times companies or government agencies have a big vacuum in their projects that they feel ought to be filled—that's where I come in."

We were busy by this time with a constellation of beef stew, cheese, and fruit that Mrs. Calder had prepared. Mr. Calder said that during the past seven or eight years he had travelled widely, going not only to France but to Germany, where he was invited by the Secretary of State of the Bonn government to make a tour of several cities; to Lebanon, where he did a mobile for

METAXA
A GREEK SPECIALTY PRODUCT OF GREECE
GRAND PRIX SAN FRANCISCO 1915

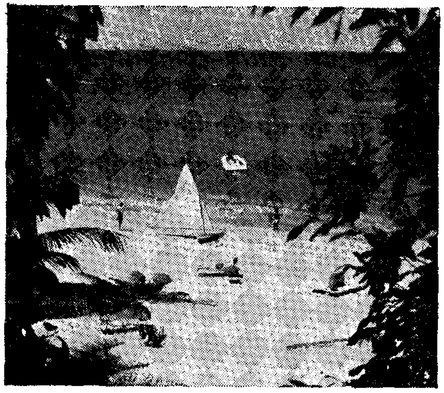


WHEN YOU SERVE
METAXA
GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR—
MORE THAN 100 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS
ENHANCE YOUR JUDGEMENT AS AN
UNUSUALLY INTERESTING HOST.
As a BRANDY • LIQUEUR • ON THE ROCKS • COCKTAIL
—for a Brilliant Change
92 PROOF—SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. NEW YORK, NEW YORK
Enjoyed THE WORLD OVER



THE NEXT PRESIDENT
MORT SAHL
MORT'S LATEST, GREATEST ALBUM!
Verve RECORDS

Charm and Elegance



Plantation Inn
OCHO RIOS • JAMAICA, B.W.I.
Nowhere such luxurious enchantment under the sapphire day sky; nowhere the exotic mystery under the diamond studded night sky. All distinctive modern facilities-spacious accommodations; exquisite cuisine. Skin-diving, water skiing, golf, tennis, calypso entertainment and dancing.
Consult Your Travel Agent or
WM. P. WOLFE ORGANIZATION, Representatives
New York, Boston, Miami, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Montreal, Toronto

Café Louis XIV

PEOPLE OF INTEREST FIND THAT THE NEW CAFÉ LOUIS XIV INTERESTS THEM.

CAFÉ LOUIS XIV
RESERVATIONS: CIRCLE 6-5800
15 W. 49 St. at Rockefeller Plaza
OPEN TO SERVE YOU UNTIL 1 A.M., 7 DAYS A WEEK

the Middle East Airlines office in Beirut; and to Venezuela, where he did a ceiling—an abstract pattern of colored metal shapes attached to the conventional ceiling by rods—for the auditorium of the University of Caracas. "I flew to Caracas on August 15, 1955, and we had to dodge the big hurricane that hit New England three days later," he said. "The papers reported that two hundred were dead in Connecticut. I finally succeeded in putting through a call to Louisa, who was home. She had cabled our daughters, Sandra and Mary, both of whom were in France, 'Everything all right. Mother.' They hadn't heard of the hurricane and thought the cable most peculiar, especially since she had never signed herself 'Mother' before. She thought 'Mom' would look funny in a cable."

Mrs. Calder poured us some coffee, and her husband said, "Some of the shapes in the Caracas ceiling are thirty feet long. They don't move. The workmen putting them up jumped from one to another. The ceiling is the only thing of its kind."

"We've been to Rio de Janeiro twice in the last six months for shows of Sandy's," Mrs. Calder said, "and we brought back quantities of samba records, which we love to dance to. We only samba now. Sandy dances the samba no matter *what* records we play."

Calder observed that the capital city of Brasília would have an example of his work.

"Five years ago, we spent two months in India," Mrs. Calder said. "We were invited to make a trip there in exchange for some of Sandy's objects."

I asked Mr. Calder if he would care to expatiate on this, and he responded with Shahn-like clarity.

"In the summer of 1954, when I was in France," he said, "I got a letter from Gira Sarabhai, a member of an Indian textile-manufacturing family, saying that she had long admired my objects but couldn't export money for them, and would I swap some of them for a trip to India with my wife? I didn't know Miss Sarabhai, but she mentioned a mutual friend, Jean Hélion, the painter, so I accepted, and after a six-month delay we flew to Bombay, landing on January 12th. We took the train from Bombay three hundred miles north to Ahmedabad, where the Sarabhai family—Gira, who is thirty, is one of eight children of the senior Sarabhais—live in a nineteen-acre compound full of trees. Many of the children are married, and each one has a house. Gira met us at the station with

DISTINGUISHED APARTMENTS
The Lombardy HOTEL
111 East 56 St.
(off Park Ave.) N.Y.C.

For Annual Lease and for Transient Guests
- Beautiful Decorator Furnishings
- Large Rooms and Closets
- Serving Pantries with Elec. Refrig.
- Air-Conditioned
- Television Sets
- Complete Hotel Services
- Restaurant Laurent

APT. SIZE	ANNUAL LEASE	DAILY RATES
1½ rms.		from $20
2½ rms.	from $7000	from $35

NORMAN E. KING, INC.
111 East 56 St.
•
For leases phone Mrs. Terry.
For transient accommodations phone Miss Brady.
•
PLaza 3-8600

★ an international prize winner

SCULPTURED FAMILY
Adults can't resist these 7 hardwood figures, but we intended them for children's block and doll house play. Beautifully finished in natural lacquer. $6 postpaid.
For other intriguing playthings write for free 48-page catalog.
CREATIVE PLAYTHINGS
P.O. BOX 1100, PRINCETON 7, N. J.

LE
BIJOU
"HAUTE CUISINE" *Holiday Mag.*
Cocktails • Dinner • Superb Wines
168 West 4th St. CH 2-9338

BRAND THE STEAK OF YOUR CHOICE!
ENVOY STEAKHOUSE
FREE DINNER PARKING
LEXINGTON AVE. at 41 ST.
Reservations: YUkon 6-9155
DINERS' CLUB
AM. EXPRESS

a whole troop of people and put us up in her house. She is an architect and designer, and was educated in London; she also studied under Frank Lloyd Wright. Well, I'd brought my pliers with me, and I'd got some metal and wire in Bombay, so I went to work in the garden. Cows were tethered there, and a couple of water buffaloes. The Indians drink water-buffalo milk. I made eleven mobiles and stabiles, and some gold jewelry. We went down to Bombay once or twice—the Sarabhais have a license to sell Squibb products there, wholesale, and they own an eleven-story apartment house in the city that Gira designed—and I made a big mobile in a blacksmith shop there. Gira's father, Ambalal, was a little doubtful about my work at first, but he ended up liking it. Our hosts put on various puppet shows, and had shepherds do a stick dance on the tennis court. It was lovely—sixteen men dancing and whirling with brass rods. One of Gira's aunts—Ambalal's sister—was a popular union official, and through her we were invited to the blessing of a temple in a village five or ten miles out of Ahmedabad. Several hundred shepherds dressed in red came out in a procession to receive us, after which we went into a big tent and sat on a dais with six hundred men and women sitting in front of us, in red-and-yellow saris and red turbans and silver jewelry."

"Sandy was asked to make a speech in English," Mrs. Calder said.

"I talked about our barns and stone walls in New England, and why we didn't need shepherds," he said. "I was translated as I went along. We also went to a wedding, with three hundred guests, at which the families of the bride and groom waited on the guests. There was a sort of pulpit around which the bride and groom went in opposite directions seven times. Each time they went around, the priest explained why they shouldn't get married. They had to think up seven rebuttals."

"It was all out-of-doors in the gardens, under the trees," Mrs. Calder said. "It was just beautiful. When we left Ahmedabad, everyone who worked on the place came to see us off."

The Calders' departure from the Sarabhai family seat was by no means the end of the deal; the package included, additionally, a trip that took them to Nepal, Delhi, Calcutta, and Assam, and brought them back—safe, sound, and laden with Oriental textiles, saris, embroideries, and Bengalese jodhpurs—to Connecticut, all expenses paid. At the conclusion of the account of this odys-

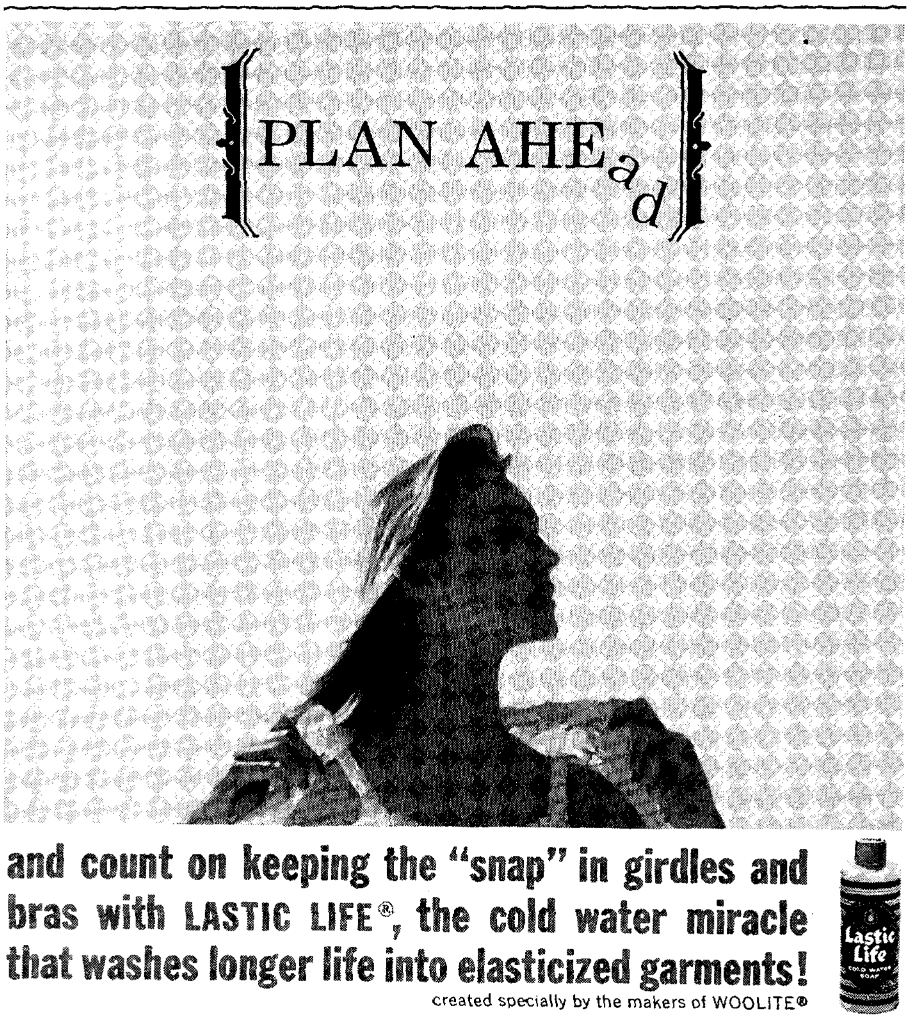
Knabe The Voice of an Artist

The incomparable tone of the Knabe piano speaks with a lyric quality that has made it first choice of leading opera stars. By every measure of performance; it's the right piano for your home.

OFFICIAL PIANO of the METROPOLITAN OPERA Since 1926

Wm. KNABE & CO. DIVISION OF AEOLIAN AMERICAN CORPORATION EAST ROCHESTER, N. Y.

New York Salon—10 East 48th Street



PLAN AHEad

and count on keeping the "snap" in girdles and bras with LASTIC LIFE®, the cold water miracle that washes longer life into elasticized garments!

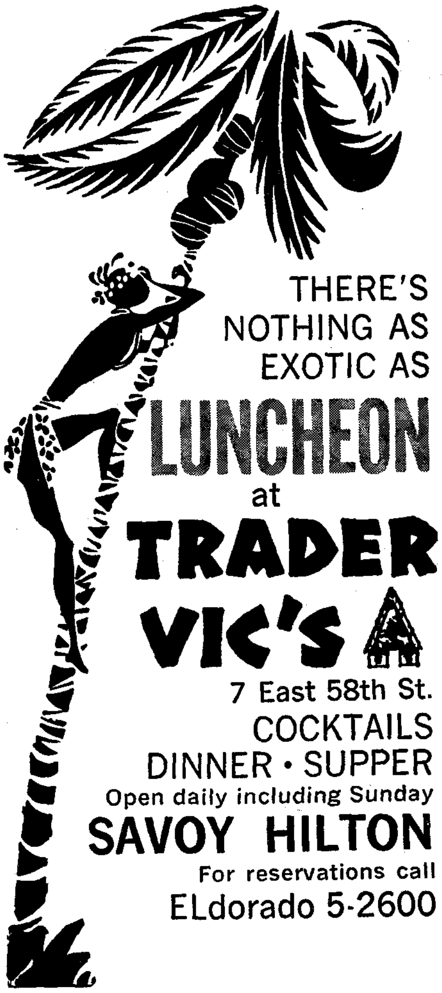
created specially by the makers of WOOLITE®

THREAD STRIPINGS

Thin, narrow-spaced stripes achieve an unusual corded effect in our new button-downs of firm broadcloth. Tailored by Gant with thread stripings of blue, black or olive on white ground. **$6.95**

Sizes 14½-16½, sleeves 32-35
Please add 45¢ per package on mail orders

Paul Stuart
18 East 45th St., N. Y. • MU 2-0320

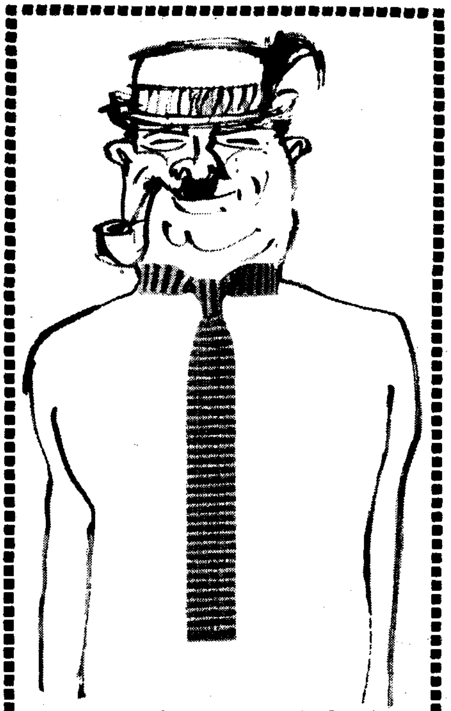


THERE'S
NOTHING AS
EXOTIC AS
LUNCHEON
at
TRADER VIC'S
7 East 58th St.
COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
Open daily including Sunday
SAVOY HILTON
For reservations call
ELdorado 5-2600

sey—which, along with the previous conversation, had been accompanied by several bottles of Saint-Émilion—I recalled Mr. Perls' remarks about Calder imitators, and asked Mr. Calder about them. "I try to ignore them," he said, yawning. "In 1953, I went to Bloomingdale's to buy a couple of steamer trunks. I'm slightly astigmatic; I saw something flitting in the distance—it was a cockeyed little mobile." At this point, he fell asleep. I brought the conversation back to a more acceptable level by telling his wife that I enjoyed seeing his Chase Manhattan mobile as I walked to work in the morning, and he woke up. He presently escorted me up a small hill to a guesthouse, where I went to bed in a room cheerful with scarlet Hudson Bay blankets from L. L. Bean, embroidered blankets from Brazil, and Oriental-textile throws.

THE following morning, after breakfast in the shade of the old grapefruit tree, Calder suggested that we visit the metal shop of Carmen Segretario, in Waterbury. First, though, we looked in at Calder's own workshop—a large, barnlike concrete structure a couple of hundred feet from the main house, where a great clutter of mobiles, models of stabiles and mobiles, red-and-black abstract Calder posters, tools, correspondence, and torn-off foreign stamps prevailed. "I give the stamps to friends' children," Calder said. He drew me a sketch of the object he was making for Brasília—a big stabile surmounted by a mobile constellation of three discs of different sizes, which he marked "R," "Bl," and "N." "Red, blue, and black," he said. " 'N' for '*noir*.' " Then he showed me a model for another stabile with a mobile element. This one, twenty feet high, was being made for Andrew Gagarin, of Litchfield, the son of a former Russian prince and now president of the Torrington Manufacturing Company, makers of fans. "Rufus Stillman, his labor-relations director, has a Breuer house full of my things," Calder said. "I've just delivered a mobile fourteen feet high and sixteen feet wide to a man in Croton. It has a center, a bar, and a big red disc, and is silhouetted against the Hudson."

I asked what had happened to the Museum of Modern Art's sixty-dollar mobile, and Calder said he didn't know. "It operated mechanically," he said. "Someone told me that Albert Einstein once spent forty minutes in front of it figuring it out. In 1946, when Sweeney was director of paintings and sculpture

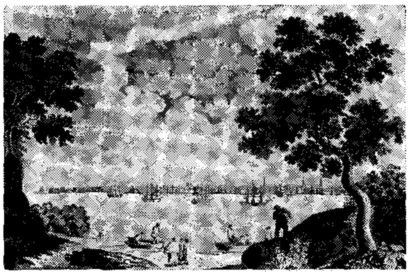


seen on the smartest chests

Dear Reader: you, of all people, should insist on *hand-loomed* wool ties. None other has the depth and individuality of color, the dimensional texture. Write for name of store nearest you that sells the "Web" $3.50.

Tucker Ties
TUCKER TIES, INC. 385 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

OLD PRINTS AND MAPS

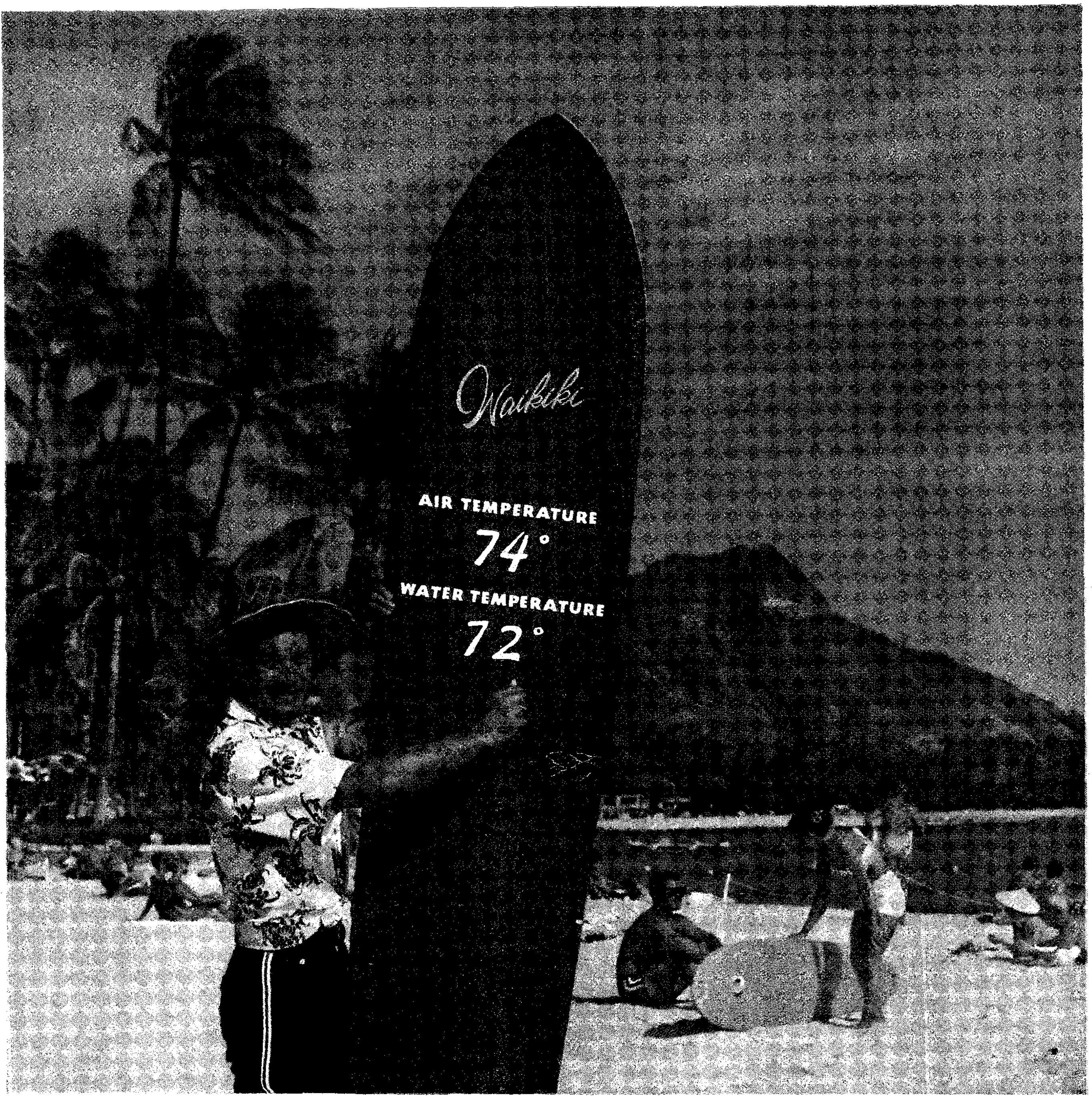


VISIT US! 1,000,001 items! Send 25c for NOVEMBER issue PORTFOLIO picturing, pricing, *describing 36 old prints, maps, oil paintings*—ALL REALLY OLD!

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. *at* 30*th* St., *New York*
Tel. MUrray Hill 3-3950 ~ Established 1898

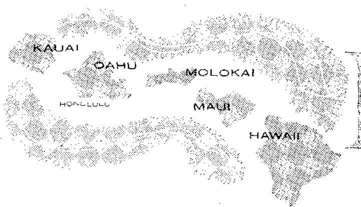
"WE'VE BEEN here in the Grand Central area for 3 decades and many original members are still members today. You've often heard about the Health Roof Club but have *you ever seen it? Be my guest.* Call me at YU 6-4747 or visit me atop 480 Lexington." WM. DORRIS BENDER.
Pres.

Lum Fong
New York's Favorite Chinese Restaurant
150 West 52 St.
authentic Chinese Food and Delicacies



Step into this winter scene at Waikiki Beach…

The sun is your partner in Hawaii! Whether you only want to stretch out under a palm tree and forget the world's problems—or indulge in a host of activities—sun and sea are willing collaborators. Here at Waikiki the ocean is perfect the year 'round for swimming, surfing, catamaran and canoe riding. The nights are soft and right for terrace dining and dancing by torchlight. Gay hotels, restaurants and night clubs rim the curving shore of Waikiki. And fascinating shops offer everything from colorful Island garments to treasures of the Orient. Along Honolulu's waterfront big liners rest beside sailing ships from far away ports and charter boats invite you to try your luck at hooking giant Marlin. Speedy inter-island planes whisk you to the romantic outer islands, Kauai, Maui, Hawaii, where life is total leisure. Call your travel agent, airline or steamship representative now and start planning your trip to Hawaii.



In the Islands of
Hawaii

4½ Hours by jet to Honolulu from the Pacific Coast or a pleasant 4½ days by ship.

HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU, 2051 Kalakaua Ave., Dept. A, Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A. • Offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco

Finish dinner... with a flourish!

After Coffee... enjoy

Bénédictine

La Grande Liqueur Francaise

Nothing so flatters your guests as serving them Benedictine. For there is only one Benedictine—the noble after-dinner liqueur made for over 400 years at Fécamp, France—the world's most distinguished liqueur.

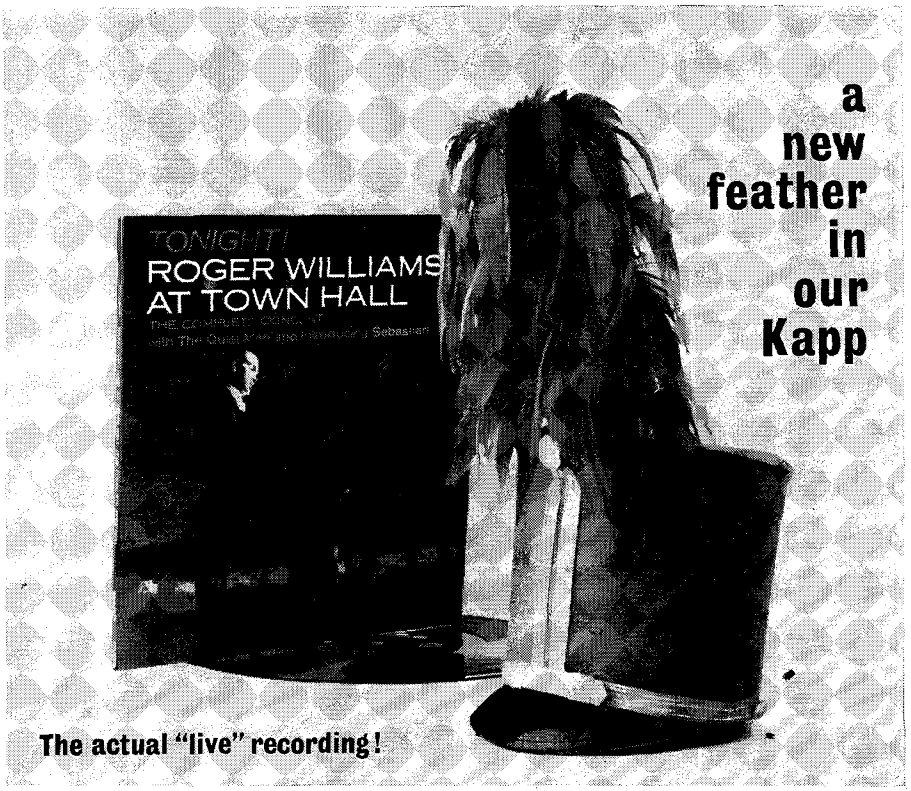
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK. 86 Proof. • Let this seal be your guide to quality

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK N.Y. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

at the Modern Museum, he asked me to make an object for its garden. His office was on the fifth floor, and he said to make it visible from there, so I made a stabile fifteen feet high with some horizontal plates visible from above. The Museum had it up for a year or two. I suppose it's in the cellar now, or wherever they rust things most quickly."

We went back to the house to say goodbye to Mrs. Calder, who was dancing a solo samba to one of her Brazilian records, and set out for Waterbury in the Plymouth. "The Waterbury Iron Works have got so busy with stairways and fire escapes that I don't use them much any more," Calder said, driving rather casually. "I've been going to Carmen, who has a smaller and quieter place, for the last two or three years. He built the UNESCO thing and he did all the pieces in the Perls show. He went to New York to help install them, and then visited the Guggenheim Museum, where I had arranged for Sweeney to let him in ahead of the waiting line. He reported that there was nothing very recent of mine there. 'Would Mr. Sweeney be angry if I wrote him about this?' he asked me. I said, 'Maybe he would. Why don't you try?' "

I asked Calder how the UNESCO job originated, and he said that he thought Marcel Breuer, a member of the International Congress of Modern Architecture, which selected the art objects for UNESCO, had been largely responsible. "The Congress invited me to make an object," he said, "and I sent over a model in 1957. I was in Paris later that year, and one evening, when I returned to my hotel, I found a *pneu* asking me to come to the UNESCO palace at ten the next morning to talk about my model. There I found fifteen guys all seated—members of the Congress, including Georges Salles, the director of the museums of France; Sir Herbert Read; and the Pakistani and Venezuelan ambassadors. They all stood up when I came in. I guess it was a tribute to me. I was rather alarmed. 'Sit down,' I said. They wanted me to make the object bigger and better. It ended up weighing two tons—the base was a ton and a half, and the top was a thousand pounds. I put it up in the summer of 1958. It's a helix; the top is a sequence of bars and plates that spiral off in decreasing size. I'd originally been allotted a spot in the back yard, where the Noguchi garden was to be. I figured Noguchi would want to make it look like Fujiyama and would put powdered sugar on it every morning to make it look snowy, so I persuaded Salles to



The actual "live" recording!

Saturday evening . . . 8:30 . . . May 14, 1960. The place: New York City's Town Hall. With his appearance at this world famous concert hall, Roger Williams adds an unforgettable chapter to his brilliant career as the most popular "Popular Pianist" of all time. Recorded in Full Theatre Sound . . . 43 of your favorite songs, including: Jalousie • Dark Eyes • Mexicali Rose • I Love You Truly • Liza • Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo • Fascination • Nola • Volare • Autumn Leaves • Brahms' Lullaby • Vaya Con Dios • Till • Near You • Almost Paradise • The Warsaw Concerto • Let's Fall In Love

2 Record Set: KXL-5008 • Stereo KX-5008(S)
Free: Send for latest full color catalog and record guide. KAPP RECORDS, 136 E. 57 St., N.Y. 22

KAPP RECORDS

Our new "Circa '70" collection looks ahead to living importance

Inspired by Old World masterpieces, our Henredon adaptations will delight you and your way of living. Designed for living, dining and bed rooms, they're crafted of inviting spice-brown native walnut veneers and solid pecan. Deck with adjustable shelves, $145 Chest, brass accents, $139

Furniture, 5th Floor
New York store only

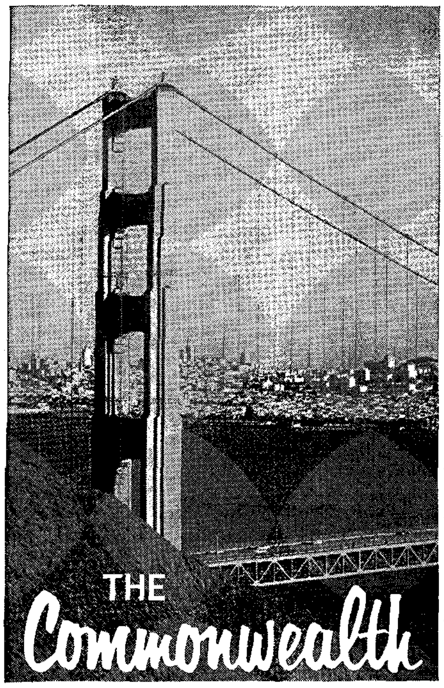
Bloomingdale's • Lexington at 59th, New York 22, N. Y. • EL 5-5900

"All this...
and
a gift, too!"

*IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

What more could we offer you? Extra conveniences in *every* one of our 200 rooms . . . a bathroom scale, a terry-cloth robe, oversize towels, large-size soap, and, of course, perfectly appointed rooms . . . *plus* a gift pack of toiletries! At the Manger Hay-Adams you enjoy a new peak in hotel hospitality. It's one of the world's finest hotels!

HOTEL
Manger Hotels
Manger Hay-Adams
Across from the White House
16th AT H STREET, N.W. • WASHINGTON, D.C.



GROUP OF MUTUAL FUNDS

for a balanced investment program
COMMONWEALTH INVESTMENT CO.
for long-term growth possibilities
COMMONWEALTH STOCK FUND
for current income
COMMONWEALTH INCOME FUND
free prospectus from your investment dealer or...
NORTH AMERICAN SECURITIES COMPANY
Russ Building • San Francisco 4
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

change my location to a place next to the big auditorium, on the Avenue de Suffren side. Breuer was afraid it would be so low that a drunk, or maybe a Russian, would swing on it, but the lowest section of the top is at least ten feet from the ground. It always amuses me to contort myself to fit the situation."

As we drove through the hills of Connecticut, I asked Calder who had invited him to contort himself for the Chase Manhattan branch at 410 Park Avenue. "Gordon Bunshaft, of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, the architects who designed the branch, proposed me to David Rockefeller," he said. "The bank's art committee hired me to do a study, and it was approved. I've done several jobs at Bunshaft's instance. He first got in touch with me in 1946, when I was in Paris, and wrote me a letter asking me to do an object for the Terrace Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati, a Skidmore building that opened in 1948. The hotel—now the Terrace Hilton—is on top of a department store, and I made a mobile fourteen feet across for its lobby. I understand that people there now say, 'I'll meet you under that thing.'"

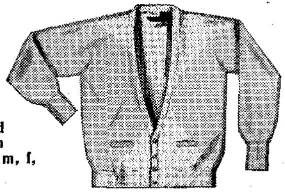
Looking poker-faced, Mr. Calder went on to say that Mr. Bunshaft had also proposed him to the Port of New York Authority for the Idlewild job, which is in a Skidmore building, and that following the Chase's Park Avenue assignment its art committee (whose members include Bunshaft, Rockefeller, and a number of museum directors and curators) had requested him to make a study for an object for the outdoor plaza of the bank's new downtown headquarters, now nearing completion. "I sent down a seventeen-inch model for a forty-foot-high stabile," he said, "but I understand it hasn't been presented yet. The committee is waiting for two studies by other sculptors. I wrote David Rockefeller a letter telling him to hurry up, and marked it 'Urgent,' but I haven't heard from him."

We pulled up at Mr. Segretario's shop, at 2019 South Main Street, under a sign reading "Segre's Iron Works, Certified Welder, Steel Fabrications." The shop was part of a building that also included a gift shop called Candlelite Gifts, and Mr. Calder explained that this was owned by Mr. Segretario's wife, Andromache. "She is Greek and he is Italian," he said. We entered the metal shop, where, in a welter of railings, trusses, and joists, an unfinished stabile stood on the floor. "Hi, Sandy,"

IN GAY MONTREAL
Hotel Queen Elizabeth

A visit to this "Little Paris in North America" is just like a trip abroad. It's close to the Laurentians and everything you want to see and do. You'll enjoy The Queen Elizabeth, Montreal's newest hotel, each room with television and radio. Direct indoor passageway to our own garage, rail and airline terminals.

FREE GARAGE • FAMILY PLAN
Single from $9 • Double from $13
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL
HILTON CARTE BLANCHE RESERVATION
OFFICE - LONGACRE 3-6900 IN N. Y. C.
or any Hilton Hotel
A CNR HOTEL — OPERATED BY HILTON INTERNATIONAL



Milton's
CLASSIC
CARDIGANS
Full-fashioned finest English imports. Sizes s, m, l, & xl or 38-46

1. Brush Shetland imported from Scotland. Most luxurious. Heathers in light blue, light olive or light tan. Char heathers in burgundy, green, blue, gray, olive or gold $21.95
2. Fine lambswool from Nottingham, England in same color tones as #1 .... $19.95

Mail orders filled in 48 hours . . . add 50c postage
If charge account desired, please state credit card number, business and bank references.
FREE on request: New 1961 Traditional Fashion Guide for Men and Women

Milton's
Clothing Cupboard
Chapel Hill, N. C. and
798 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

PETER'S
BACKYARD
RESTAURANT

STEAKS • CHOPS
SEAFOOD
Charcoal Broiled before your eyes.
Open Every Day
DINNER•SUPPER
Daily 4 pm-Midnite
Sun & Hol from 2 pm
64 W. 10th St., N.Y.C.
GR 3-4476

Choose from England's Finest Toys, Models, Crafts and Hobby Gifts

Free colorful, idea-packed 1960 TRI-ANG Christmas Catalogue features different and exciting gift suggestions for all ages—priced from $1.00 to $100.00. Name it, you'll find it... and many you've never even thought of!

Yours for just "Please" on a postcard to
Box Y9, WOODROW LAKE, LTD.,
236 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

WOODROW LAKE Ltd.
One of America's largest exclusively *mail order toy and hobby retailers*

a young man in a green uniform with "Gil" and "Segre's" in red letters on the jacket said, and Calder introduced me to Gil White, a Segre, or Segretario, assistant. "A guy in Milford first cut the metal with a saw," Calder said, indicating the stabile. "Here they grind it down—smooth it, where it was rough from the saw. It's just like what tailors do, only much more manly."

Looking manly, Mr. White gave us a demonstration; a terrific splutter of sparks ensued, like a Roman candle.

Mr. Segretario came in from an interior door leading to Candlelite Gifts, and Calder introduced us. "Carmen was an instructor in welding in the Army during the war, and went to India and China," he said. "I've become his helper; he's doing the work."

"Sandy does all the figuring," Mr. Segretario said. "He works right in here with us. He gets a sledge hammer and works with me and Gil. He keeps right up with us. It's tough to work with a sledge."

"I keep on these guys' tails," Calder said.

"The more you do this sort of work, the more you love it," Mr. Segretario said. "It's much more interesting than railings and fire escapes. The first Calder we did was a stabile for Eliot Noyes, an architect in New Canaan. I'd seen the Idlewild mobile when it was being made in the Waterbury Iron Works, a few blocks from here, so I knew a little about Sandy's work. We took the things for the Perls show down in our own trucks, and Sandy and a couple of our men bolted them together."

"One of the New York critics said they were riveted, but they're bolted," Mr. Calder said.

Mr. Segretario said that he had three Calders at home—two mobiles and a small stabile—and Mr. White remarked that he, too, owned a Calder mobile. Mrs. Segretario joined us and invited me to inspect her gift shop. "I'm surprised that the Guggenheim Museum doesn't have a big Calder mobile right in the entrance," her husband said as he followed her, Calder, and me into Candlelite Gifts. "The place is dead without a beautiful Calder mobile there. The Museum is not really complete."

"Just think of the commotion it would cause if they had a big mobile right where you come in," Mrs. Segretario said. "The day we were there, so many people were talking about Sandy's two small mobiles that *are* on display. But they're not in the entrance."

After affectionate farewells between

Each bottle of Maker's Mark is sealed by hand with old-fashioned red sealing wax. We hope it suggests the

The bottle that waxed eloquent

Maker's
Mark
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKY

Softest Spoken of the Bourbons

care and craft that go into making this round-flavored, yet remarkably soft-spoken whisky.

You see, there is a rather different kind of story behind Maker's Mark. Bill Samuels, a fourth-generation Kentucky distiller, left the mass-producing liquor industry and did what others only dream about. He revived a tiny old distillery . . . he shook off all considerations but flavor and character to make a truly individual old style sour mash bourbon. His personal "maker's mark" signifies Bill Samuels' satisfaction with the whisky in each bottle.

And how does the rest of the world like it? Red-wax-sealed bottles in the most notable bars and package stores speak eloquently of that, and discriminating drinkers write and even phone from all over to convey their appreciation to Bill. You really must try Maker's Mark.

Maker's Mark®

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Old Style Sour Mash Whisky • Ninety Proof • Distilled and bottled by the Star Hill Distilling Company, Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky.

"Better design
and an excellent pipe—
contribute to the
satisfaction of
today's living"
says Paul McCobb,
Noted Industrial Designer

More and more of America's leaders are discovering this most luxurious tobacco you can smoke. A *natural* blend of finest White Burleys, Golden Flake and rare, red Virginia, cut Cavendish. No added aromatics. Try Executive Mixture . . . in the exclusive heat-sealed, wrap-around pouch.

Edgeworth
Executive Mixture

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH

Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va. • Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

It's all in the finder!

Yashica Lynx

diaphragm-shutter-coupled electric eye and 1/1000th second shutter

New 35mm camera lets you 'see' the correct exposure as you sight and focus through the finder. You simply adjust the lens diaphragm or shutter 'til the exposure needle in the finder is centered—and shoot. Other features include: automatic parallax correction, flash shutter. 1 sec. to 1/1000th and self-timer. Only $99.95 (case $12.50) at photo dealers, or write:

YASHICA INC. 234 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1, N.Y.
In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., Montreal 8, P.Q.

the museum of modern art appointment calendar

28 superb photographs of sculpture from the Museum Collection.
A unique three-cover publication that makes a useful and distinguished gift. Can be converted into a permanent book on modern sculpture at year's end by removing one cover and used calendar pages.
Price $3.00 plus .30 postage (.50 west of Mississippi)

The Museum of Modern Art
21 West 53 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

name

address

enclosed $..............for............calendars

the Segretarios and Mr. Calder, we drove off. I was to have lunch with a friend in the neighborhood before going back to New York, and Mr. Calder dropped me at a garage in Hotchkissville, where my car had been repaired. I had brought my bag with me, and I put it in the car and then asked for the bill. "It's been charged to me," Mr. Calder said.

I began to remonstrate, and another customer, who had overheard the conversation, waved at me to shut up. "Calder's a rich man," he said.

Mr. Segretario's helper looked pleased at this tribute, and as I got into my car, after thanking him for his hospitality and generosity, he was still smiling. —Geoffrey T. Hellman

●

New York—The Wool Bureau in its new campaign is putting the emphasis not on selling the end product but on an attitude toward the product—and the attitude is that "wool is the mark of good breeding, instinctively right at any moment," to quote the ads. Magazines and coop newspaper ads will be used.

Research proves, the bureau points out, that in the consumer's opinion wool is the superior fiber. Furthermore, the synthetics themselves pay wool the compliment of aspiring to have the look, the touch, the feel of wool, "the real thing."

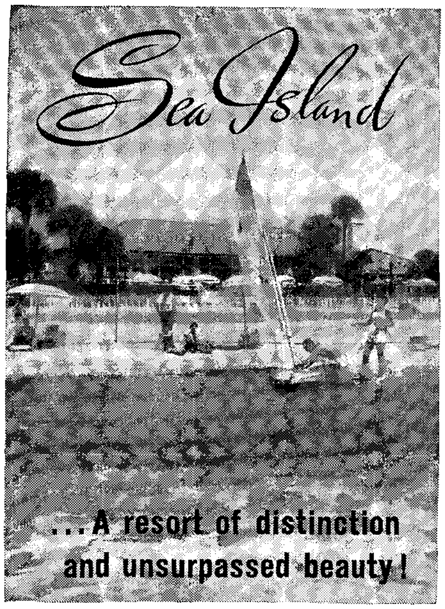
To propagate an awareness of wool's leadership, the agency, Hockaday Associates, has developed a campaign based on the premise that "the people one admires, the people who keep their values, who know what's real and what isn't, are also the people who like wool."

The campaign is a series of color spreads dominated by a page-and-a-half photograph picturing the woman or man who is the subject of the ad—a Broadway actress, an architect, a diplomat, a Bucks County housewife, etc. A definite personality has been worked out for the character in each ad, and each ad has been tailored to the magazine in which it will appear.

The copy starts out in large type with a two-word come-on: "Daphne knows," or "Maggie knows," "Philip knows," etc. The copy then sums up the "knowing" qualities of the person in the ad, and ends up bringing in the person's preference for wool.

For example, one ad picturing a natty equestrienne, reads: "Millicent knows . . . she's the only person on a Locust Valley weekend who can change the conversation from horses to women. Incredibly nonchalant, she really plays it to the hilt. Wears only wool, pure and beautiful. Wool stable jacket, marvelous to touch, with little hidden lights of russet. Wool shirt, high to the face, the one house guests love to borrow, hate to return. Wool walking skirt caught with burrs, moving in wind. Sees wool as a mark of good breeding, instinctively right at any given moment."—*Advertising Age.*

In bed, counts only sheep that are purebred.



Miles of private beach and attractive Club. Tennis, fishing, riding, lawn sports, orchestra nightly and *27 holes of championship golf.*

REASONABLE AMERICAN PLAN RATES
Completely Air-Conditioned • Rental Homes

THE CLOISTER
Sea Island • Georgia

WRITE DIRECT FOR BOOKLET W. SEE TRAVEL AGENT OR NEW YORK RESERVATION OFFICE, 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, TEL. CIRCLE 5-8055

When You Rent or Buy a Wheel Chair

. . . be sure you get the model best suited to the patient. It's important! Everest & Jennings' sturdy, lightweight folding wheel chairs come with many special features — adjustable leg rests, full or semi-reclining backs, removable arms. We'll help with suggestions.

505 East 116th St., New York 29

Scully-Walton
TRafalgar 6-6100
Branches in Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens, Westchester
PRIVATE AMBULANCE & OXYGEN THERAPY SERVICE

86th ST. Brauhaus
GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
YODELING • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
IMPORTED BEERS ON DRAUGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd-3rd) LE 4-9840

Gaston
SUPERB CUISINE
FABULOUS WINE CELLAR
48 E. 49 ST., N.Y.C. ■ PLaza 5-4285

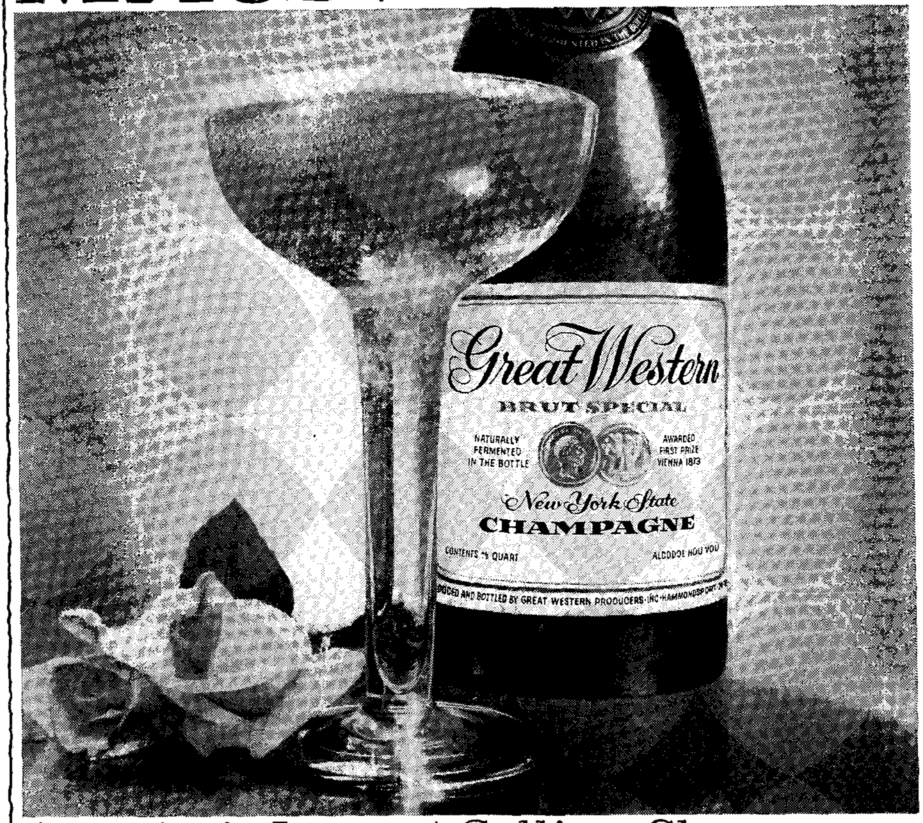
THE RACE TRACK

Big Berlo

THE Horse of the Week Club herewith makes its selection for Filly of the Year. It's Berlo. As you probably know, she won the ninetieth running of the Ladies Handicap at Belmont Park the other afternoon, showing the same zip and go she'd shown in the Beldame. What's more, in the Ladies, which is at a mile and a half, she carried 124 pounds and gave from three to nineteen pounds actual weight to the twelve other starters, which is rather a feat for a three-year-old. For half the race, she was about the same distance behind Tempted, who set the pace, as she had been in the Beldame, and even when she turned off the backstretch, Guerin, who rode her, didn't begin to move. Then, three furlongs from home, he gave her her head and she skipped around the leaders to an easy triumph. For the record, Woodlawn and Who's Ahead came up in the stretch to be second and third. After the race, Guerin remarked that it was like riding Native Dancer once more, that he was the only horse who picked up his field the way Berlo does. It was her seventh victory in nine starts, and her last appearance this season, for William du Pont, Jr., who owns her, has announced that she is going back to the farm for a well-deserved rest. This is, if I may say so, a commendable decision. A lot of owners and trainers I won't name would have run her against Bald Eagle and Sword Dancer in the Man o' War this weekend (and you'd be surprised how many people believe she would have beaten those colts) or in the Jockey Club Gold Cup next Saturday at Aqueduct. Either one would have been a gruelling race for her. Besides, she's such a spanking filly—she stands sixteen hands two inches, weighs more than a thousand pounds, and girths seventy-four and a half inches—that a winter in idleness will give her time to catch up with her growth. Incidentally, few racers girth more than Berlo. Even Bald Eagle is two and a half inches smaller, and he's regarded as a big horse.

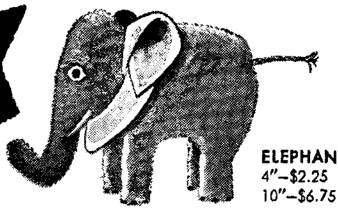
BELMONT last week was as pleasant as it was interesting, the Indian-summer weather showing the place up in

For Over a Century...
MAGNIFICENT


Great Western
BRUT SPECIAL
NATURALLY FERMENTED IN THE BOTTLE
AWARDED FIRST PRIZE VIENNA 1873
New York State
CHAMPAGNE

America's Largest Selling Champagne
GREAT WESTERN PRODUCERS • INC • HAMMONDSPORT • N • Y • ESTABLISHED THE YEAR 1860

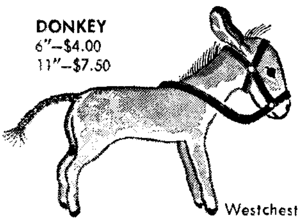
Headquarters Of The
"Little People's Party"



ELEPHANT
4"—$2.25
10"—$6.75

F. A. O. Schwarz, unanimous choice year after year of children everywhere, nominates these 2 lovable vote-getters as sure-to-win with even the youngest "Young Republican or Democrat" in your house. The delightful stuffed animal miniatures are fashioned of durable plush . . . by Steiff, of course. Select a candidate soon from the fabulous Schwarz collection for your "little folks back home."

DONKEY
6"—$4.00
11"—$7.50



F A O SCHWARZ
World's Greatest Toy Store
745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York • Murray Hill 8-2200
Westchester, N. Y. • Boston, Mass. • Ardmore, Pa. • Atlanta, Ga. • Cleveland, Ohio

Crystal
Frigid-tube Pitcher, $13

Tube holds the ice, therefore the perfect way to chill your favorite drink without diluting. A boon when drinks are to be prepared in advance! And so attractive, with its scattering of cut stars, its gleaming chromium no-drip top. 2½-qt. cap.

Mail and phone orders filled—ST 4-5625

Plummer LTD. Fifth Avenue at 57th St. New York 19
WESTCHESTER—WHITE PLAINS ROAD AT WILMOT

A Plummer Specialty

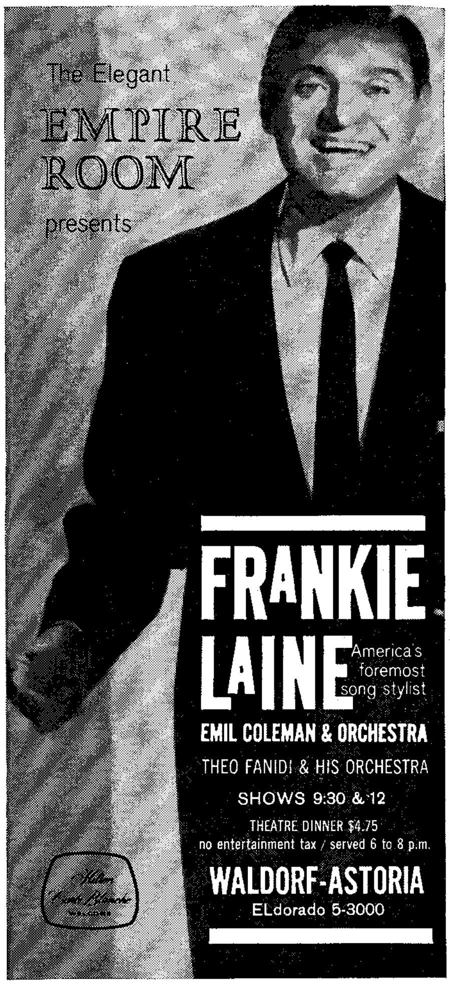
one of its delightful guises. I must say, though, that the Champagne Stakes on Saturday was unsatisfactory to everybody except Louis Wolfson, whose Roving Minstrel and Garwol ran one, two, and to the horseplayers who bet on them. Carry Back, the favorite, refused to leave the starting gate until the eight other colts were well on their way; Beau Prince tired badly; and Globemaster failed again. Let's skip the others. Bronzerullah led for three-quarters of the mile, and then Roving Minstrel overhauled him, barely nosing out Garwol in the process. Roving Minstrel, a rangy bay colt by Count Flame out of Video Queen, is, I believe, the most expensive racer ever bred in Florida. Mr. Wolfson paid $80,000 for him last winter and agreed to give the Ocala Stud, where he was bred, an additional $10,000 from each of his first two purses, so to date he has cost $90,000. Mr. Wolfson is already ahead on the deal, since first money in the Champagne was $106,310.

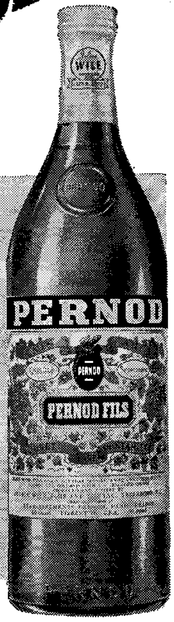
As was generally expected, Kelso won the Hawthorne Gold Cup at Chicago last weekend with the greatest of ease, coming in five lengths ahead of Heroshogala and On-and-On over a muddy track. Dotted Swiss was last, not far behind T. V. Lark; both, I fancy, miss California. Kelso's next outing will probably be for the Jockey Club Gold Cup. . . . Little Tumbler also came through in fine style last weekend, leading all the way in the seven-furlong Alcibiades Stakes at Keeneland in Kentucky. . . . Nearer home, there were some surprises. At Garden State Park, a colt named Sutler beat a dozen other three-year-olds in the Benjamin Franklin Handicap and paid $128.40 in the mutuels. Earlier in the afternoon at the same track, Rose Bower, winner of the Matron Stakes at Belmont and the Princess Pat at Arlington Park, finished out of the money in a trial gallop for this Saturday's Gardenia Stakes. The winner was the Brookmeade Stable's Bowl of Flowers, but she wasn't as much of a staggerer for the talent as Sutler, since her form had been first-rate. . . . And while we're on the subject, Winston Guest, the old polo hand, brought one off at Belmont on Saturday with his Pier Capponi, an Italian runner—25–1 and your money back. —Audax Minor

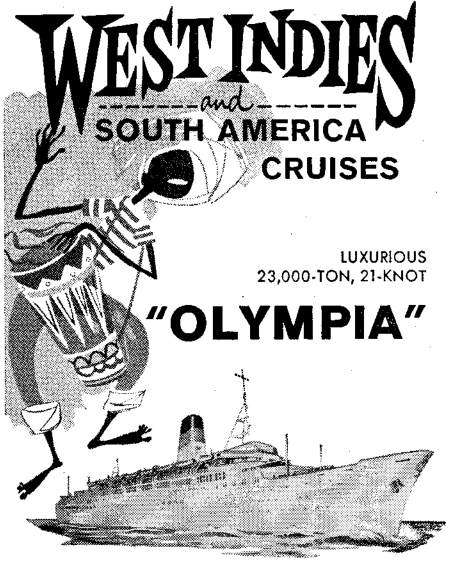
•

The Sea of Galilee is fished as it was in Jesus' day—with the aid of an outboard motor.—*Look.*

Noted.


The Elegant
EMPIRE ROOM
presents
FRANKIE LAINE America's foremost song stylist
EMIL COLEMAN & ORCHESTRA
THEO FANIDI & HIS ORCHESTRA
SHOWS 9:30 & 12
THEATRE DINNER $4.75
no entertainment tax / served 6 to 8 p.m.
WALDORF-ASTORIA
ELdorado 5-3000


le bon mot est PERNOD®
ENJOY PERNOD IN MANY WAYS!
Pernod "On the Rocks"
Pernod "Highball"
Pernod "Frappe"
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.
Let this seal be your guide to quality.
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. MADE IN U. S. A. FROM GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, ANISE, AND OTHER FLAVORS, SUGAR, AND COLORED WITH U. S. CERTIFIED COLORS, 90 AND 100 PROOF.


WEST INDIES and SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES
LUXURIOUS 23,000-TON, 21-KNOT "OLYMPIA"
PUERTO RICO · VIRGIN ISLANDS · GRENADA · TRINIDAD
VENEZUELA · CURACAO · JAMAICA · HAITI · NASSAU
FROM NEW YORK
DEC. 23, 1960 • 17 DAYS, 9 PORTS • $375 up
JAN. 10, 1961 • 13 DAYS, 6 PORTS • $295 up
Free Port shopping . . . top Continental cuisine by Europe's finest chefs. Complete program by highly-experienced Cruise Staff. Air conditioned dining, theatre, lounges, 2 swimming pools . . . accommodations LIMITED to about half ship's normal capacity.
see your TRAVEL AGENT
GREEK LINE
NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND
DETROIT • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO
MONTREAL • TORONTO • VANCOUVER

MONZO SANTA ASOLA
Beef sauced and spiced with the broad Italian hand of La Cuccine Siciliana . . . which proves it sometimes does not pay to be too subtle. Served with steamed rice and tossed green salad. $1.95
Lunch from 11, Dinner 5-10, Supper till 1 A.M.
Sunday Brunch 11-4
COOKERY Lafayette
UNIVERSITY PLACE AT EIGHTH STREET

YOUR POSTMASTER SUGGESTS:
—Avoid the avalanche of last minute holiday mailings!—to assure prompt delivery of all Christmas parcels and greeting cards before the holiday—
—MAIL EARLY!—
"FOR DISTANT OUT-OF-TOWN POINTS, MAIL BY DECEMBER 10, 1960"
"FOR DELIVERY IN YOUR LOCAL AREA, MAIL BEFORE DECEMBER 16, 1960"
OFFICE OF THE POSTMASTER
NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

AMERICA'S FOREMOST SEAFOOD HOUSE
The ONE and ONLY King of the Sea
and his Royal Family of Fish
YOUR HOST, ADOLPH FLASHNER
3rd Ave., near 53rd St.
AIR CONDITIONED • EL 5-9309

MUSICAL EVENTS

Strauss Rampant

IT has long been fashionable to maintain that the later operas of Richard Strauss—those that followed "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Ariadne auf Naxos"—represent a decline in his creative vigor, and only since we have begun to hear them more often have we come to realize that this generalization is not altogether applicable. True, some of these later works, like "Daphne" and "Capriccio," are short and, from the theatrical standpoint, wispy—reflecting a disparity between the mammoth machinery of the Straussian orchestra and the rather slender dramatic themes that it is called upon to illustrate; others, like "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," are bedevilled by overcomplicated librettos that are not very effective on the stage. From the musical standpoint, however, these operas contain magnificent moments when the full power of Strauss's unique magic as a composer in this field is still to be felt. It is as though the aging German master, secure in the possession of one of the most brilliant techniques in the history of operatic writing, had decided to relax from the insistent virility that characterized "Salome," "Elektra," and "Der Rosenkavalier" and work playfully in an idiom in which drama could be relegated to second place and music used for its own sake. The mastery of the orchestra and of the human voice, which Strauss possessed in a degree unapproached by any subsequent composer, persists in these works, and though few of them are likely to join the ranks of the operatic best-sellers, their beauty will always be appreciated by the discriminating listener.

On Monday evening of last week, in Town Hall, Thomas Scherman and the Little Orchestra Society presented a concert performance of "Daphne" that constituted, except for a preview a few days before in Brooklyn, its first American hearing. The work turned out to be a trifle static as a drama, its plot being one of the numerous variations on the Greek myth about Apollo and the maiden who was loved by him and transformed by him into a tree—a slight story, presented, without any sophisticated overtones, more as a poem than

BRITISH AMERICAN HOUSE

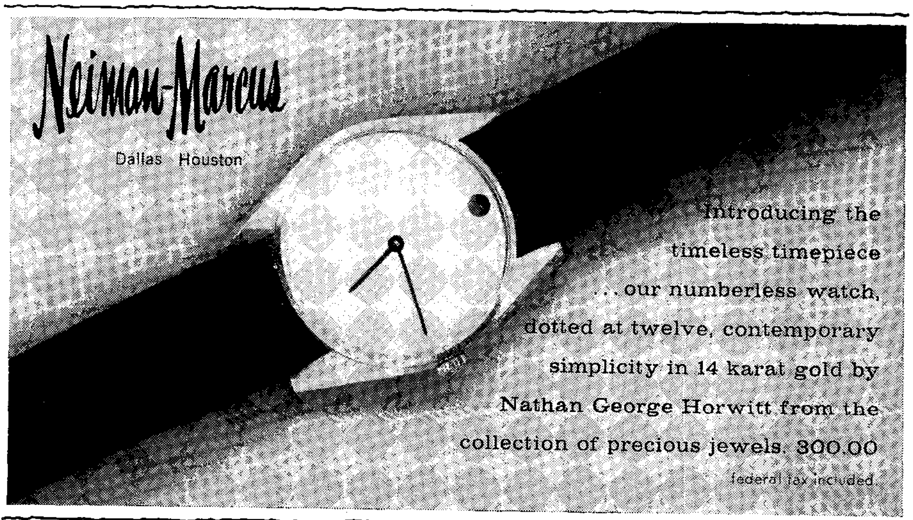
THEY LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE

these spirited topcoats—raincoats

His: Famous Aquascutum trenchcoat (showerproof) in West of England glen plaid worsteds **$135.** other trenchcoats $65 to $125

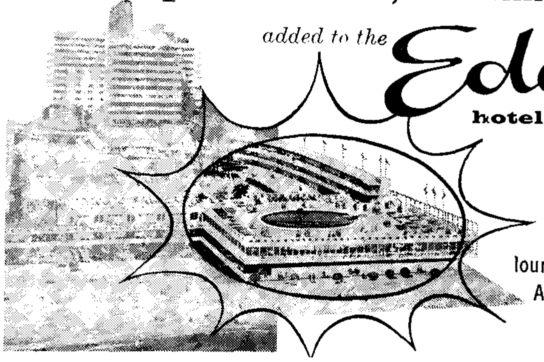
Hers: Fashion's Newest! Showerproof Wool Jersey laminated to SCOTT FOAM for cold weather protection—It breathes. In red, black and brass **$35.**

200 FIFTH AVENUE at 23rd STREET, NEW YORK CITY



Neiman-Marcus
Dallas Houston

Introducing the timeless timepiece ... our numberless watch, dotted at twelve, contemporary simplicity in 14 karat gold by Nathan George Horwitt from the collection of precious jewels. 300.00
federal tax included



Masterpiece! Now, A Brilliant New Sun Colony

added to the Eden Roc
hotel, cabana & yacht club

Three levels at ocean's edge, with 10,000 more square feet of pool deck, a second Olympic pool, and a spectacular new glass-enclosed dining room and lounge...with a view of the ocean and park. All this—added to the Eden Roc's famous service, warm hospitality, celebrated cuisine and unsurpassed entertainment!

Write for photo brochure; see your Travel Agent
HARRY MUFSON, Pres.

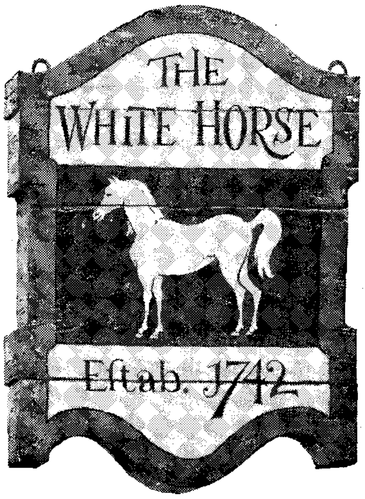
N.Y. PL 1-3460

See you at Eden Roc!

OCEANFRONT • 45th TO 47th STREETS • MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

For your home bar...

Authentic Reproduction of Famous Old Inn Sign



$15 sign resembles $600 originals, $150 reproductions. Novel idea for bar, rumpus room, den. Authentic, full-color reproduction of two-centuries old sign that marked the White Horse Cellar, Edinburgh's most prominent coaching Inn, frequented by such notables as Sir Walter Scott, James Boswell, Robert Burns.

This beautiful, hand-finished, antiqued sign – only $15 (18" x 25½"), $7.50 (10¾" x 15"), complete with eyelets for hanging.

Check, money order, cash: I. S. M. Dept. **N-10**, P. O. Box 2180, N. Y. 17, N. Y. Allow two weeks for delivery.

KETTLE COVE
ORANGE SLICES
in orange syrup

KETTLE COVE
FRESH LEMON SLICES
in Lemon Syrup
KETTLE COVE INDUSTRIES INC. ★ MANCHESTER, MASS.

KETTLE COVE
FRESH LIME SLICES
in lime syrup
KETTLE COVE INDUSTRIES INC. ★ MANCHESTER, MASS.

KETTLE COVE
FRESH MINT SYRUP
Base for Mint Juleps—try it on ice cream
KETTLE COVE INDUSTRIES INC. ★ MANCHESTER, MASS.

KETTLE COVE
KETTLE COVE

"BAR-JARS"
from **KETTLE COVE**

MIXING DELECTABLES
that make any drink
curiously better . .
We do the work,
you simply spoon.

For quick-as-a-wink drinks try

ORANGE SLICES IN ORANGE SYRUP
ambrosia to an old-fashioned

LEMON SLICES IN LEMON SYRUP
grand with gin or vodka

LIME SLICES IN LIME SYRUP
uncommonly good with rum

MINT FOR JULEPS
a perfect julep made in seconds

4 11 ounce jars . . . $4.95 ppd.

Available
at better food stores
or order direct.
Write for free catalog.

KETTLE COVE INDUSTRIES, INC.
MANCHESTER 21 MASSACHUSETTS

as an opera libretto. But the music, which is extremely subtle, compensates for these faults, providing a sort of commentary that is rich in both passion and atmosphere. The voice—and particularly the female voice, as is always the case in Strauss opera—is treated with affection and an uncanny appreciation of its ability to convey emotion, and the orchestra is used brilliantly, weaving one of those intricate webs of sound which at first hearing disclose a wealth of detail that only further hearings can completely penetrate.

I wish the work had been better performed. Though I admire Mr. Scherman's enterprise in producing it, I found the playing of his orchestra frequently rough and dull. Gloria Davy, singing the title role, gave the best performance I have heard from her to date, tackling the frighteningly difficult stratospheric passages with aplomb and only an occasional evidence of strain, and Florence Kopleff, as Daphne's mother, Gaea, was quite magnificent in a part that seems to descend almost to the baritone register, but Jon Crain, as Apollo, was a little strident, and Robert Nagy, as Leukippos (Daphne's ill-fated human lover), was merely adequate.

The first half of the evening's program was filled out with Mozart's Adagio and Fugue for Strings, K. 546, and Liszt's Rhapsodie Espagnole, a delightfully shameless bit of old-fashioned bravura music, in which the young American pianist Ivan Davis played the solo part with great authority and a fine display of technical fireworks.

NO explanations or qualifications are required in writing about "Der Rosenkavalier," which was revived by the New York City Opera Company on Wednesday night. It is Strauss at his most eloquent and his most theatrically effective, and it has, of course, become one of the most popular operas in the repertory. The striking feature of this performance was a new Baron Ochs—an American singer named James Pease, who, to my mind, set several fresh standards in the interpretation of this role. Mr. Pease sang and acted the Baron very subtly, presenting him not as the loud oaf we are accustomed to but as the down-at-the-heels aristocrat he really is. His voice was perhaps not quite as smooth as that of Mr. Otto Edelmann, who has become the current international champion in this role—from Vienna and Salzburg to the Metropolitan—but his characterization of the part was more searching, and, like his great predecessors Richard

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Sweet 'n Spicy

Heinz
Savory Sauce
lends a
zesty tang
to beef, pork,
lamb or veal.

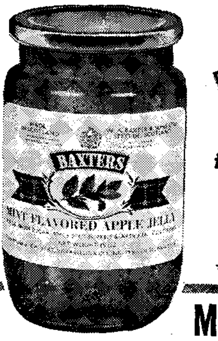
HEINZ 57
HEINZ 57
Savory SAUCE
FOR MEAT AND FISH

57

This rich, full-bodied
sauce follows a
treasured Heinz recipe
long famous in England.

HEINZ
Savory Sauce

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★



One of
BAXTERS
Fine Foods from Scotland

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

MINT JELLY

The original Baxter product, with thousands of minute Mint Leaves dispersed throughout — the perfect accompaniment to Meat and Game.

Available at Fine Food Stores

IMPORTED SOLELY BY
CALVERT, VAVASSEUR & CO., INC.
19 RECTOR ST., NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

COOKING CLASSES

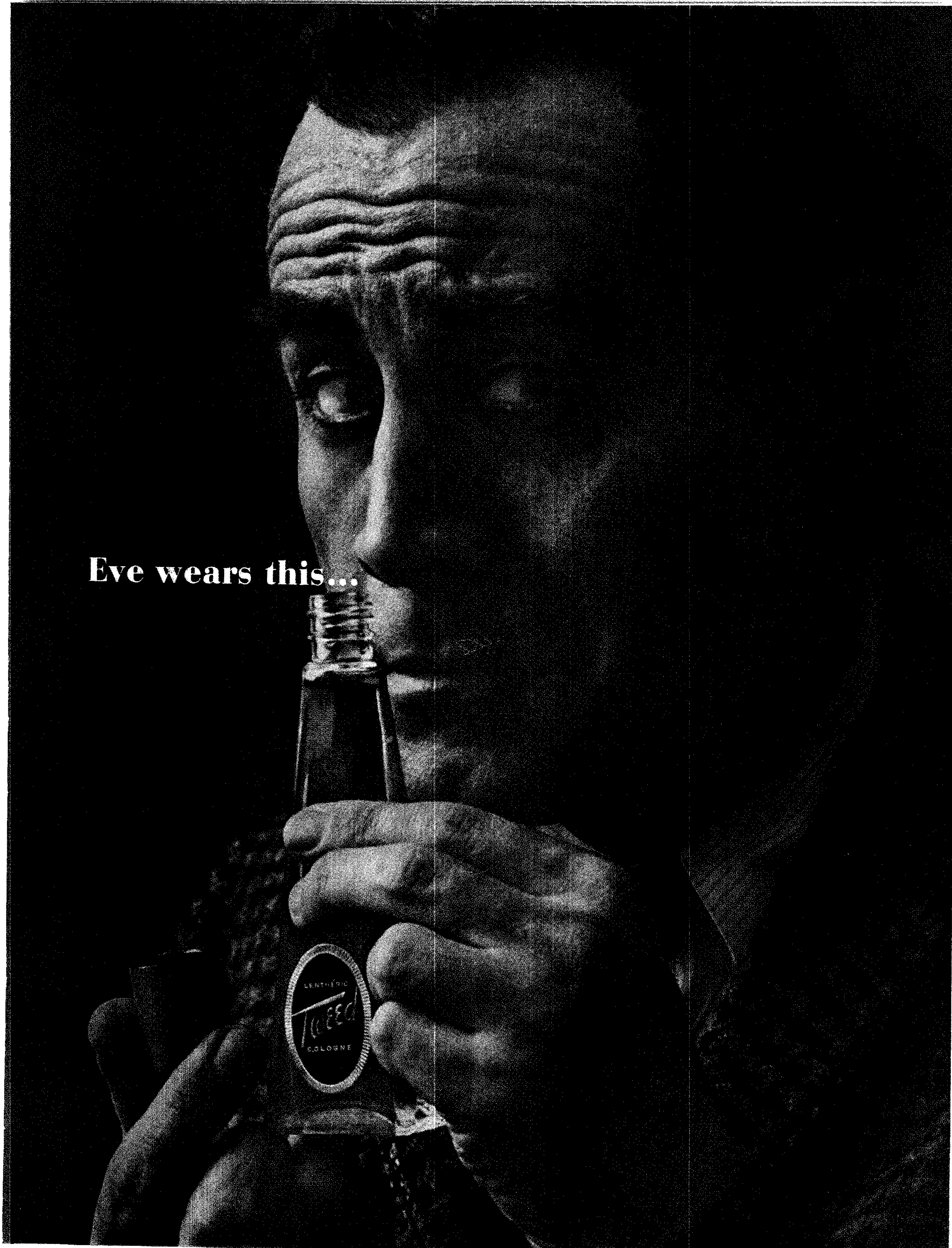
Ann Roe Robbins* re-opens school in Manhattan • American and International cuisine • Beginners and advanced • Classes limited to 6 • Pupils do all cooking • Call TRafalgar 3-6124

**author of "How to Cook Well"*

新雅酒家

The house of quality food for the Epicurean
1341 THIRD AVE.
at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886
Carte Blanche, Diner's and
American Express

SUN YAH


Eve wears this...
LENTHÉRIC
TWEED
COLOGNE

TWEED

COLOGNE	$2 TO $5
PERFUME	$2.75 TO $14
TOILET WATER MIST	$2.25 TO $3.50

BY LENTHÉRIC

PARIS, NEW YORK

Quality runs in the family

IN THE NEW, CLEAR BOTTLE
FIVE STAR
THE FLAVOR THAT IS
STANDARD THE WORLD OVER

IN THE WORLD'S
MOST FAMOUS BOTTLE
PINCH
THE SOVEREIGN SCOTCH

HAIG & HAIG
PINCH
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
HAIG & HAIG FIVE STAR

Both from the House of Haig...the oldest Scotch whisky distillers, founded in 1627.

Don't be Vague...ask for Haig & Haig ■ BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF, RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Mayr and Emanuel List, he sang all the comic low notes Strauss wrote, which is something Mr. Edelmann does not do. Altogether, Mr. Pease's impersonation was a joy to watch as well as listen to, and it contained many a neat psychological touch (such as the Baron's fainting at the sight of blood on his hand following the duel scene) that is passed over perfunctorily in most performances. The cast also included Anne McKnight, who sang the role of the Marschallin with great promise, though I thought she lacked the regal presence that the Marschallin should have; Frances Bible, who is always close to ideal as Octavian; Judith Raskin, who, as Sophie, did quite well with a somewhat small voice; and Chester Ludgin, who made von Faninal into a more impressive figure than usual. The staging, by Ralph Herbert, was broad, ingenious, and highly amusing, and if at times it seemed a bit boisterous, this can be attributed to the cramped nature of the City Center's stage, which is overcrowded by more than a few rollicking actions at a time. Julius Rudel conducted the performance very ably. His orchestral resources were, of course, smaller than those afforded by a large opera house, and the elegance and splendor of volume that one gets in a full-scale production were therefore inevitably lacking. Nevertheless, this "Der Rosenkavalier" had enough good points to make a thoroughly enjoyable evening, and its general high quality in the face of the mechanical limitations was nothing short of a triumph.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*Résumé in Publishers' Weekly of a forthcoming novel*]

FOR INNOCENTS ONLY
RICHARD DOHRMAN. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN, $4.75

A melodramatic account of another troubled marriage. In this case, the wife has been released from a sanitarium after four years of mental illness. She is horrified to find that her husband wants to marry another woman. She is able, however, to save her marriage, but not until she and her errant mate have been drawn more closely together by the murder of their daughter.

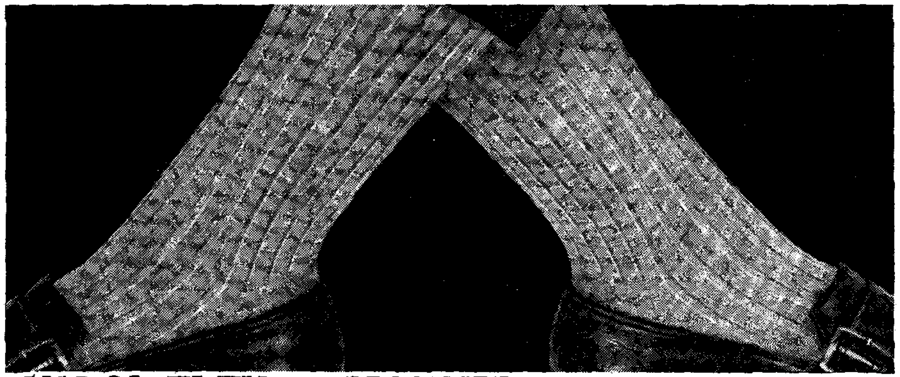
•

CHILDREN'S BOXER. Very gentle. "Duke of Dannell." A.K.C. Pedigree. Male, 18 mos. Housebroken. Ears, tail clipped. All shots. $45. DA 4-1420 after 6. If little girl answers, hang up.—*Stamford (Conn.) Shopper.*

We know. It's the Duke, *imitating* a little girl.

The Rendez-Vous is so romantic...it's downright dangerous.

Maybe it's the music. Maximillian Bergere's orchestra caresses "Dardanella." The violin of Nicolas D'Amico sobs gypsy melodies. Waiters wince as delicious Flaming Shashlik is ignored and Crêpes Snowmaiden melt, while lovers whisper toasts and sip Beaujolais. Blasé Broadwayite or dewy debutante . . . if you dare go dancing at the Rendez-Vous, you're likely to fall in love. **The Plaza**



WOOL-FLEX BY MARUM From campus to country club, America's finest ONE SIZE WOOL STRETCH SOCK. 65% zephyr wool and 35% stretch nylon. Truly lightweight and machine washable. WOOL-FLEX retains its luxury look and feel. Colors: Black, Navy, Brown, Charcoal, Burgundy, Olive, Lt. Oxford and Tan Heather. In regular or garterless Hi-rise lengths. Short $1.50. — Hi-rise $2.00.

HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN DETROIT, MICHIGAN

DATE YOUR MATE

. . . for dinner at Longchamps tonight. She will enjoy our international menu . . . food and drink, beautifully served, away from the bother and heat of home cooking.

AT ALL TEN

LONGCHAMPS RESTAURANTS

Full Course Dinners from $3.75

SKYTOP CLUB

Secluded in the Poconos

Sports galore . . . or rest and relaxation; set your own pace on this beautiful 5500 acre estate. Make reservations now, when golf, riding, all activities are at their best amid the spectacular coloring of Fall. Marvelous food.

N. Y. Rep: MU 6-8648

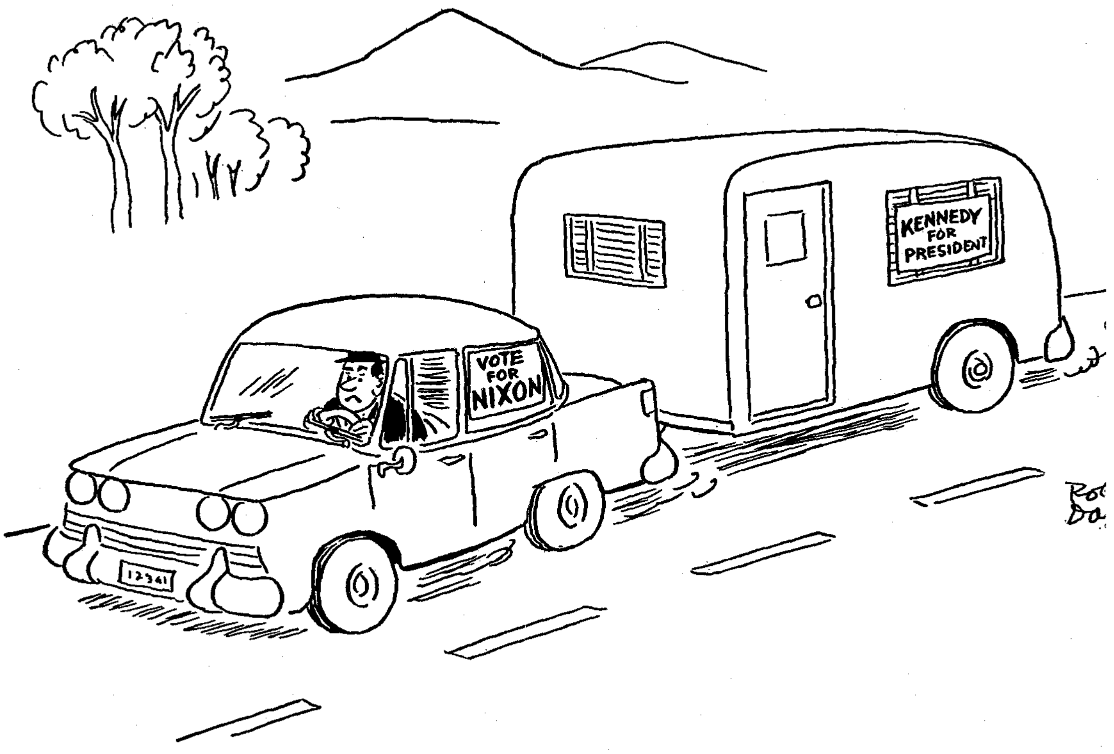
SKYTOP CLUB
BOX 1
SKYTOP, PENNA.

Wm. W. Malleson, Jr., *Gen. Mgr.*

BOOKS

Paths of Glory

M. André Castelot's fascinating and deeply moving biography "King of Rome" (Harper) tells once again the story of the unhappy being who had the great misfortune to be the son of the Emperor Napoleon and Marie Louise, the daughter of the Emperor of Austria. M. Castelot's justification for covering such old ground is the large quantity of new source material that has become available in the past twenty years. This includes letters from Marie Louise to Napoleon that were found in Sweden, letters from Napoleon to her, and a vast number of letters and documents relating to the young King of Rome from the archives of the family of her second husband, Count von Neipperg. Much of this material has already been published in the *Revue des Études Napoléoniennes*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and so on, but M. Castelot, who has a light and readable style, has ably incorporated it into a coherent account of a tragic entanglement of greatness with mediocrity. When the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise was arranged, the Prince de Ligne remarked that Austria had presented a beautiful heifer to the Minotaur, and for a long time the world considered Marie Louise a girl who had been made to sacrifice herself and her happiness for her country. During their engagement Napoleon declared that he was marrying a womb and that he didn't care what she looked like if she was good-natured and would give him some sons; she had to abandon her dream of reigning over the Duchy of Modena, as the wife of her sympathetic cousin the Archduke Francis, in order to submit herself to this vulgarian as her part of a bargain. By providing Napoleon with a son, she provided him with an heir who was a direct descendant of Henri IV and Louis XIV as well as a great-grandnephew of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and in exchange for this he was to spare Austria a third invasion by his armies, an invasion that would probably have cost her father his throne. It was generally felt that her part in this arrangement was humiliating and that her abandonment of Napoleon after his defeat was excusable; it was also felt that his failure released her from her obligation and that she was justified in retiring into private life, first in Parma with Count von Neipperg, whom she married after Napoleon's death, and then as the wife of Count Charles-René de Bombelles, of the Austrian court. She had been the object of callous calculations insulting to her dignity as a human being, and she could easily be excused for her apparent indifference to the fate of the man who had used her for his own purposes. The evidence of the letters she wrote when she was the Emperor's young wife now makes it necessary to discard this view. Marie Louise may have approached Napoleon in a sacrificial spirit, but that was because she had no conception of the tremendous charm he could exert when he wished, or of the physical pleasures of marriage. He introduced her to a new world of delight, in which she was blissfully happy, much to her surprise, right up to the moment of disaster in 1814, when they were parted forever.



She was an extremely simple girl of nineteen when Napoleon initiated her into this unfamiliar realm, and she may well have thought for a time that he possessed the only key to it. But by 1814 the plump girl of 1810 had become the sinuous and fully developed adult of the Gérard portrait, a woman who clearly had *le diable au corps* and was unlikely to remain under that kind of illusion for long. She was separated from Napoleon in January, and in April was still writing love letters to him:

> I shall not be able to rest until I know and see you to be happy and contented and resigned to your sorry lot. That is the only happiness I desire apart from knowing that you love me. But I have great expectations of the approach which I have made to my father, and so it is with considerable impatience that I await permission to go and see him. I love you and kiss you with all my heart.
>
> Your faithful Louise

She was able to remain faithful until the end of September, when she gave herself to Count von Neipperg. This initial act of infidelity shocked her, and she did not immediately become the Count's mistress. It was not until December that she entered fully into the new relationship, but when she committed herself she did so wholeheartedly. On New Year's Day of 1815, she sent a last, tepid letter to her husband, and on March 12th, when she heard of his escape from Elba, she wrote to a friend that she was "exceedingly vexed with the person who has thus placed the future of myself and my son in jeopardy." The hundred days of Napoleon's last fling were full of anxiety and fear for her, and she was overjoyed when he met his final defeat. "Our dear Louise thanks heaven that he is in captivity," wrote her stepmother to her father, "both for the general good, and because she hopes to go to Parma soon." The nightmare possibility of Napoleon's restoration to the French throne and of an interruption of her affair with von Neipperg was passing. One uncertainty remained—the chance that her son would be proclaimed Emperor Napoleon II, under a regency that would function until he came of age. This, too, would require her return to Paris without her Austrian lover, and she waited with sick apprehension until the Bonapartists were outmaneuvered and Louis XVIII was once again in Paris. "This has reassured me about a lot of stupid rumors that have been circulating here," she wrote. Her relief was short-lived, and in August, having heard that there was still danger that her son might wear a crown, she wrote to her father for encouragement. He gave it to her:

> You may rest assured that I will not make you come to Paris; I would not want my worst enemy to rule or live here; in this I am doing my duty, although I am drawing upon myself—and this has been made clear to me—the hatred of the greater part of France. The people here and all over France have grown so much worse since the last year that they want to have you as regent, simply in order to obtain power for themselves; they have no thought for anything but their personal interests.

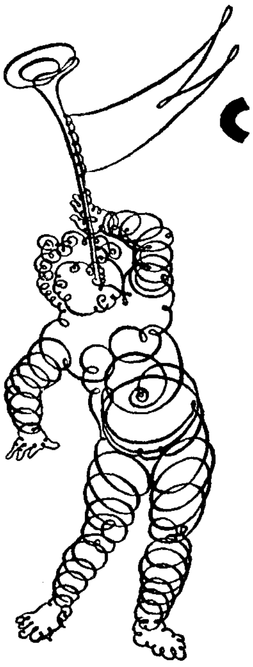
This apparently satisfied her, and in September, a year, four months, and a few days after she had committed herself to Napoleon as "your faithful Louise" and had said "I love you and kiss you with all my heart," she wrote to Mme. de Montebello, her former lady-in-waiting, describing her plans for the son of the French Emperor: "I want to make a German prince out of him, as good and honest as the rest, and when he grows up I want him to serve his new country. . . . He will have to make a name for himself, since the name he has by birth is an unfortunate one." The meaning of this is not obvious until one realizes that Marie Louise had surrendered custody of her child in exchange for the title to the Duchy of Parma, where she wished to live in pleasant obscurity with von Neipperg. She went off to Italy, leaving the four-

The Exquisite Lady Sheaffer

The gifted pen

The warmth and charm of a lady's handwriting can only be captured by a good fountain pen. And here's the most feminine one of all! The Lady Sheaffer pen shuns ink bottles—refills cleanly and easily with drop-in *Skrip* cartridges. Illus: Paisley pen with gold-colored accents, $10; matching pen and pencil set, $14.95. SHEAFFER'S

© 1960, W.A.S.P. CO. SHEAFFER PENS, MAICO HEARING AIDS



NEW AND UNUSUAL

CHRISTMAS CARDS

FROM THE

Metropolitan Museum of Art

A distinctive new group of fifty-three cards from the Museum's own collections – Masterpieces of painting and sculpture, illuminated medieval manuscripts in precious colors, Victorian Christmas illustrations, enamels on gold, embroidered silks, ivories, and works of art from ancient Greece, India, and Japan. All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. ☆ They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Send the coupon below, enclosing 25 cents for the illustrated catalogue.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, New York 28

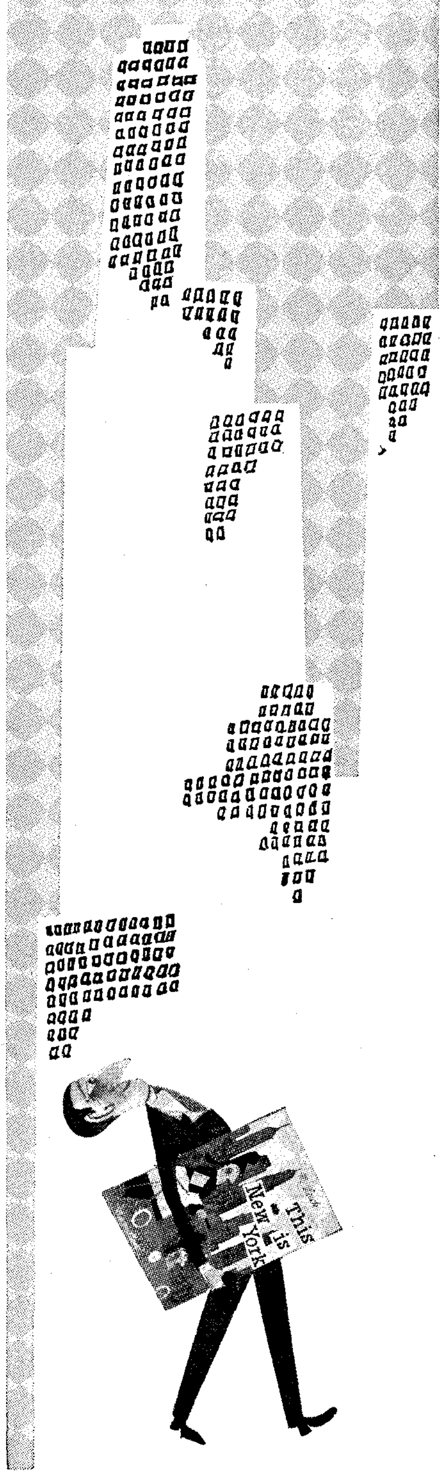
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed K8

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

THIS IS IT! THIS IS NEW YORK. The people, the places, the Big, the Small, splashed with humor, edged in satire. From Chinatown to Harlem with M. Sasek, delightful artist-traveler of Paris, London and Rome. Brass, Beauty, Magic in 90 full-color illustrations. Guide book, gift book,* art book—for every traveler, eight to eighty, armchair or active—THIS IS NEW YORK! Printed in Italy $3.00 at your bookstore. —Macmillan

*Buy several copies and be the most popular grownup in town.



year-old boy in Austria in the hands of a staff selected by Napoleon's arch-enemy, Metternich. She had no doubt about the fate to which she was leaving him. The plan by which the boy who had lost his throne was to be deprived of his identity as well had been outlined for her by his chief tutor:

> It is necessary to banish everything that might remind him of the life he has led till now. People retain clear enough memories of their childhood years—that is to say, of the age at which the Prince is now—to give us reason to fear, considering everything he is told, that he may one day hanker after the life he might have led. Above all, care must be taken not to instill in him exaggerated ideas about the qualities of a people to whom he can no longer belong, for fear that these ideas might follow him into his years of maturity. It seems to me that the Prince whose education I have been given the honor of directing must be considered as of Austrian descent and brought up in the German fashion. His education requires considerable attention. Many of the tendencies of his precocious sensibility must be restrained, and many of the ideas that have been implanted in his mind must be gradually eradicated, without making him suffer and without hurting his pride more than is necessary.

The battle between this individual, the Count Maurice Proskau-Leslie Dietrichstein, and his small charge was an open one: "I don't want to be German—I prefer being—I don't dare say it . . . I want to be French," the child declared, perhaps instinctively realizing that if he were to become German he would become a nonentity. What raises his pathetic story to the level of tragedy is that he did become German and recognized that he had become nobody in the process. M. Castelot tells very well the sad story of the slow extinction of his spirit and of his end. Not long before the boy died, when he was only twenty-one, the Baron de Larue, a former aide-de-camp of one of his father's marshals, who was returning to Paris, asked him if he had any messages or commissions for him to undertake there. The prisoner—for that is what he was—answered that he knew no one in France to whom he could send a message, "but you can greet the column on the Place Vendôme on my behalf if you wish." He recognized that he was the son of a French myth of glory who had been transformed into a foreigner, a German prince. His father's statue had been taken down from the top of the column, and he himself had been skillfully abstracted from his own life. In the intense melancholy that fell on him in his last illness, he described his career: "*Entre mon berceau et ma tombe il y a un grand zéro.*"

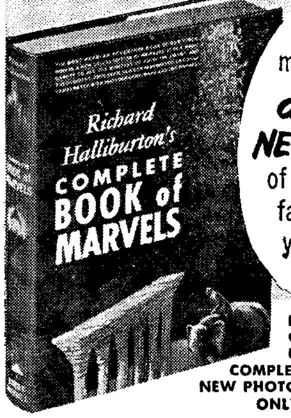
While he was on his deathbed, he

MIAMI BEACH

YOU'RE
SOMEBODY
SPECIAL
AT THE

Shamrock Isle
HOTEL AND CABANA CLUB
ON THE OCEAN IN EXCLUSIVE BAL HARBOUR
There are but few moments that linger pleasantly forever.
We want yours at the Shamrock Isle to be among them.
Refined . . . The very finest in resort facilities . . .
fully air-conditioned and heated.
Early reservations suggested.
For reservations or colorful brochure — consult your Travel Agent, or write:
PHILIP C. YOUNG, GENERAL MANAGER
SHAMROCK ISLE HOTEL AND CABANA CLUB
ON THE OCEAN AT 101st STREET
BAL HARBOUR, MIAMI BEACH 54, FLORIDA

from Bobbs-Merrill



A magnificent de luxe NEW EDITION of an all-time favorite for young and old
BROUGHT COMPLETELY UP TO DATE
COMPLETELY RESET
NEW PHOTOS • 640 PAGES
ONLY $5.95

DECOR by RUSSELL PATTERSON
Sal Cucinotta . . .
teddy's
Italian French Cuisine
219 W. B'WAY—N.Y.C.—res. WO 6-2180

Aboard and Abroad by Harvey S. Olson
NEW! AUTHENTIC COMPREHENSIVE • ACCURATE
OLSON'S EUROPE
Complete Travel Guidebook
1961 Edition • 1006 Pages • $5.95
J. B. LIPPINCOTT, PUBLISHERS

Olson's Europe
Aboard and Abroad

wished to see his mother, and she was sent for by Dietrichstein. She did not want to go:

> If only you knew, my dear Count, how much I long to go to Vienna, you would pity me, but I cannot unless it is absolutely necessary, and that because public feeling is still so bad and the political situation in Italy is so uncertain and critical that my departure would cause offense, something that must be avoided at all costs . . . Even if I decided to follow the promptings of my heart and go to Vienna I could not stay longer than eight or ten days.

It was not politics that kept her from Vienna but the fact that she was visibly pregnant. Who the father of the child was she could not be sure—one of the many men of all kinds (troopers, bohemians, and palace hangers-on) with whom she took her undiscriminating pleasures. The demon that had been awakened in her now never slept, and she was tormented by nymphomania, just as her royal father had been tormented by its male equivalent. A timely miscarriage enabled her to reach Vienna before her son died, but she was furious because she had been forced to leave her favorite lover, Iacopo Sanvitale, a Parmesan poet. She waited for her son's death in a fever of impatience, passing the boring hours of vigil by combing the shops of Vienna for presents for her absent lovers. As soon as the state funeral was over, she hastened back to Parma and to the obscurity that was her natural element. She was almost free now of her burden of contact with greatness, but not quite. She took with her a number of notebooks in which her son had set down his secret thoughts and opinions, and after she had read them she burned them, effacing the last trace of what he might have been. In 1813, when his own career was taking its final turn toward disaster, Napoleon told Metternich that he had made a mistake when he married an Austrian princess. In his most pessimistic moments, he can hardly have realized the full extent of his error or what a strange accident would destroy his hope of posterity.

—Anthony West

BRIEFLY NOTED

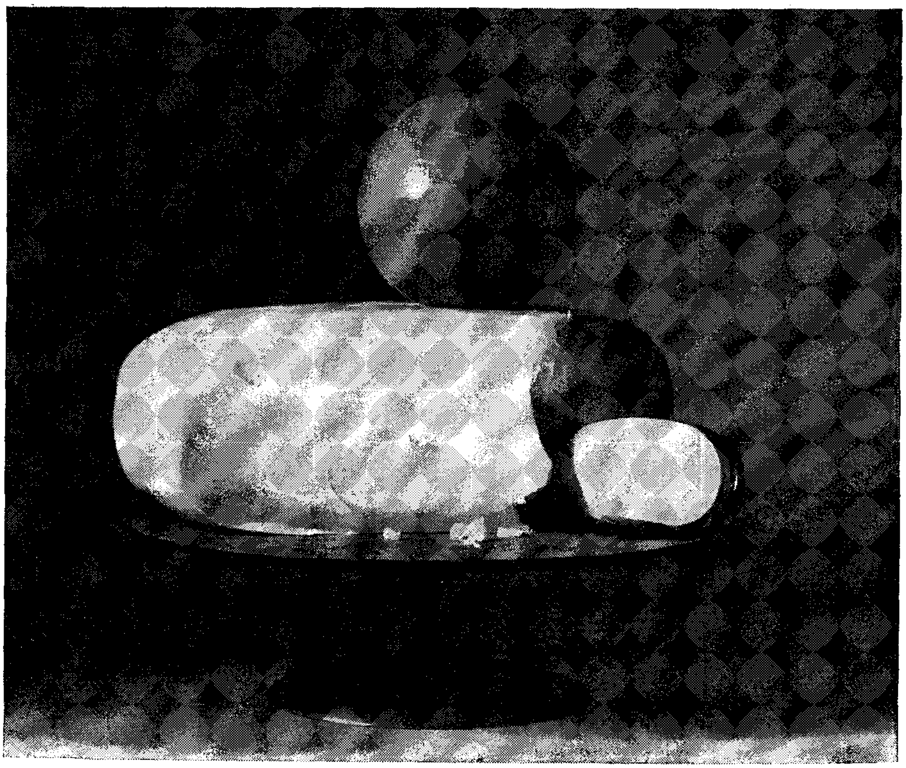
FICTION

Catherine Chailey, by Humphrey Pakington (Norton). A mild, pleasantly written English novel, very light in weight, about a wellborn young woman, Catherine Chailey, who is the youngest daughter of an important county family and who falls in love with the cook's son. The

CHEESE OF HOLLAND

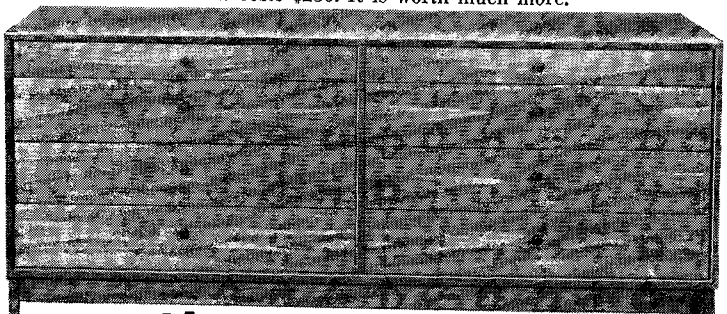
GENUINE IMPORTED HOLLAND CHEESE

Now you know what the real Holland Cheese looks like. The perfect sphere is Holland Edam. The wheel-shaped cheese, Holland Gouda. And the little one, Baby Gouda. All supremely smooth and mellow. The Dutch Girl emblem tells you it's genuine Holland Cheese . . . ripened in teakwood molds, a tradition with farmers near the towns of Edam and Gouda. For our new recipe booklet, send 10c to: Holland Cheese Exporters Association, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York.



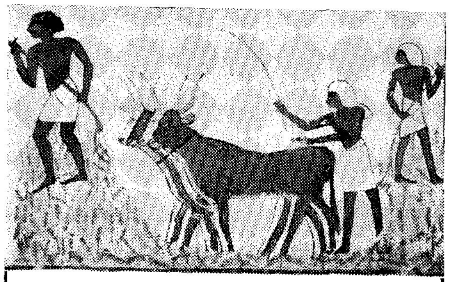
492 hand operations

go into this 6 foot hand-rubbed oiled walnut chest. It costs $230. It is worth much more.



the workbench

46 Greenwich Ave., N. Y. 11, ALgonquin 5-1270
1713 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., LOcust 3-9393
252 East 51 St., N. Y. 22, PLaza 3-1173
Send 25c for new furniture catalog



EGYPTIAN PAINTING by Arpag Mekhitarian. A visual and critical rediscovery of the splendid art of the Pharaohs. 94 reproductions in full color. The Great Centuries of Painting series. $20.00

SKIRA ART BOOKS
DISTRIBUTED BY WORLD

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

Nice game, croquet, but shouldn't murder be out of bounds?

PITFALL IN AUGUST

By HOWARD ROMAN

"Really quite unusual—wonderfully muted."
— BERTON ROUECHÉ. $3.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

But how do I know you're an enchanted prince unless you do something princely like giving me a copy of

CHAS ADDAMS' BLACK MARIA

First new Addams collection in 3 years: 92 darkly delicious cartoons, many of which first appeared in The New Yorker. Just out. Price $3.95 SIMON AND SCHUSTER

The Butlers did it!

They personally visited every south-of-the-border vacation spot you could dream of — and now, with 30 years of experience, they report to you in the most complete, traveler-tested guidebook series ever published —

BUTLERS' Travel Guides

Butlers' **MEXICO**

Butlers' **SOUTH AMERICA**

Butlers' **CARIBBEAN AND CENTRAL AMERICA**

by Paul and Erica Butler

Covering transportation, climate, costs, fun, taboos, food and drink, tourist traps, bargains — and lots more. Maps, illustrations. $5.95 each at book and stationery stores

VAN NOSTRAND, Princeton, N. J.

cook, Mrs. Badsey, has been in the Chaileys' service for twenty-seven years, but even this long tenure of faithful devotion does not inspire any of the Chaileys except Catherine to accept as an equal Mrs. Badsey or her son, who has risen in the world and is a promising metallurgist. The ending is happy, but before it is reached, Mr. Pakington guides his two young people deftly over the little roughnesses that vary but do not spoil the course of their romance.

Portrait of a Father, by Joan Simon (Atheneum). The details of Mrs. Simon's portrait of the late Saul Bettenheimer are very clear. He was immensely rich. He had a marvellous house in New York, and other fine houses, out of town, which served as retreats on the occasions when he wanted to get away from the polished urban existence in which he was most thoroughly himself. He was a fussy eater, and a rather noisy one, and he had a tendency to hypochondria, along with a complacently naïve pleasure in introspection, a fondness for his wife and daughters, a domineering manner toward almost everybody, and a fancy for art that led him to collect paintings and patronize painters. Mrs. Simon's slow, thoughtful, serious descriptive prose washes to and fro like water in a cup that is held now in the sunlight, now in the shade. We see the design at the bottom of the cup. It is pretty, and so is the play of light on the water, but we are looking for a story and we are looking for people, and they are not to be seen. We see Saul dead, and we get a very good idea of what he was like in life, but we do not see him alive.

In the Cool of the Day, by Susan Ertz (Harper). Miss Ertz is truly concerned about Christine, a rich, beautiful invalid who rebels against the cosseting of her adoring husband, Sam, and escapes into a love affair with a very sad, very brave newly met friend, Murray. Christine and Sam, who is a successful publisher, live in a stately home in Connecticut. Murray is poor and a member of the English branch of Sam's firm. Christine and Murray enjoy their stolen freedom in Greece until Christine, in her zest for life, gets her feet wet and dies. Sam gets all bent with grief, like an old man, and the unfortunate Murray loses his job.

Soldier in the Rain, by William Goldman (Atheneum). A tragicomedy about an overweight, intellectual

Cotillion room

STANLEY MELBA PRESENTS

"THE VAGABOND KING"

directed by Dolores Pallet

STARRING

Jimmy Carroll Wilbur Evans
Norma French Jack Russell
Didi Van Eyck

Orchestra conducted by **Jimmy Carroll** alternating with **Cass Harrison Trio** featuring **Debbie Brown**

•

Shows, 9:30 p.m., 12:15 a.m. Tuesday through Sunday **GOGI** is your Host

Hotel Pierre

TEmpleton 8-8000
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

Mary Ellen Chase

BEST SELLER all over America

"A joyous story of Maine long ago." —N.Y. Herald Tribune

THE Lovely Ambition

$3.95 • NORTON

Le Restaurant Par Excellence

QUO VADIS

Luncheon · Cocktails · Dinner

26 EAST 63RD STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
TEMPLETON 8-0590

RESTAURANT L'Aiglon

PRE-THEATRE DINNER

13 E.55TH
PL 3-7296

PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES

CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER

OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian food

ITALIAN PAVILION

24 W. 55 ST.

daily except Sunday

luncheon cocktails dinner

JU 6-5950

master sergeant and his semi-literate buck-sergeant sidekick that is comic only when the author isn't looking and is tragic only if tragedy is sentimental, which it isn't. The book is set in a large Army post in the South at the close of the Korean War.

GENERAL

AN UNFINISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Gilbert Murray (Oxford). Murray wrote a delightful memoir of his early life in the wilds of New South Wales and his school days in England, but, feeling that autobiography was egotistical, he modestly broke it off at 1905, when he returned to Oxford as a young professor of Greek. His friends—including Dame Sybil Thorndike, Salvador de Madariaga, Bertrand Russell, and Arnold Toynbee—have now supplemented this memoir with accounts of his later career in the theatre, the League of Nations, and elsewhere. The book adds up to a fine portrait of one of the authentic great men of our time, and one of the few since Socrates who have combined the highest intellectual attainments with extraordinary moral goodness. Photographs, and Murray's dazzling Greek versions of a passage from William James and a Housman lyric.

COUNTDOWN FOR DECISION, by Major General John B. Medaris, U.S.A., Ret., with Arthur Gordon (Putnam). This book tells about some of the accomplishments of the United States Army in creating military missiles and in preparing for space exploration; it also criticizes the structure and management of the Department of Defense up and down, right, left, and center. General Medaris, who was in command of the Army's Ballistic Missiles Agency when it launched the first American space satellite, explains, in considerable detail, how bureaucracy has slowed our thrust into space. (He says, for example, that his agency was prepared to launch a satellite more than a year before the Russians did, and was not even allowed to try.) His book so thoroughly mingles fear and hope that "engrossing" is about the only adjective that fits it. His report on our military disorganization is slightly worse than terrifying, while his clear, not too technical descriptions of the actual conduct of the space race are simply thrilling.

THE MAN NEXT TO ME, by Anthony Barker (Harper). One would never know it from the title, but this is a

THE
NEO-CLASSICAL
ANTOINETTE

It is difficult perhaps to reconcile the person of *Marie Antoinette* with a concept of moderation, yet the furniture style current under *Louis Seize* was far less flamboyant than its predecessor. Commissioned for the palace at *Versailles*, this commode is typical of the time. The wood is *acajou*—Cuban mahogany. The marble is white Carrara. See it in our *Salons* soon. Your dealer or decorator will be pleased to arrange a visit.

BRUNOVAN, INC.
THE DECORATOR'S MART, 425 EAST 53rd STREET, NEW YORK

Luncheon at the Airport
at the **PANORAMA**
in the amazing new Pan American Terminal

and, of course *The Golden Door*
atop the international arrival building

also the VISA VIE
for cocktails & espresso

N. Y. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
RESERVATIONS OLYMPIA 6-6060

Dinner
is romantic at the
ELM TREE ROOM

TAVERN ON THE GREEN

Steaks,
prime ribs,
lobster,
chef's specialties.

Luncheon
is lovely, too.
From $2.00
served daily.

Central Park West at 67th Street • TR 3-3200 • Free Parking

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists & Guitarists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Diners Club

A CORRECTION

In the October 15th issue of this publication, the new Chevy Corvair heater was inadvertently advertised as, "Optional at no extra cost." This was a typographical error and the reference to the heater obviously should have read, "Optional at extra cost." We regret its occurrence and any misunderstanding it might have caused.

**Chevrolet Division of
General Motors
Detroit 2 Michigan**

TERRA INCOGNITA

Practically everyone knows that there are some 1500 stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange and traded on the floor of that Exchange by auction among brokers. The Big Board and its activities have been well publicized.

But there's another securities market that is a closed book to many people—a market without a marketplace, a market in which some 50,000 securities of companies both famous and obscure are traded over a vast telephone network by private negotiation among dealers, a market in which many good profit opportunities are being overlooked. It goes by the name *over-the-counter market,* although no counters are involved and the dealers never meet face to face.

Even if you've always thought over-the-counter was over your head, we're prepared to undertake to make you understand it. The key to this terra incognita? A short, straightforward booklet called *"Over-the-Counter Securities."* It tells all—or at least all you're likely to want to know—about the subject. And it's free. Just write the letters OTC on a post card together with your name and address and send it along to us. We'll send the booklet pronto.

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
INCORPORATED
Members New York Stock Exchange
and all other Principal Exchanges
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, N.Y.
132 offices in U. S., Canada and abroad

marvellous book about fourteen years spent running a medical mission on the Zulu reservation in South Africa. Dr. Barker sets forth the details of his and his wife's practice (carried on under the most appalling conditions) with little overt Christian reference but with extraordinary gaiety, humility, and compassion. Photographs, including some superb shots of children. Unreservedly recommended.

NOW WE ARE ENEMIES: THE STORY OF BUNKER HILL, by Thomas Fleming (St. Martin's). A readable and reliable popular account of the first big battle of the Revolutionary War and of some of the political and military events that led up to it. Mr. Fleming's conclusion suggests that the day's events were a trifle more decisive than most historians have allowed. His narrative of the battle—one of those rare trials of arms, tragic and inspiring, in which both sides achieve glory—is just fine. A Literary Guild selection.

GOODBYE TO A RIVER, by John Graves (Knopf). An account of a solitary farewell canoe trip down the Brazos River, in West Texas, during which the author, a native of that country and a professor of English at Texas Christian University, summons up (much in the manner of Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers") from childhood memory, past reading, and talks with old-timers along the way its remembered history—the Comanche years, the bloody pioneer years, the hell-fire cattle years, the drought years, and the ambiguous present. The result is highly satisfactory. Illustrated with drawings by Russell Waterhouse.

•

"NOT THE POMP OF
ANCIENT ROME . . .

. . . or the jeweled brilliance of the great courts of France could shadow the moment; the eye of history could scarcely encompass the spectacle of so many potentates, presidents and dictators."

TIME, out today, weaves the bits and pieces of a frenzied week into a coherent, understandable whole. And around the world, TIME reports *all* the meaningful news—from the birth of a new science, bionics (which gets electronic ideas from talented birds and beasts) . . . to the shape of the new cars . . . to plans for a new film ("There are fond hopes of acquiring Marlon Brando for the part of Sigmund Freud. Brando, after all, made his stage debut in *I Remember Mama.*")

If ever there was a week to start getting TIME . . . this is it.—*Adv. in the Times.*

You can read it in the pomp room.

See the Big Ones!

East Africa's wild game awaits you

No newer travel fun than having rhino frisking gaily near your car. Safe, too. That's East Africa for you. Plus the beauties of Nairobi . . . Kilimanjaro . . . the Mountains of the Moon . . . Zanzibar. Fascinating? It is.

An East Africa tour is so easy. Modern transportation by plane, train and car . . . excellent hotels . . . the world's leading safari operators for hunting with gun *or* camera.

Let us tell you about it in print and picture. Write immediately for colorful, comprehensive brochures. Your Travel Agent has them also.

See your Travel Agent or write Dept. NY

East Africa
Tourist Travel Association

Representing these 4 great territories:
KENYA • TANGANYIKA • UGANDA • ZANZIBAR
6 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y. or
P. O. Box 2013, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa

Mercedes-Benz of
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania
The nation's largest Mercedes dealer

Cars ordered now will be available for European delivery in 1961. All models available at Bryn Mawr. Prompt delivery, including the new Mercedes Station Wagon.

Service, by factory trained personnel, as fine as the car itself.

Warrington Imports Inc.
701 Lancaster Ave. LA 5-5550
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

ROLLS RR ROYCE Also on display . . .
the NEW V-8
ROLLS-ROYCE

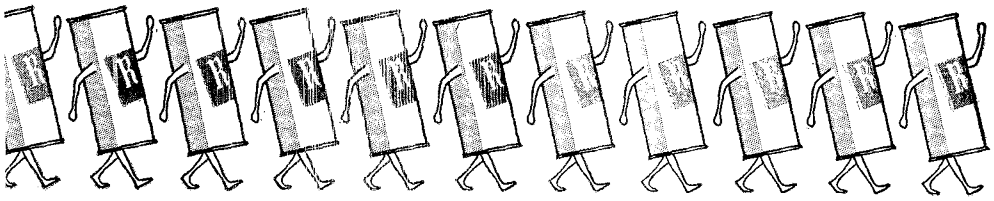
FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
(OPEN EVERY DAY) Phone GR 5-8686
1601 Simpson St. Evanston, Ill.

ne thing most voters agree on around here is beer!" says Miss Rheingold 1960. "And the one beer more of them choose every year is *Rheingold!*"

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

Friendly, fresh'ning, happily dry...

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY



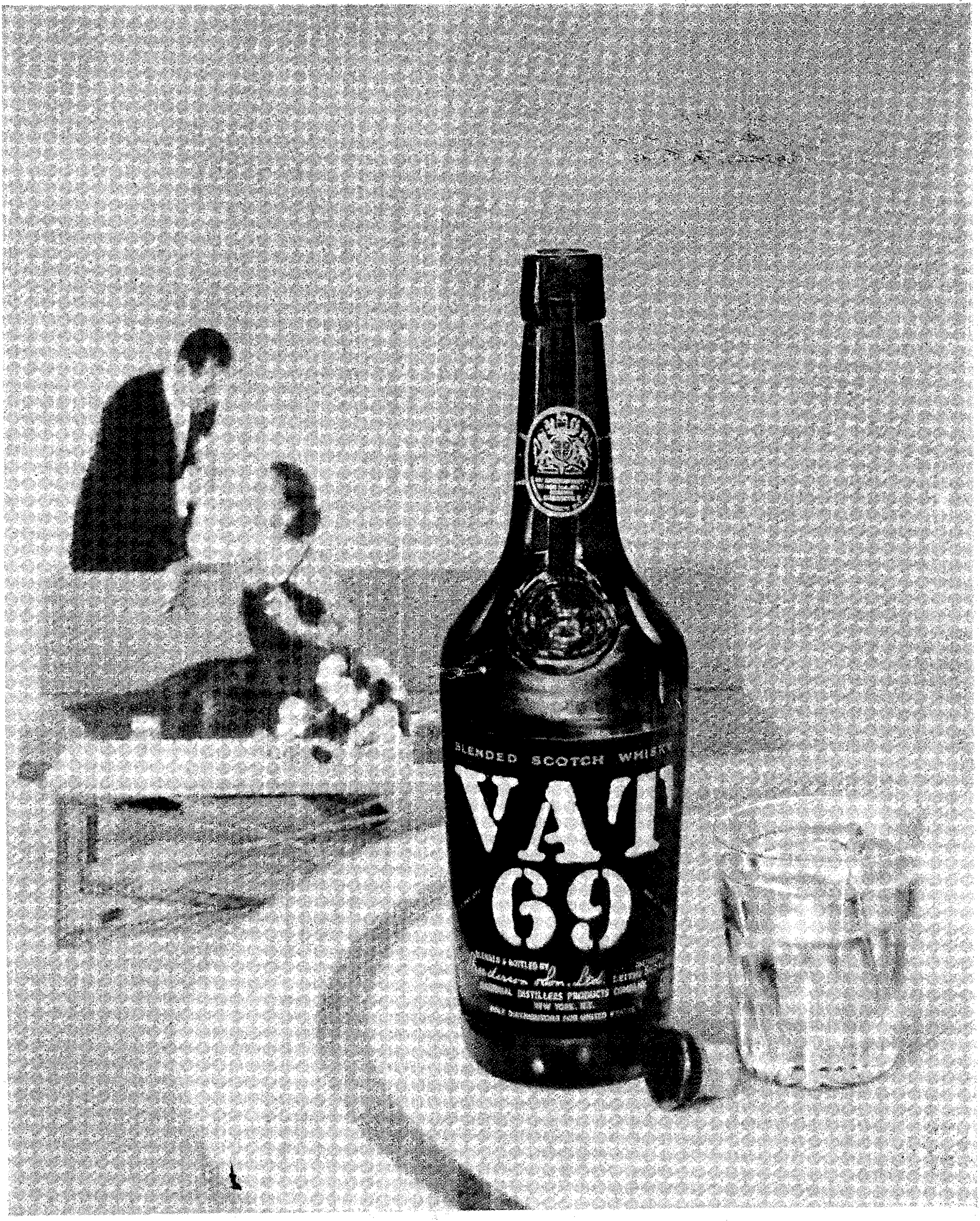
...that's
fine
cold
Rheingold!

COPR. 1960, LIEBMANN BREWERIES, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • BREWERS FOR 123 YEARS, ESTABLISHED 1837

Frechtel Suit . . .
Selected by HARPER'S BAZAAR

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.



THE LIGHTER SCOTCH...WITH GENUINE HIGHLAND CHARACTER

Lighter? Vat 69 tastes just as light as it looks. But that's simply where your enjoyment begins! For this is one Scotch that is lighter . . . and drier . . . and smoother . . . the three classic qualities that distinguish a Scotch of genuine Highland character. For all the good things of Scotch at their very best . . . say "Vat 69" every time.

ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT... **lighter, drier, smoother Vat 69 . . . slimmer, trimmer bottle**